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NO 42-
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10¢

COOKIE





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50 COWBOYS & INDIANS

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YES, ALL 50 FOR ONLY \$1 POST PAID

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CIRCUS TOYS, Room 1402
45 West 45th Street
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NAME _____

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COOKIE

in "THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN!"

HI, COOKIE! WHAT CAN WE DO WITH THIS REAL FLASH*COOL DAY? LET'S GET ON THE STICK AND DREAM UP SOMETHIN'!

YOU GET ON THE STICK AN' DO THE DREAMIN'! I GOTTA FINISH RAKIN' UP THESE LEAVES!



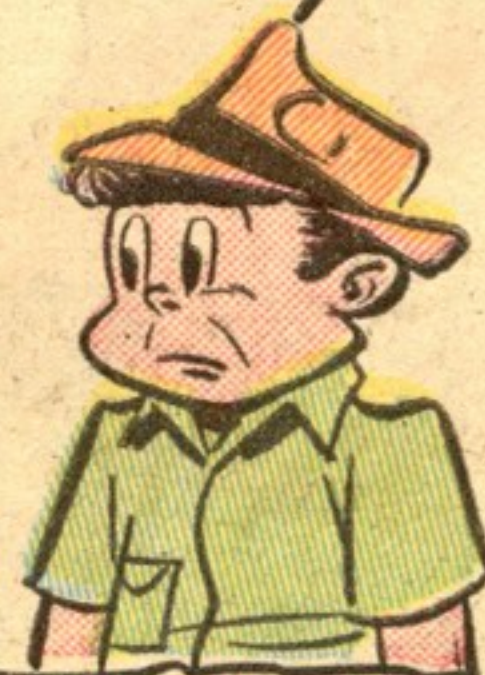
FLASH:
*SWELL

WELL, LESSEE! IT'S NO FUN JUST HANG-IN' AROUND LIKE THIS...AND EVERYTHING ELSE I THINK OF TAKES GEETAS!*

YOU'RE WITH IT THERE, BUSTER!

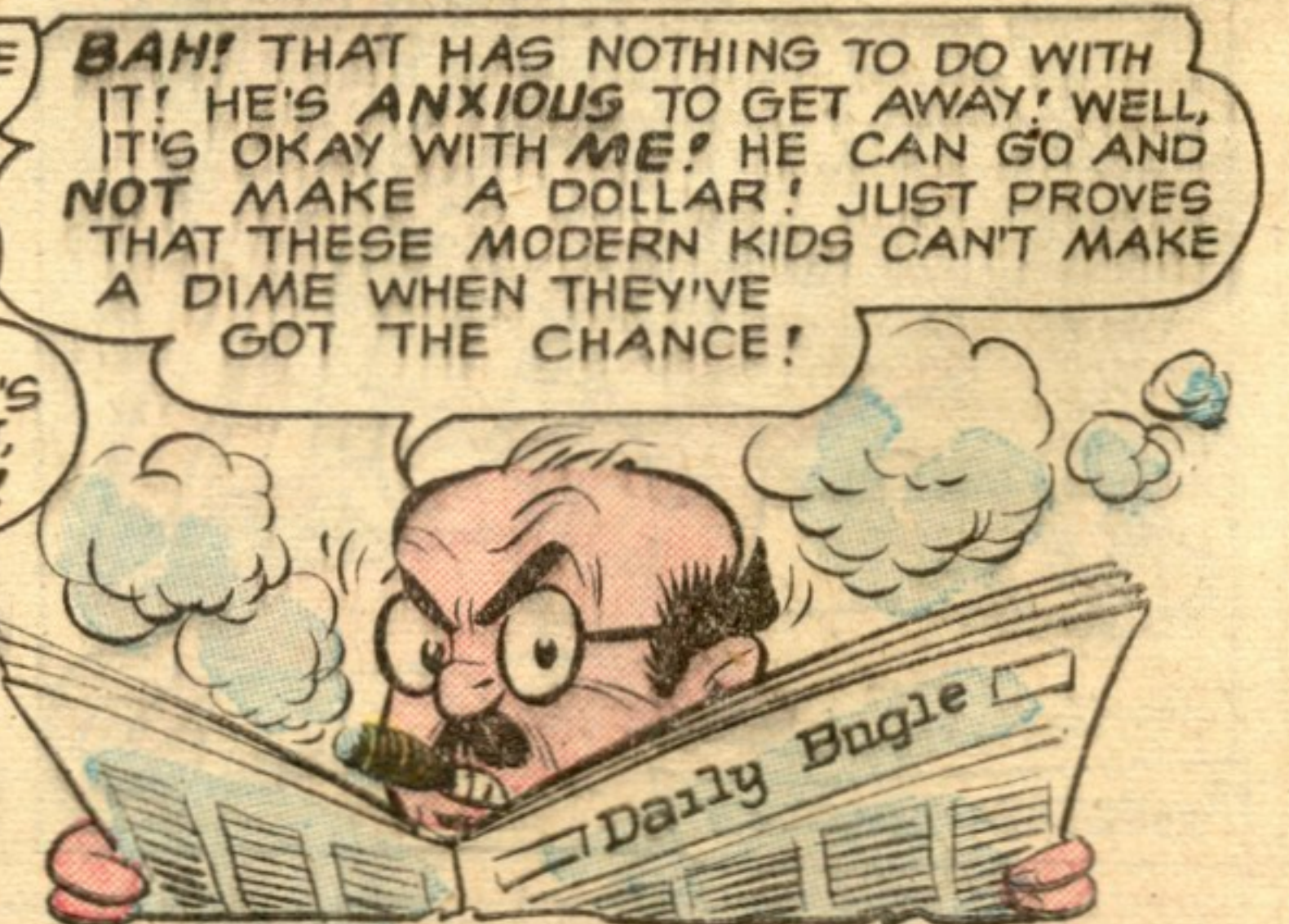
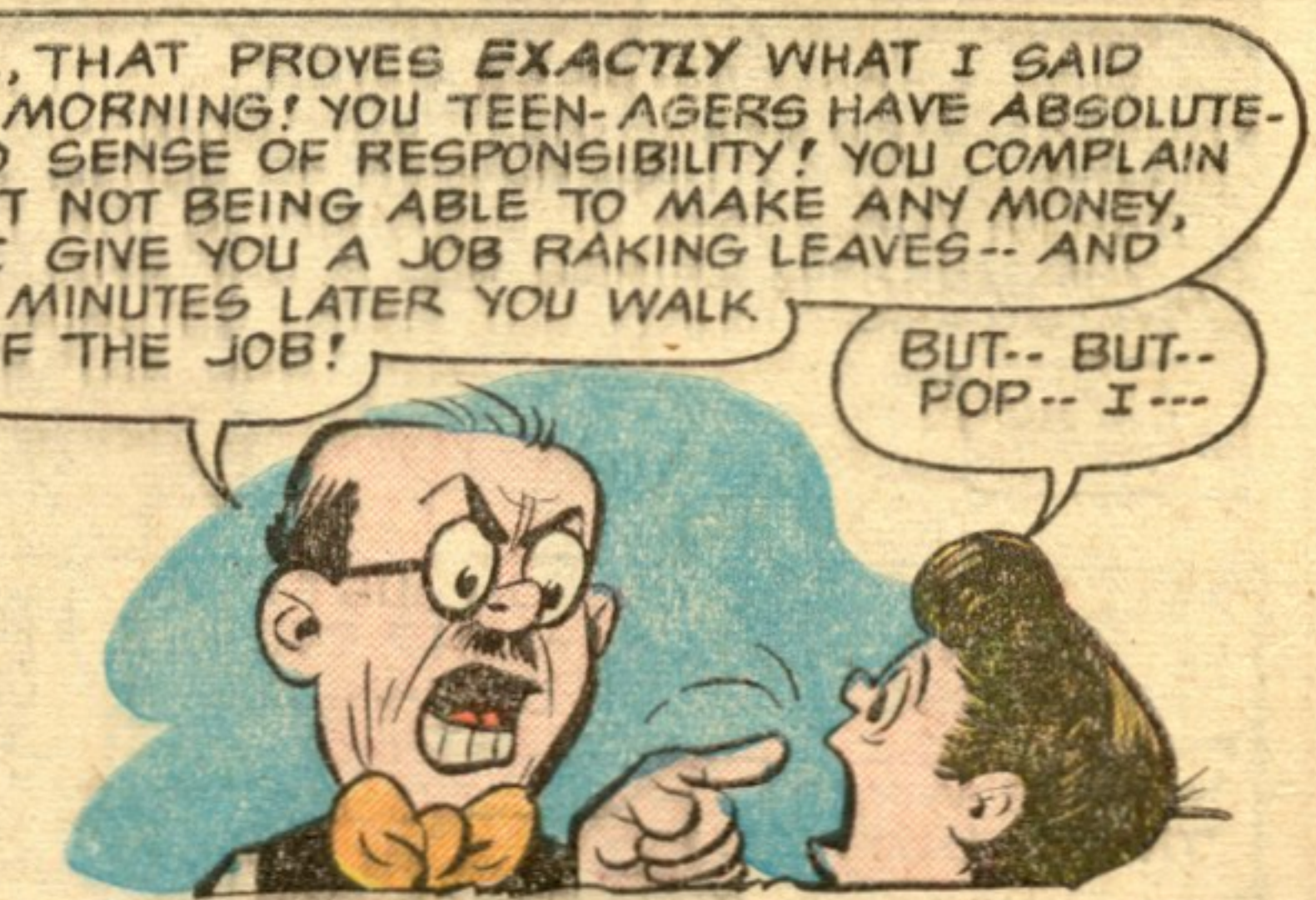
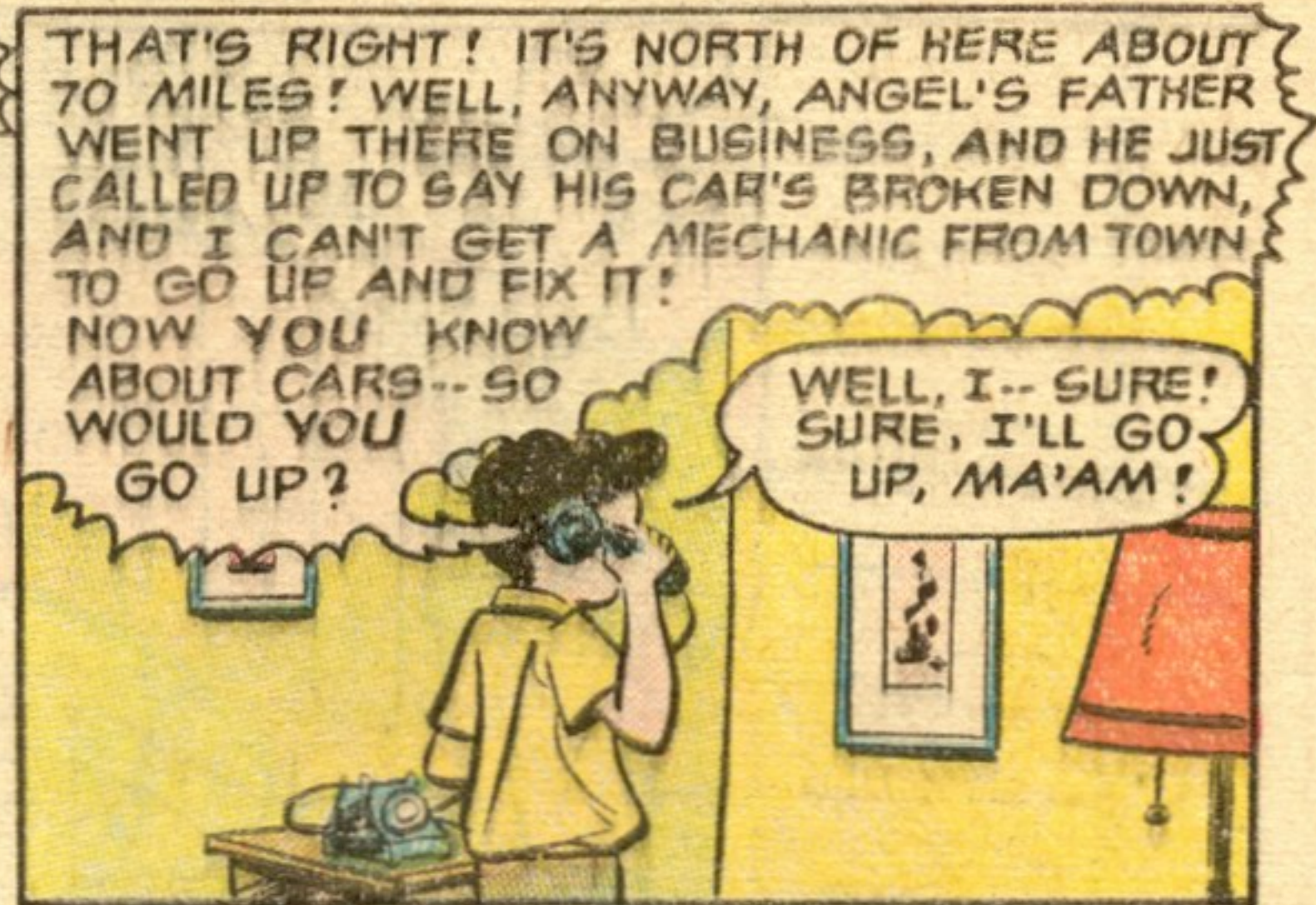
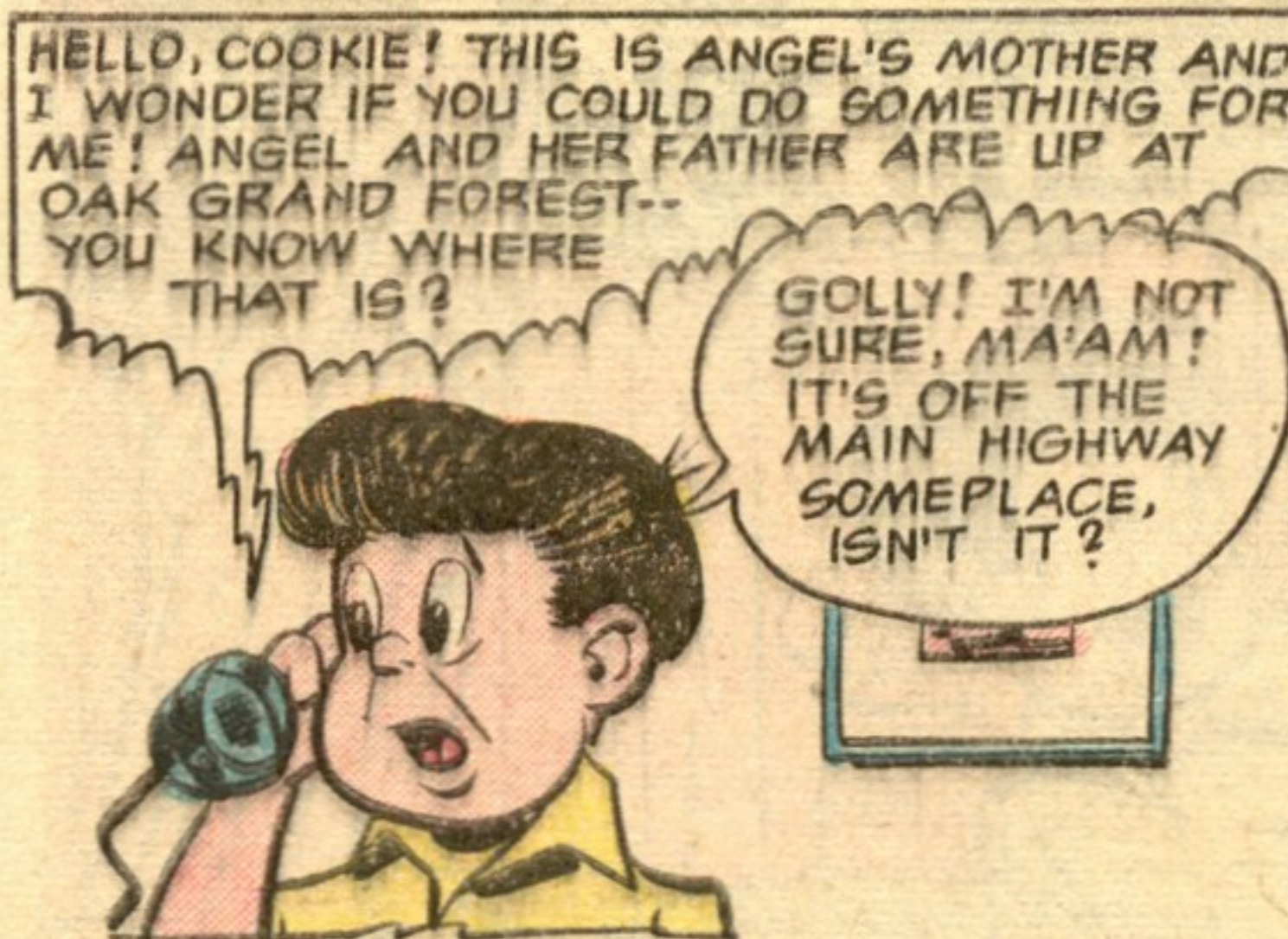
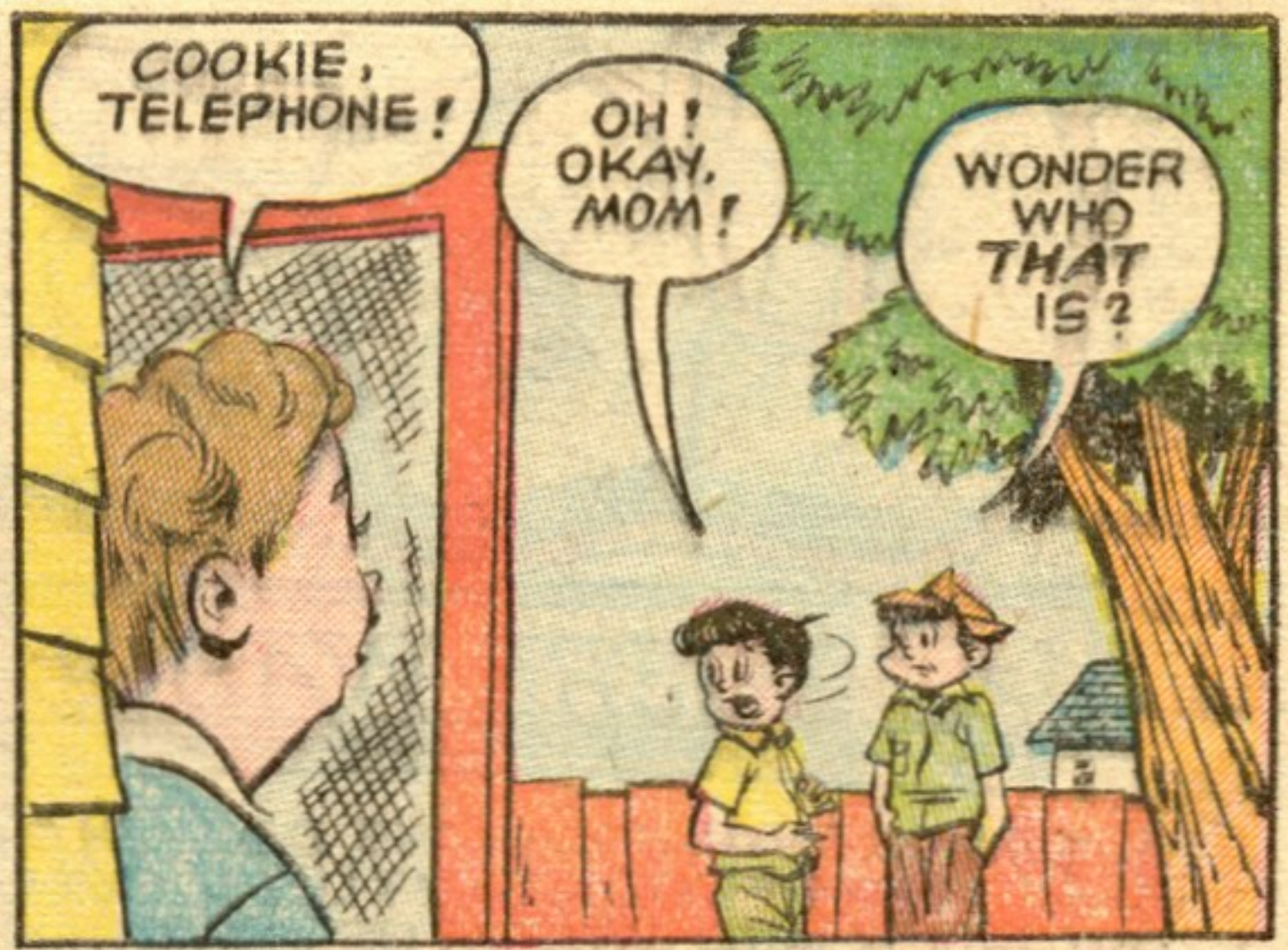
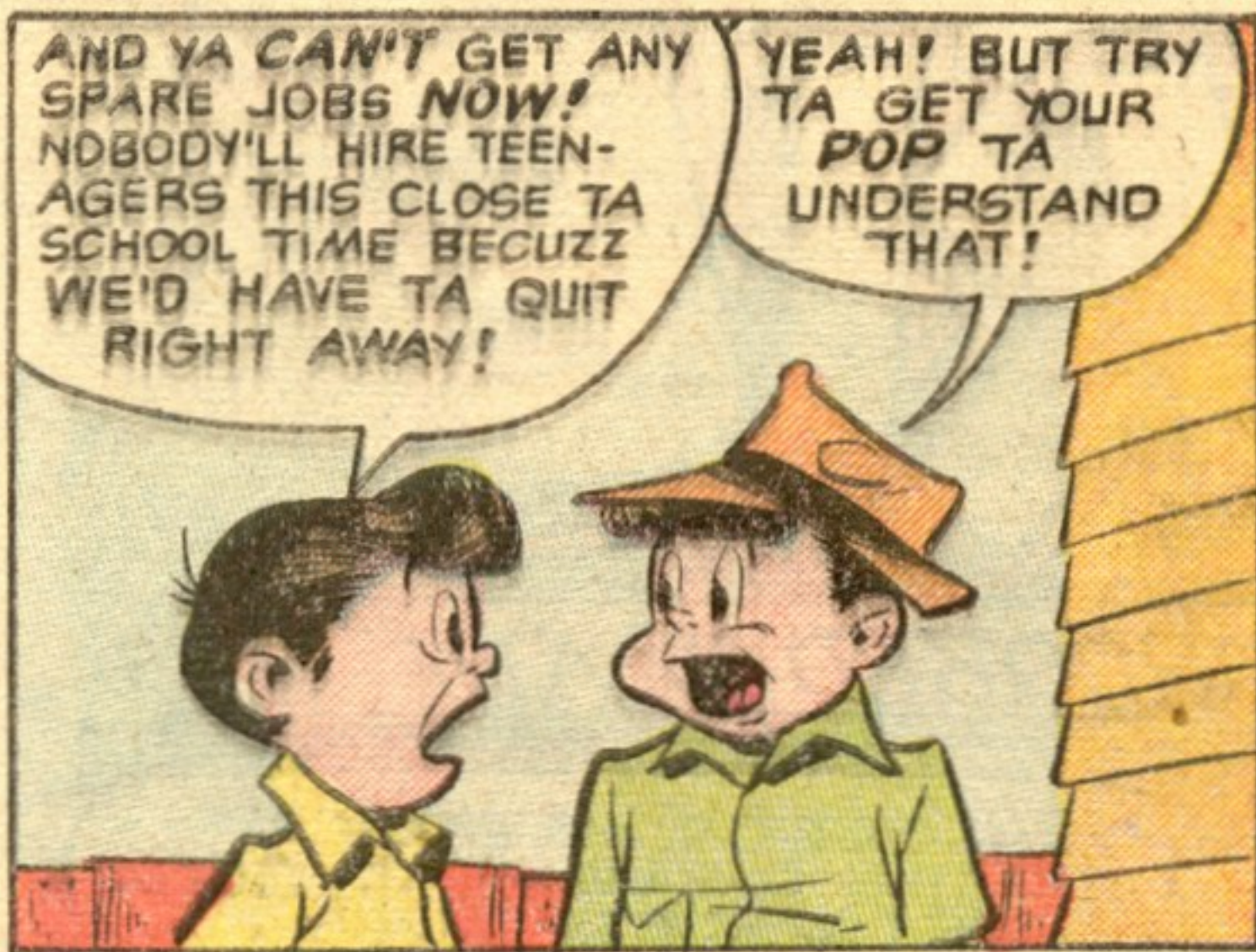
WE'RE FLATTER'N A COUPLA TAPE MEASURES...AND WITH DATES COMIN' UP, WE NEED ANY SPARE LOOT WE CAN GET!

I KNOW! I KNOW! AIN'T THAT A BITE?# POP TOLD ME THIS MORNIN' I GET EXACTLY NOTHIN' FROM NOW ON UNLESS I CAN GET A JOB AND EARN IT!



*GEETAS--money

*BITE--too bad



HEY, JIT! I'VE GOTTA GO TO SOME OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACE AND HELP ANGEL AND HER POP GET THEIR CAR GOIN'! WANNA COME ALONG?

WOW! DO I? AT LAST-- SOMETHIN' TA DO!

So, sometime later...

JIT, TAKE A LOOK AT THE MAP AND SEE WHERE WE TURN OFF THE MAIN HIGHWAY!

OKAY!

HOLY COW, COOKIE! ACCORDIN' TA THIS, WHEN WE TURN OFF WE'LL HAVE TA GO 60 MILES ALL OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE TA GET THERE! SO WHY NOT TAKE THIS LITTLE ROAD RIGHT HERE AND CUT ACROSS? IT'S TWICE AS SHORT, SEE?

THAT'S IT UP AHEAD, I THINK! -- YEAH! THAT'S IT! TURN, COOK, TURN!

DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH OF A ROAD TO ME!--

-- BUT HERE GOES!

WHAT THE HEY! IT'LL SAVE US TIME, MAN!

Two hours later...

GULP! I'M WORRIED, JIT! THIS THING DOESN'T EVEN LOOK LIKE A ROAD ANYMORE -- AND WE HAVEN'T SEEN ONE TOWN!

More time passes...

OH, NO! WE'RE OUT OF GAS!

HOLY COW! WHY DIDN'T YA GET SOME BEFORE WE LEFT!

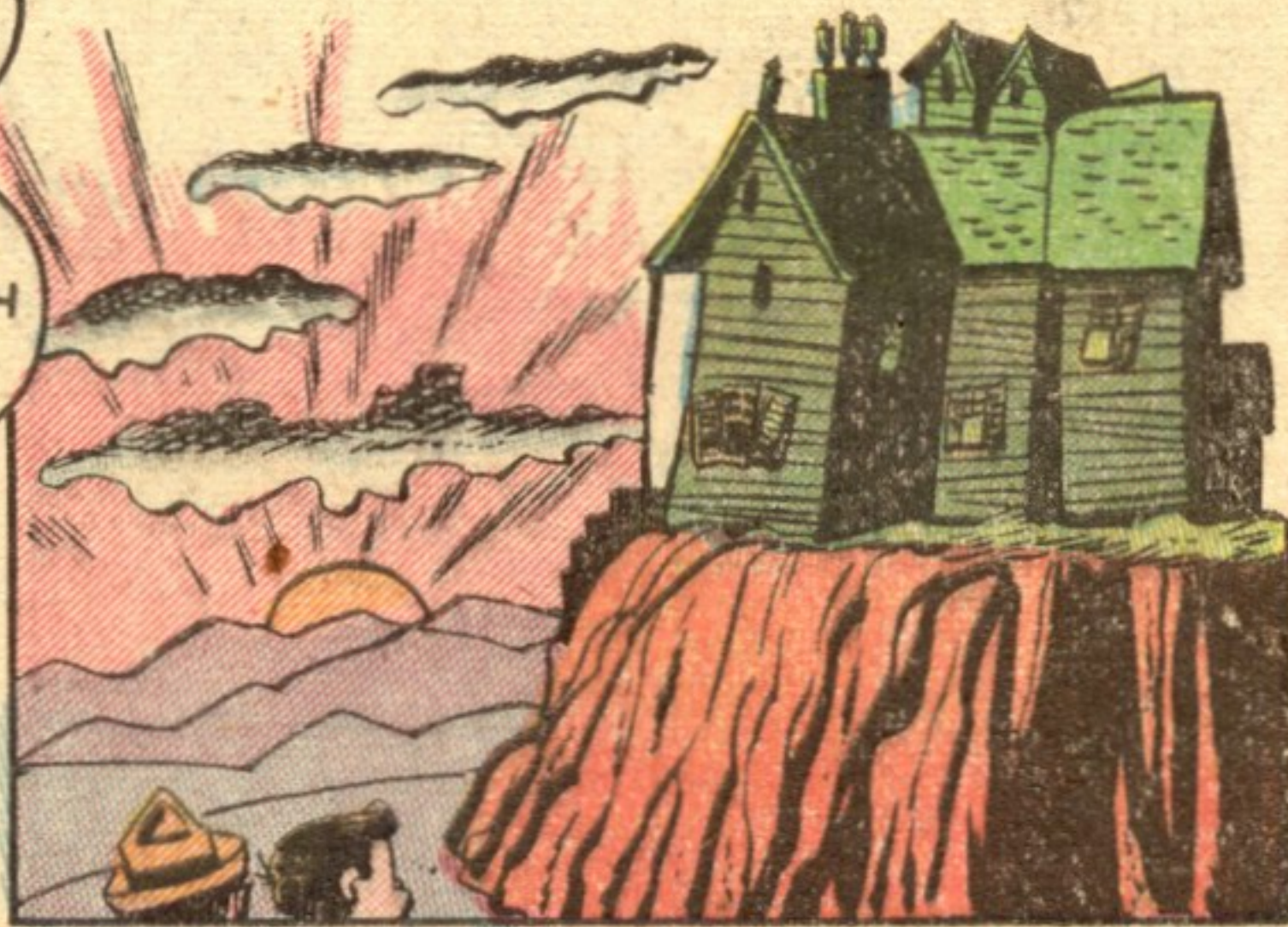
PHIT! POOO! POW!

BAM!

I DID, YOU FRACTURE-BRAIN? I HAD ENOUGH GAS TO GO THERE AND BACK! IN SHORT, WE'RE LOST-- THANKS TO YOU! NOW GIMME THAT MAP!

I MIGHTA KNOWN--THAT WAS NO ROAD WE TURNED ONTO--IT WAS A COUNTY LINE! WELL, THERE'S NOTHIN' WE CAN DO BUT TRY TO FIND A FARM OR SOMETHING! IT'S ALMOST DARK!

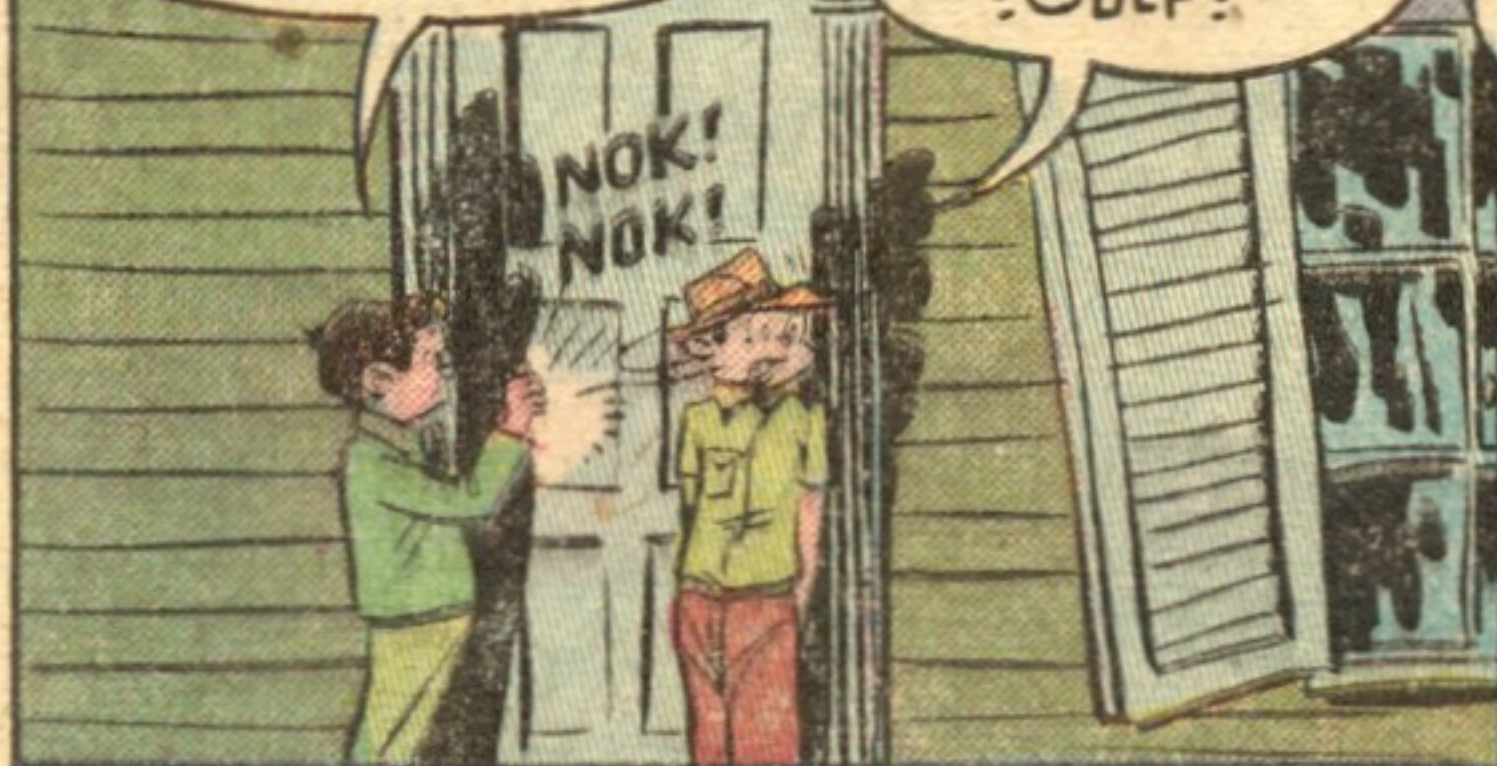
HEY! LOOK, COOKIE! THERE'S A HOUSE THROUGH THE TREES OVER THERE!



N- NOBODY ANSWERS, JIT! I DON'T THINK ANYBODY LIVES HERE!

I DON'T BLAME THEM! I WOULDN'T LIVE THERE EITHER! :GULP:

WELL, I GOT NEWS FOR YA, BUSTER! WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO STAY HERE! WE HAVEN'T GOT THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHERE WE ARE, AND WE CAN'T GO LOOKIN' ANYMORE T'DAY! IT'S GETTIN' DARK, SO C'MON! WE'RE GOIN' IN!

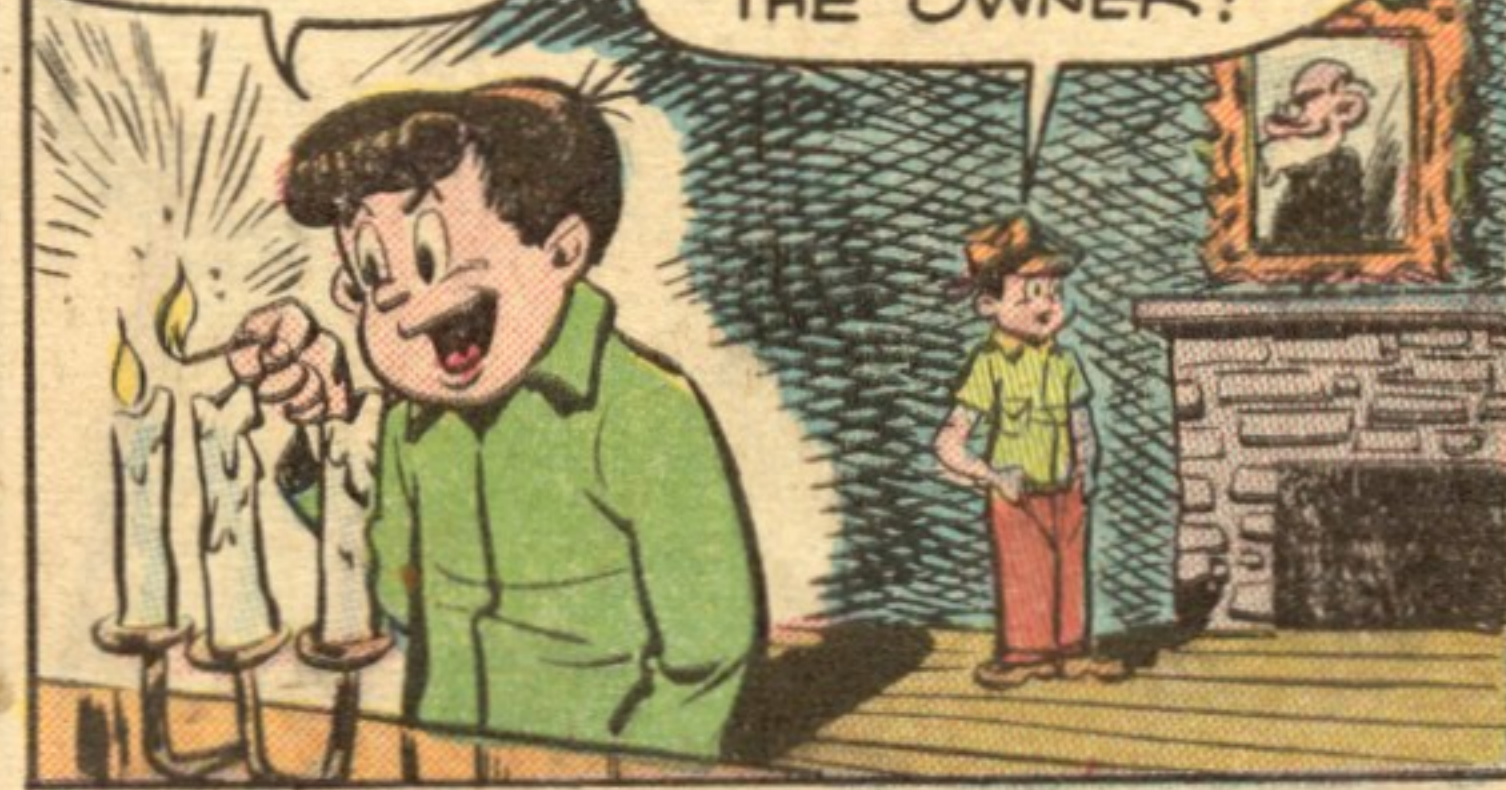


HEY! ANYBODY HOME? YOO-HOO! HEY!

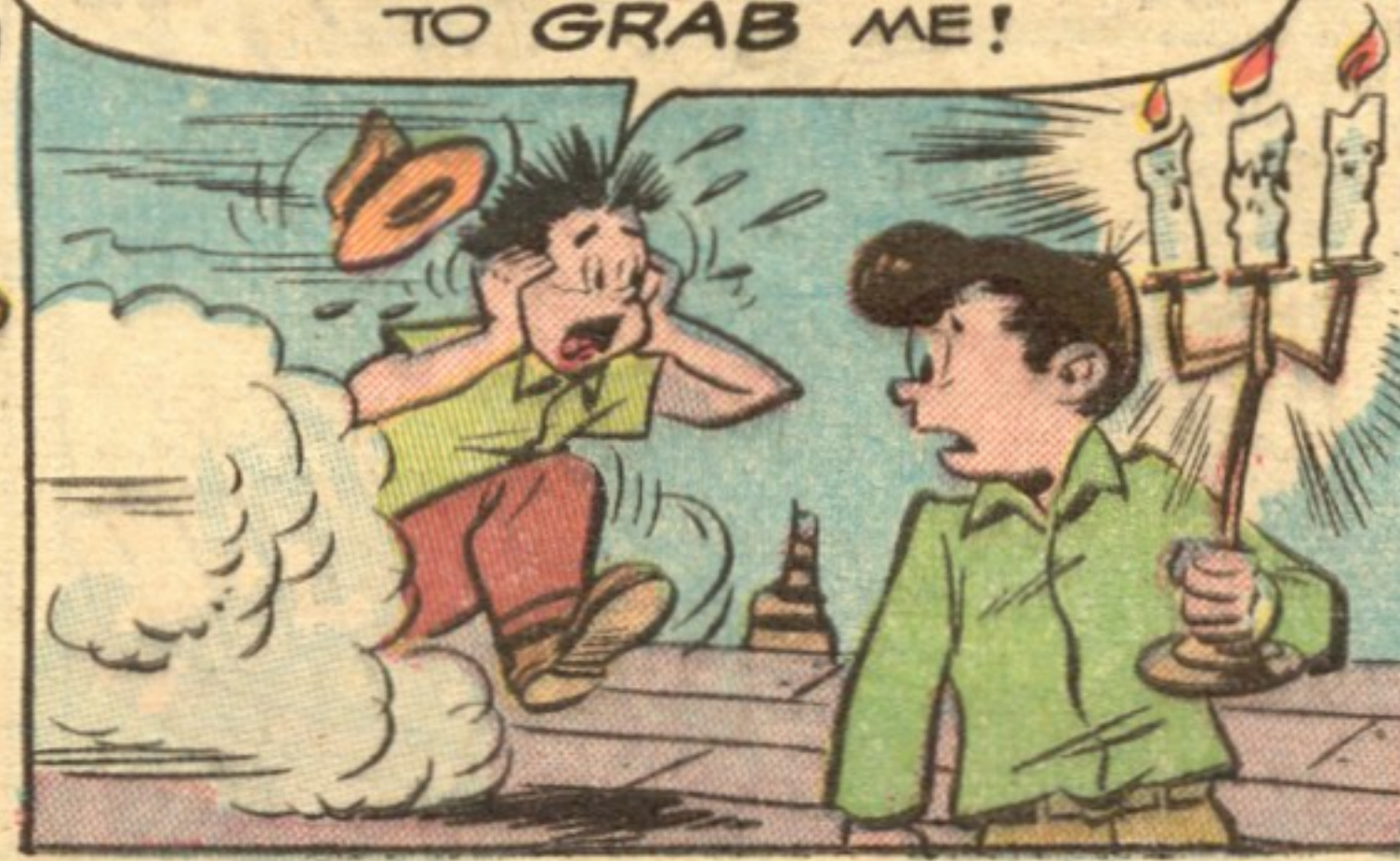
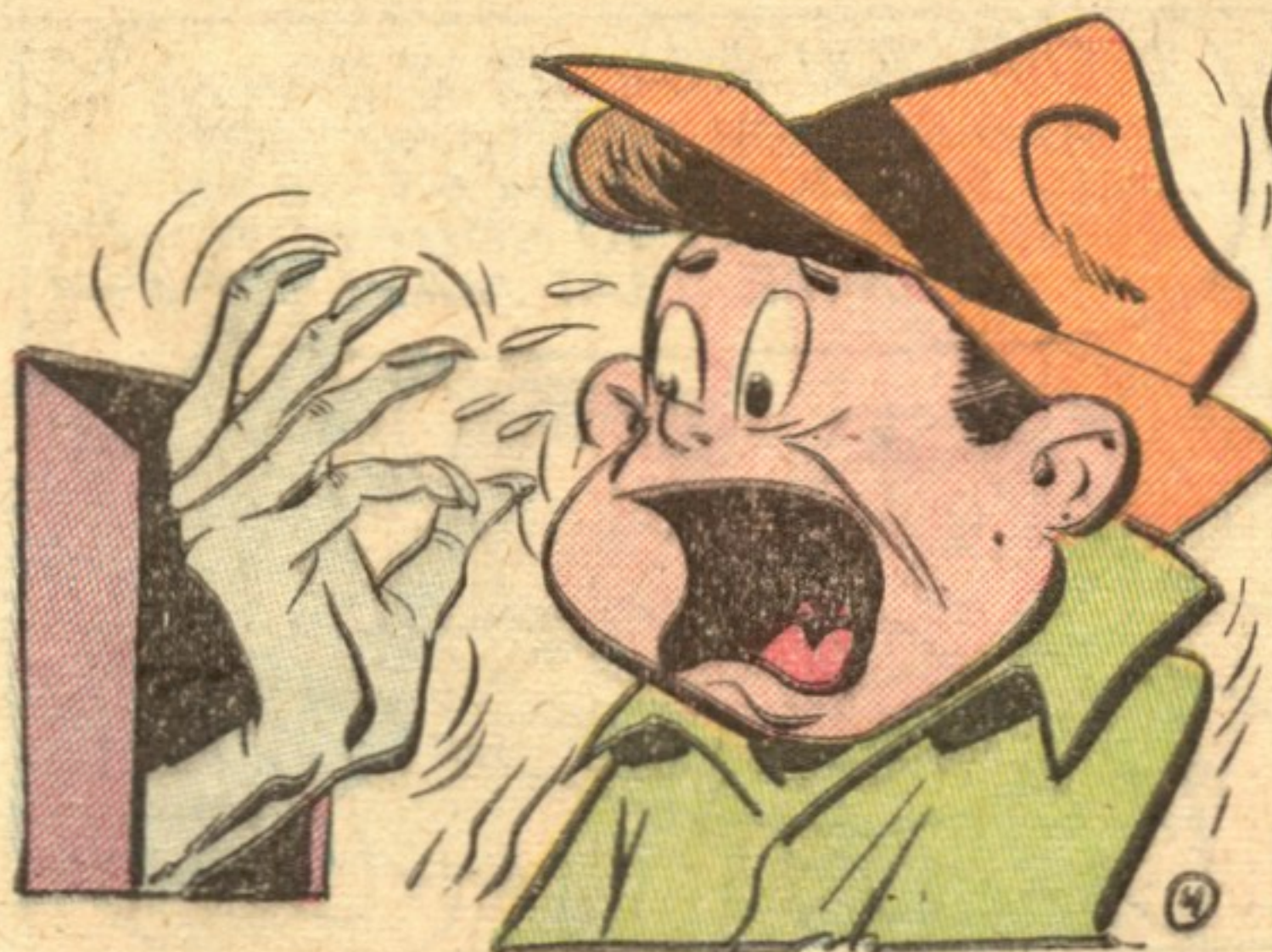
YA JERK! CAN'T YA SEE NOBODY'S LIVED HERE IN YEARS?

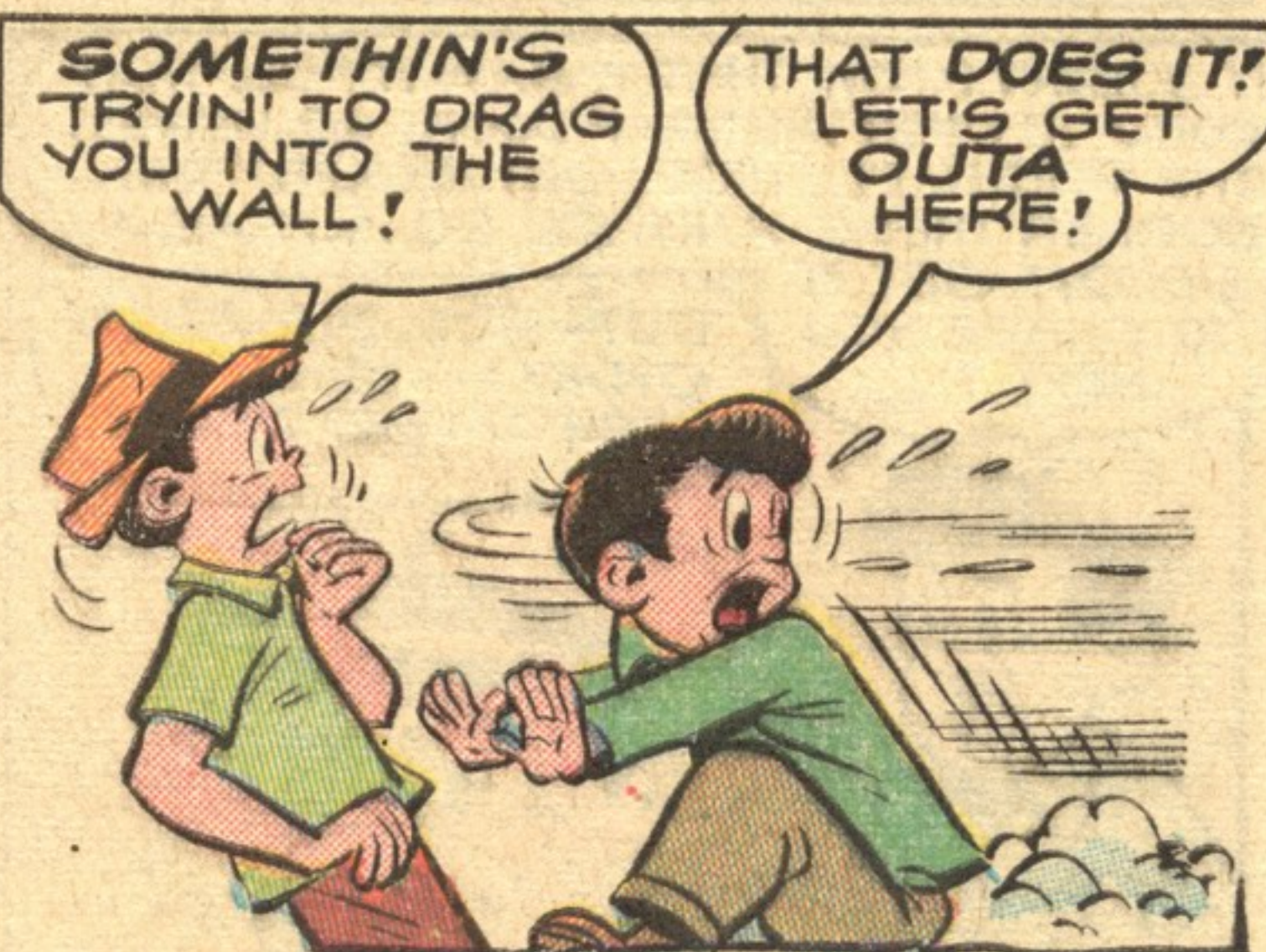
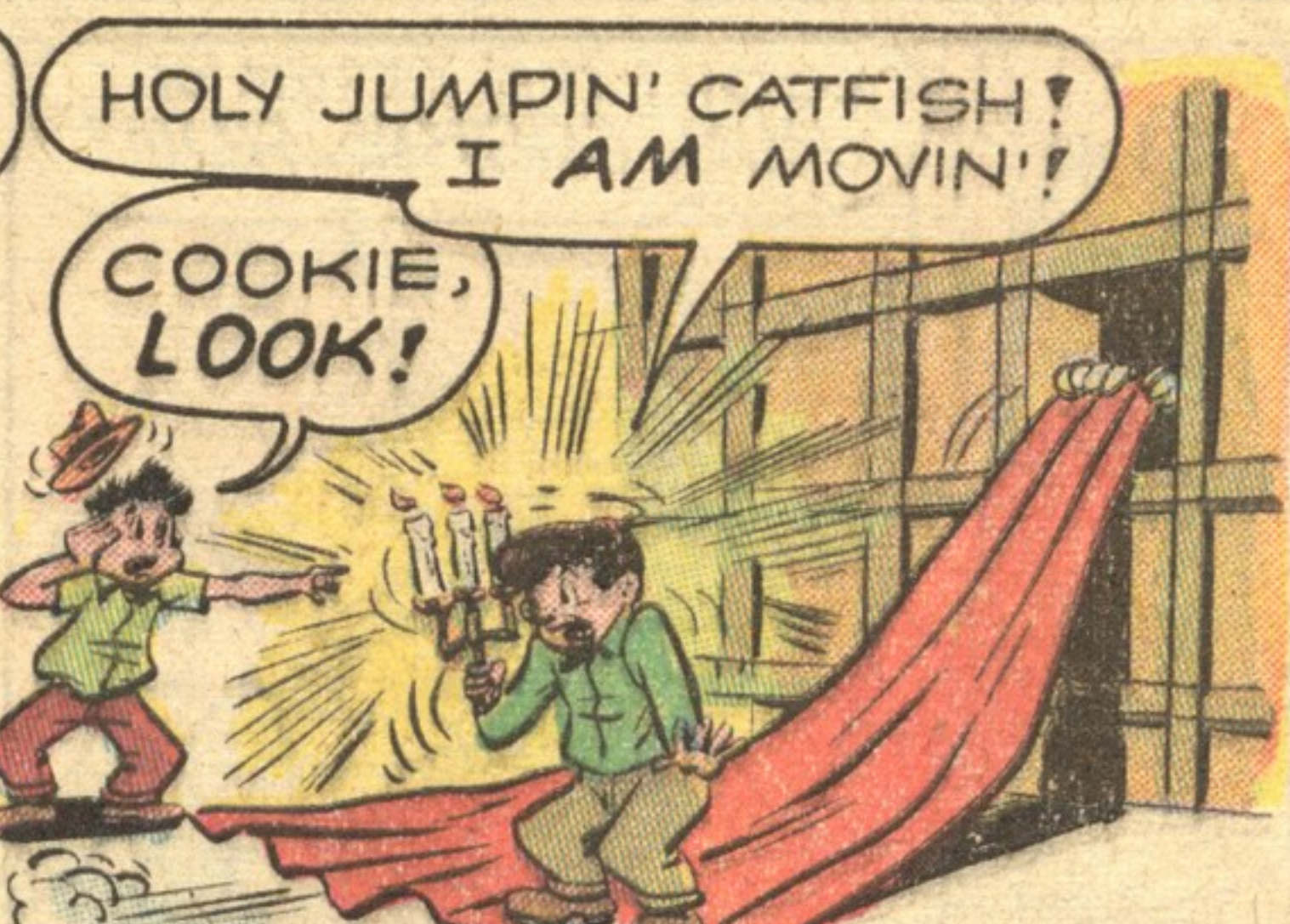
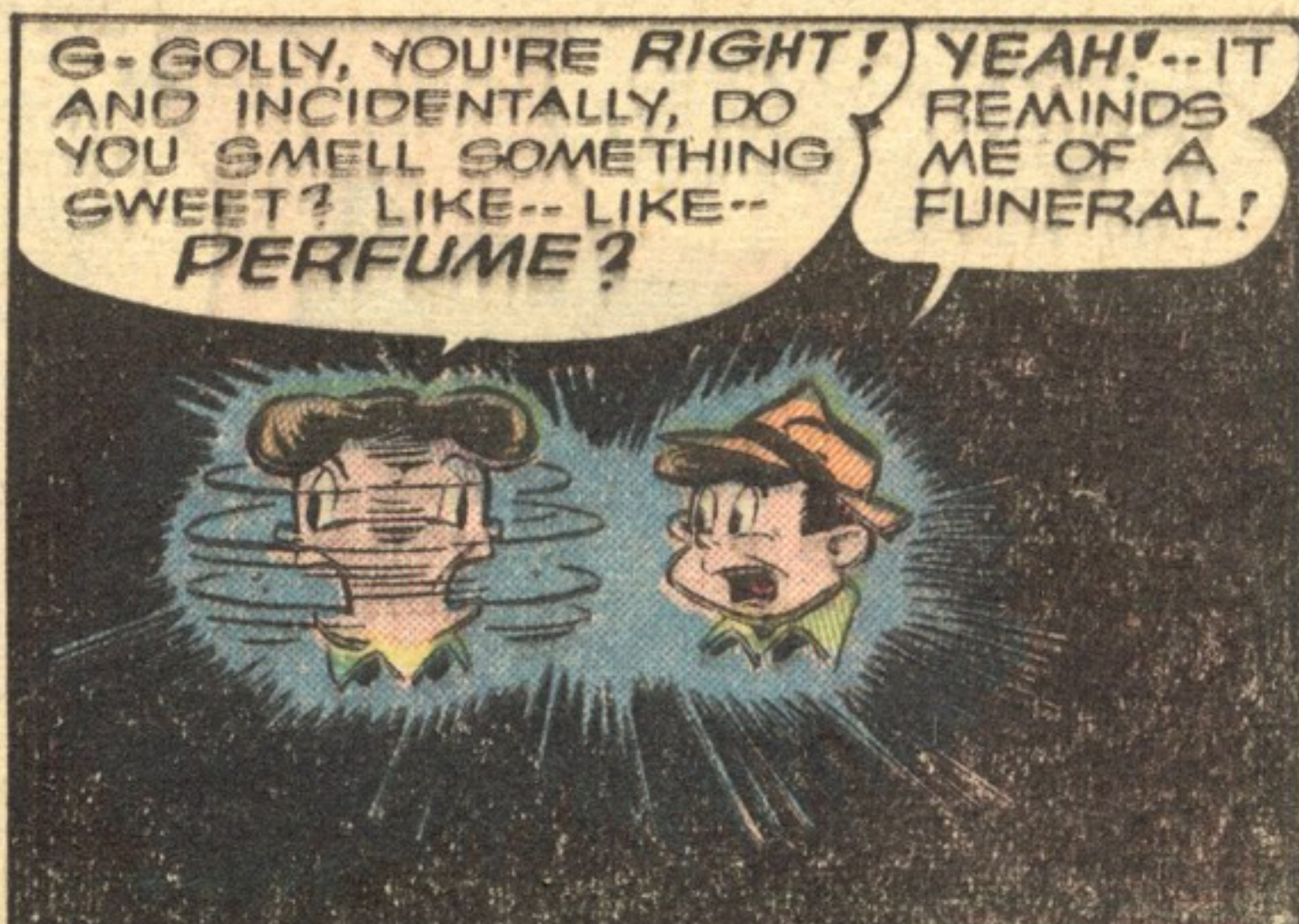
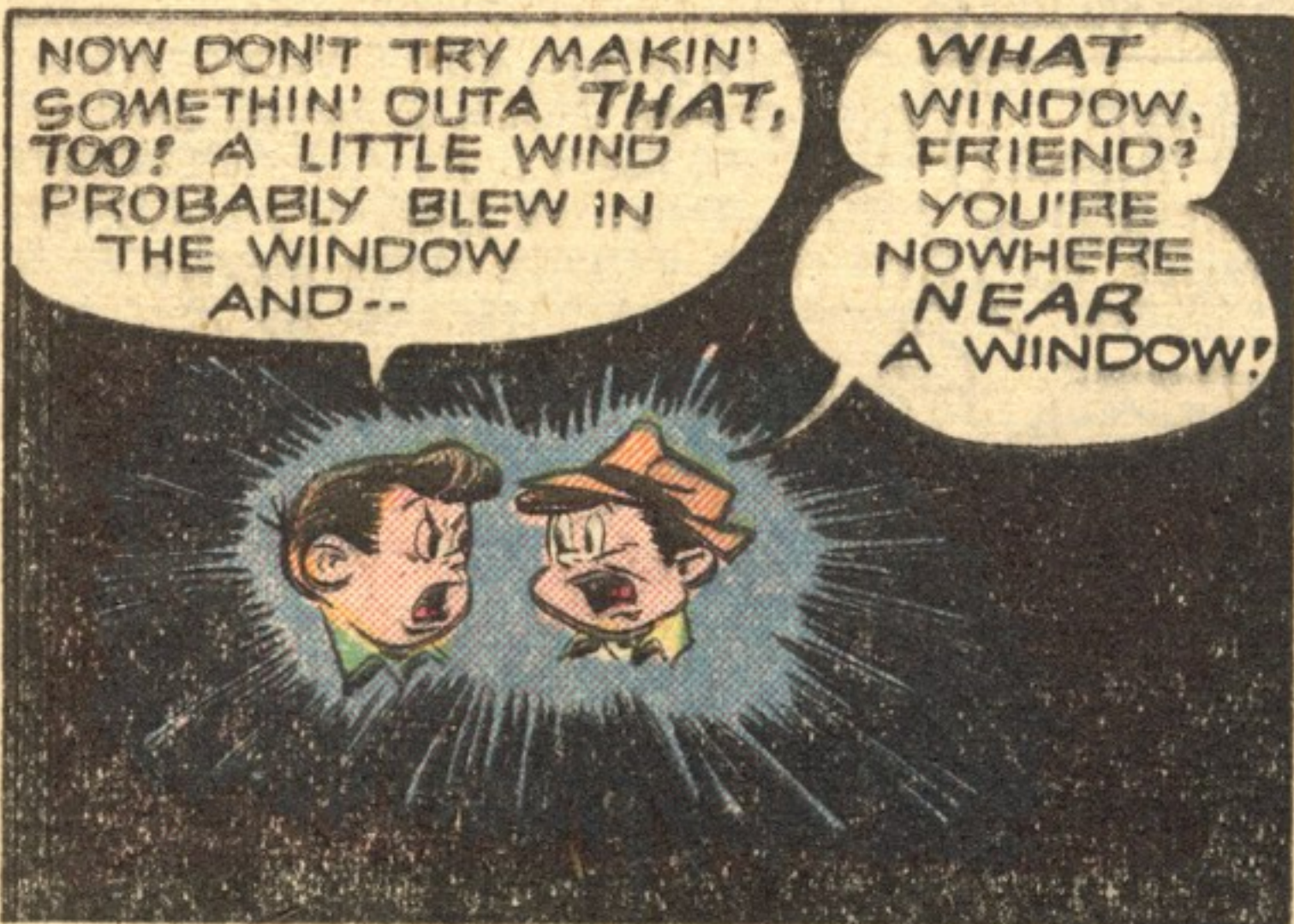
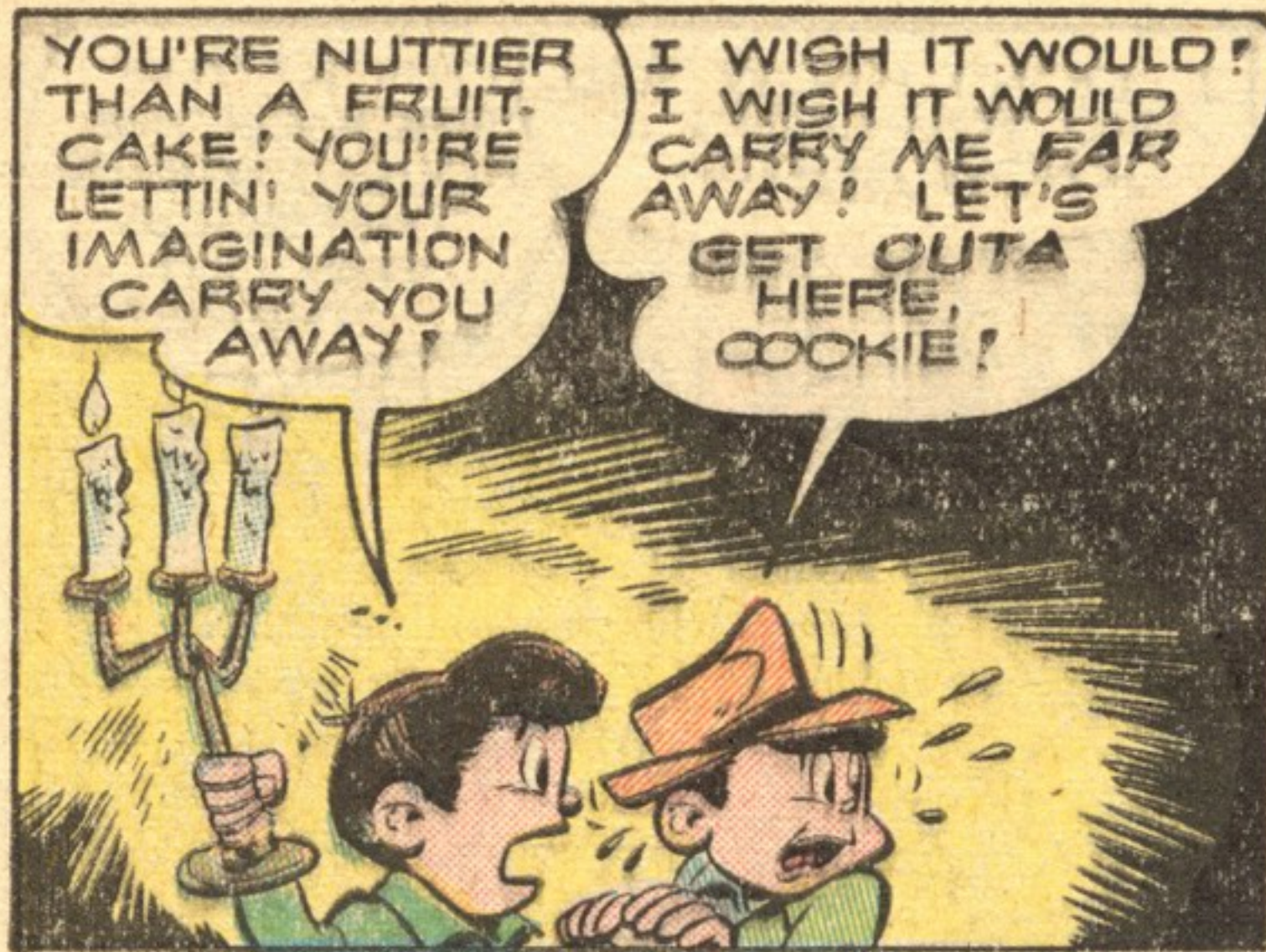
HEY, WODDA BREAK! HERE'S SOME CANDLES!

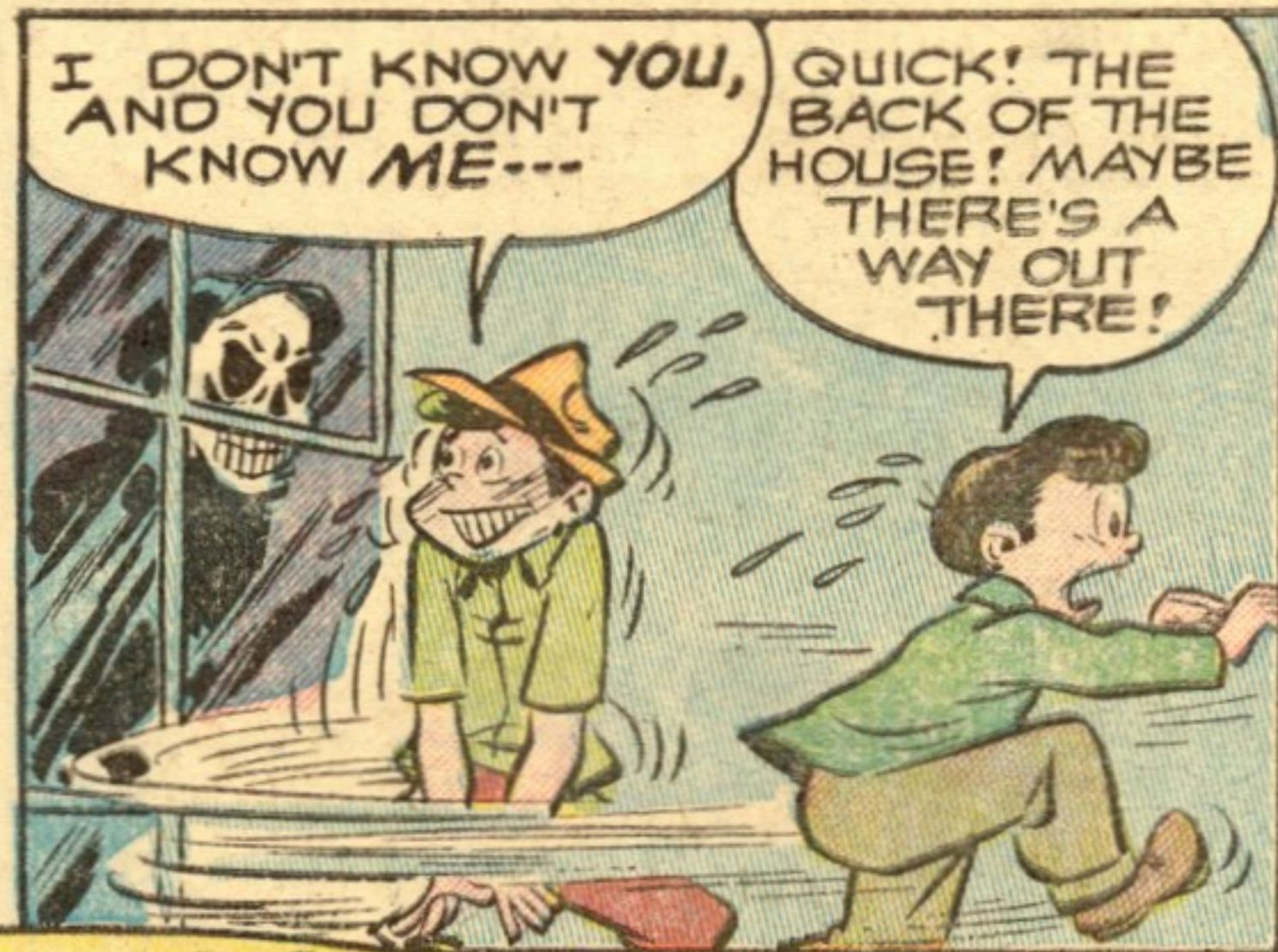
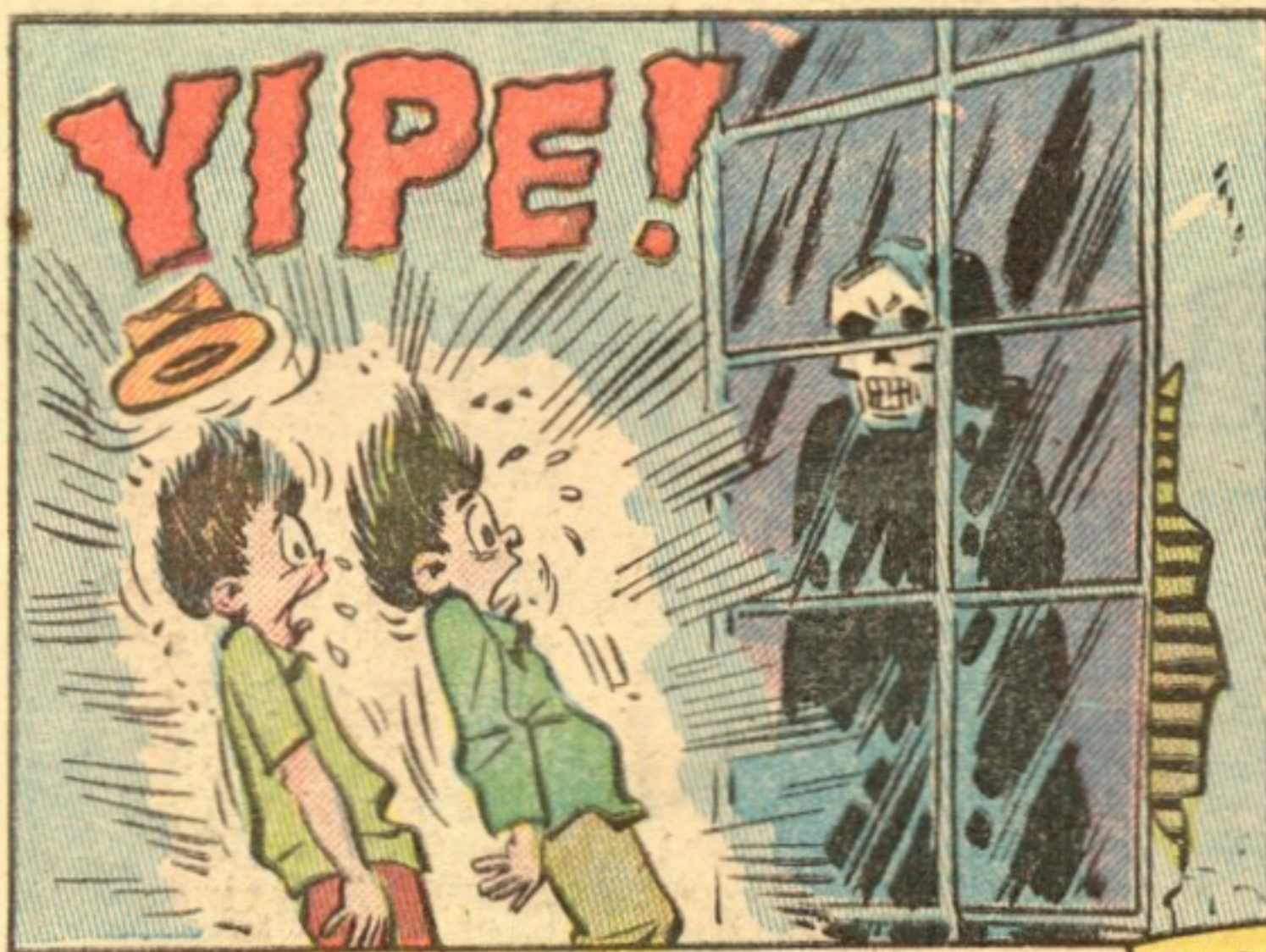
HEY, COOKIE! DID YA SEE THIS PICTURE? THIS OLD GEEZER MUSTA BEEN THE OWNER!



COOKIE! THIS PLACE IS HAUNTED! A HORRIBLE CLAW JUST CAME OUT OF THE WALL AND TRIED TO GRAB ME!





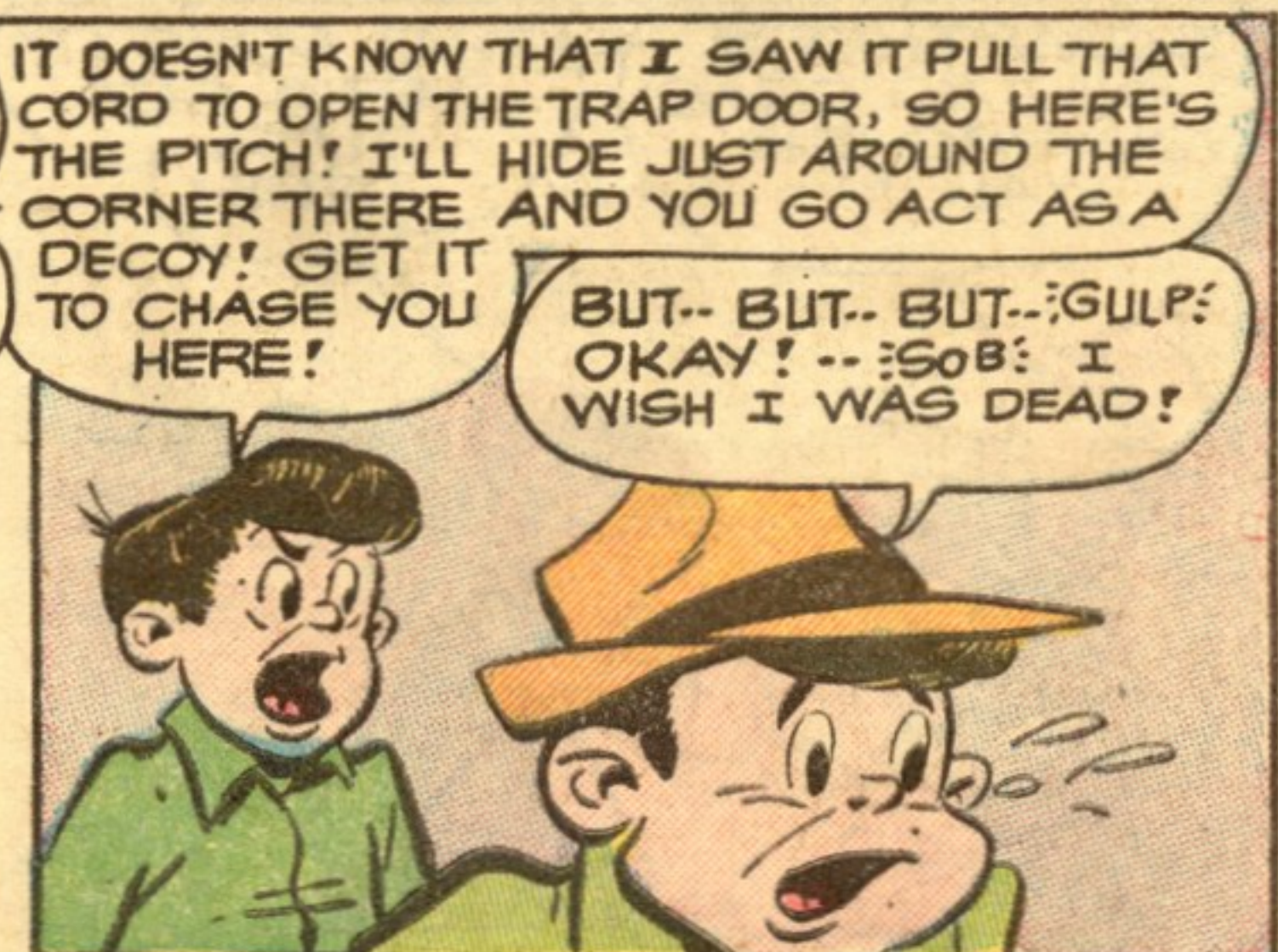
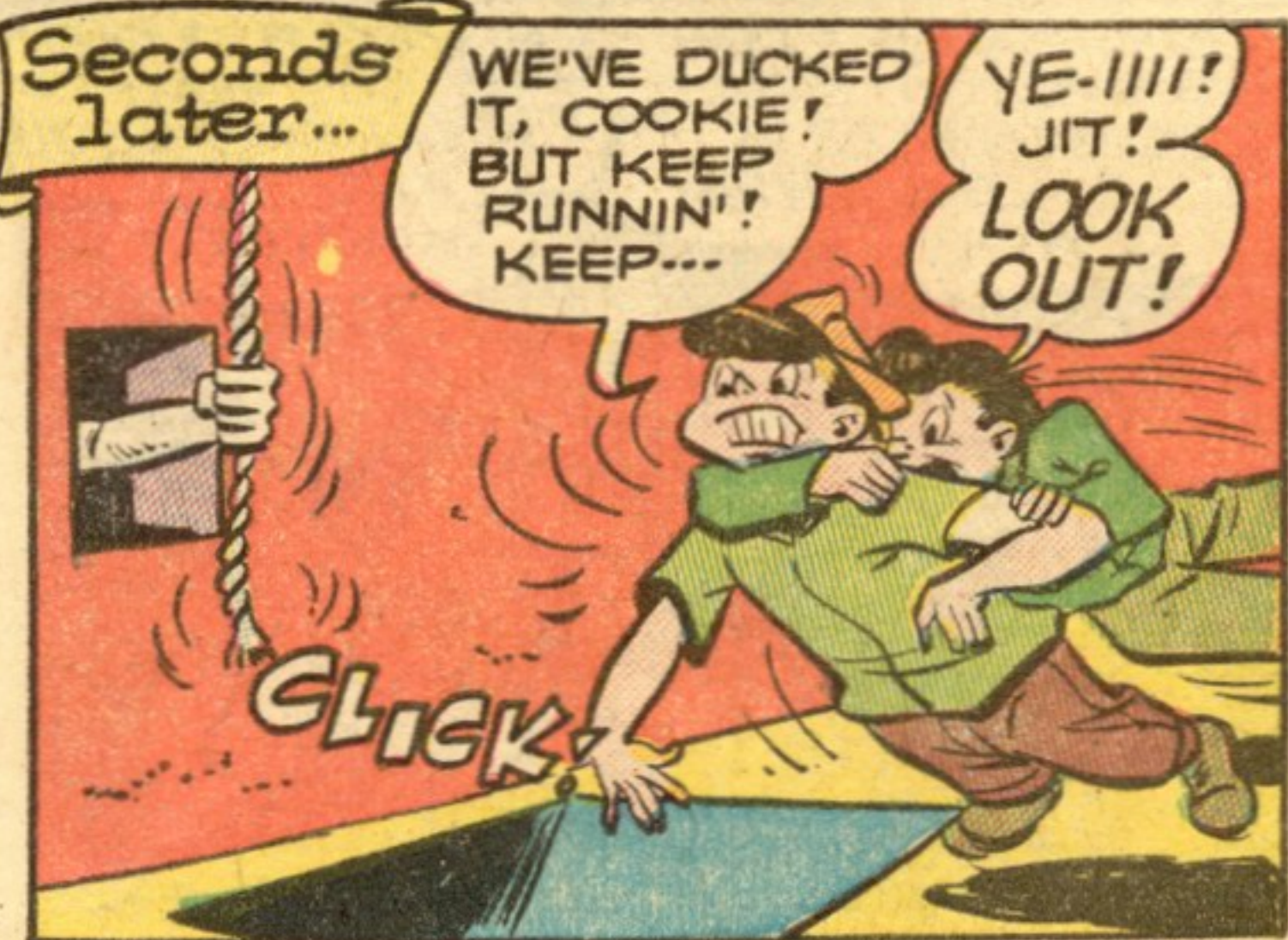


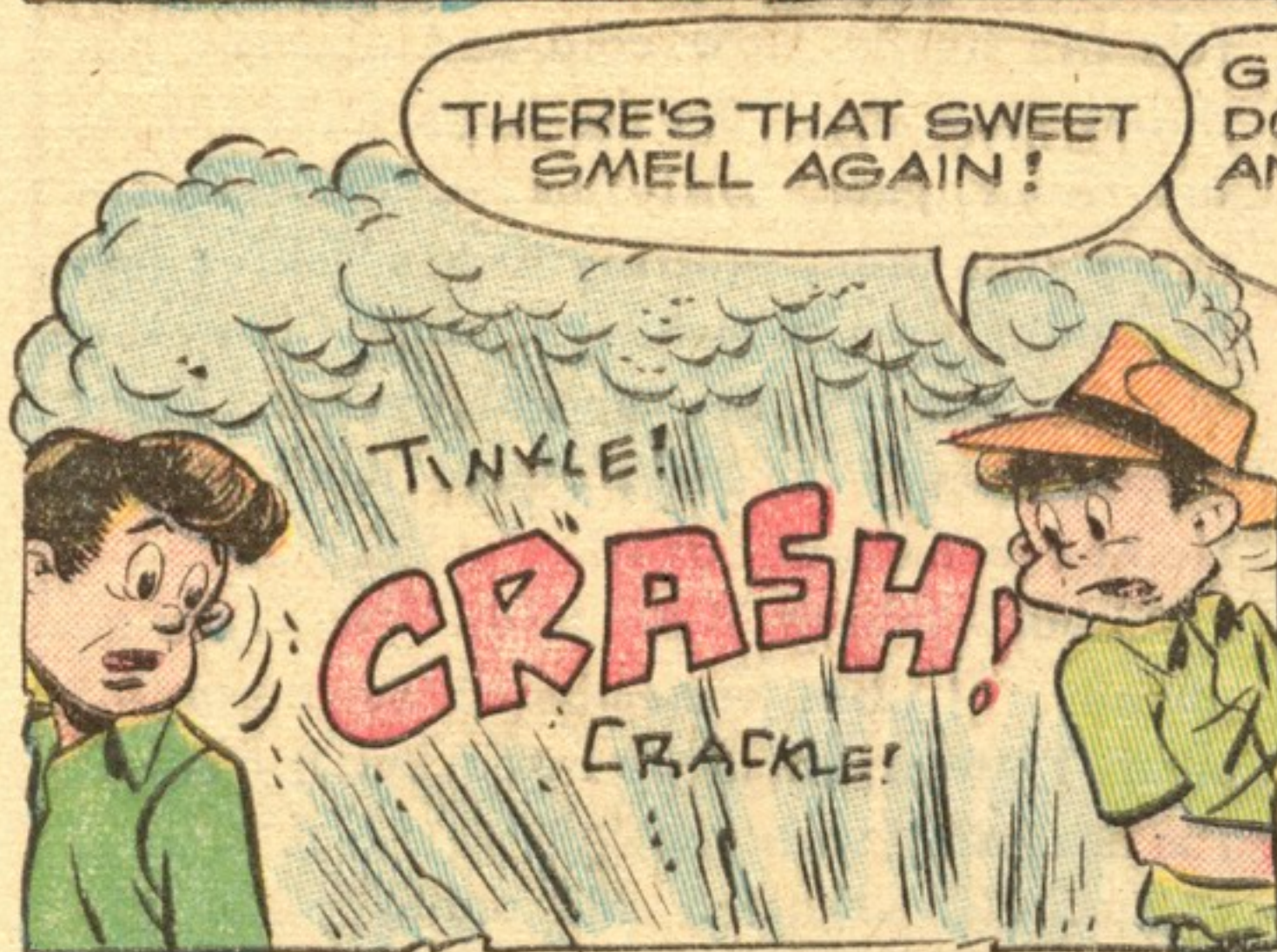
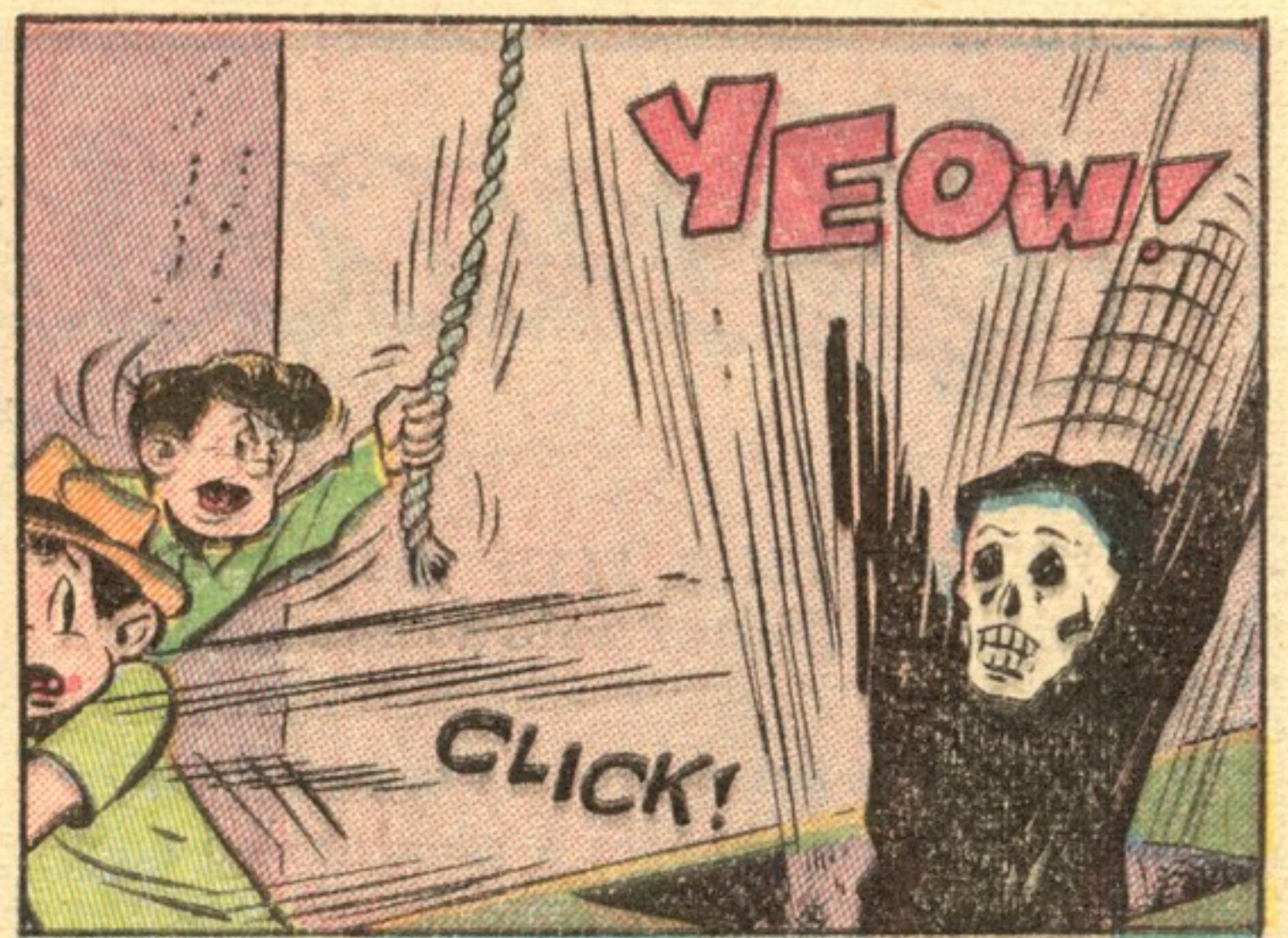
Meanwhile...



THEY NEVER ARRIVED THERE! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO THEM! :BAW!

NOW, MOM, QUIT WORRYING! THE STATE POLICE HAVE SAID THEY WEREN'T IN AN ACCIDENT! TRUE, THEY'VE DISAPPEARED-- BUT THE POLICE ARE SEARCHING! TWO BOYS IN A CAR JUST DON'T DISAPPEAR INTO THIN AIR!





GOOD GRAY! LOOK, JIT! THERE'S A CAVE DOWN THEIR LEADING TO THE SEA-- AND THERE'S HUNDREDS OF CASES OF PERFUME!

LOOK! THAT'S NO GHOST! IT'S A GUY-- AND HE'S OUT COLD!



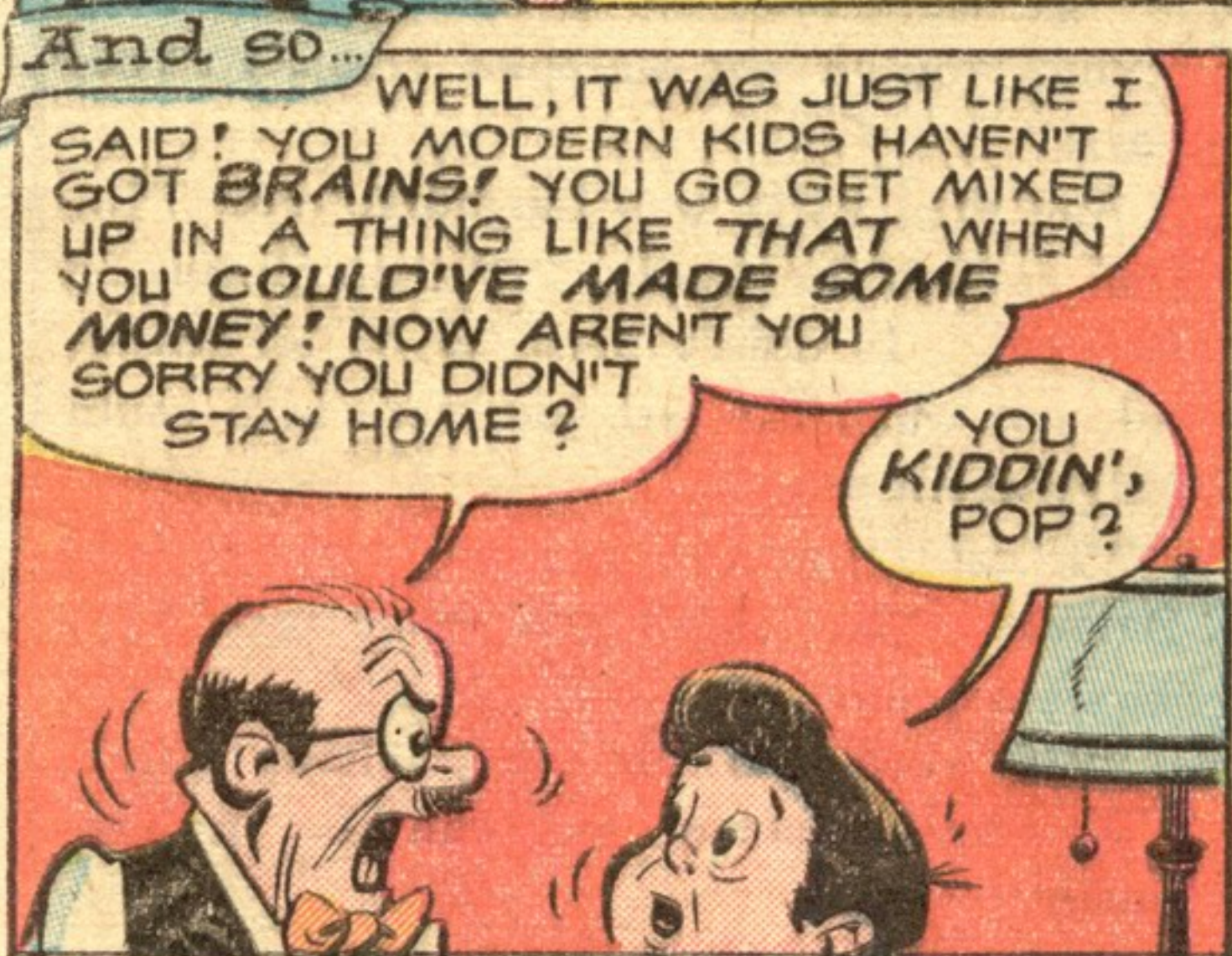
Minutes later...



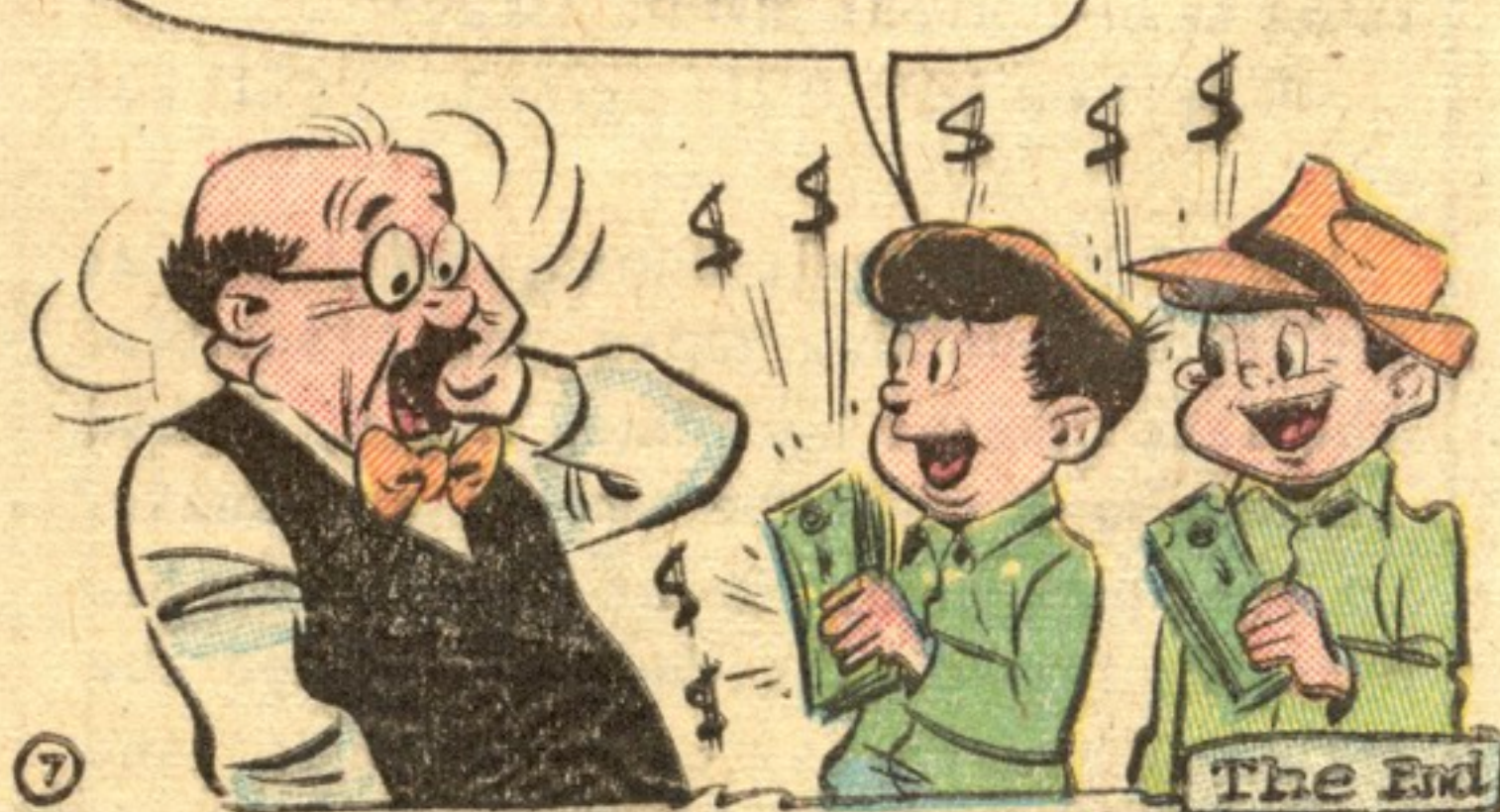
WELL, I'LL BE...! IT'S ZACHARY HUBBARD! THE GOVERNMENT HAS BEEN AFTER THIS GUY FOR FIVE YEARS AS A PERFUME SMUGGLER, BOYS, AND YOU CAUGHT HIM!

I THOUGHT THE KIDS WERE ON TO ME! SO I WANTED TO GET THEM OUT OF THE WAY BEFORE THEY TOLD!

I OUGHTA SLUG HIM!



WE GOT 500 GEETAS APIECE FOR CATCHIN' THAT CROOK! IF WE'D STAYED HOME, I'D'VE GOT A BUCK!



Clumsy OAF

"THE TROUBLE WITH you is you're scared!" Johnny said to his unhappy friend.

"Golly, I'm not scared. I'm just," Billy paused, gulped, thought a moment and then said weakly, "scared!"

"Of a girl? Whillikers, you know better'n that! An' this is a girl you don't even know!"

A faint smile came over Billy's face as he thought of the subject under discussion. "I know I don't know her, but I'd sure like to! She's...wow! I wouldn't even know what to say to her! If she ever looked at me outta those big blue eyes and smiled, I'd...I'd..."

"Fer Pete's sake, don't tell me you're *bashful*!" Johnny was appalled. "You mean to tell me that's the reason that's keepin' you from Dolores Hinkel's door?"

"That's the reason," Billy admitted. "Ya see, whenever somethin' means a lot to me, I mean a *lot*, I get sort'a jittery about it. Like the time I hadda make a speech to the club an' knocked the water-pitcher over, right on the Dean's new suit! Or the time the Coach called me out for the track team an' I got so nervous about it, my knees were weak an' I couldn't run! I always *spoil* things!"

"Now, look, Billy," Johnny said earnestly, "this has gotta stop! Tell ya what! S'posin' I call Dolores Hinkel an' ask her if we can *both* come over? She's in my math class, so we know each other. Then, I'll be with you an' you won't have anything to be nervous about! Okay?"

"I...I'll do it!" Billy agreed. "Call her up!"

While Johnny telephoned, Billy sat at the soda fountain, tense and miserable. The last time he had dated a girl, he had wanted so hard to be smooth and suave. So what happened? So he tripped over his own big feet on the dance floor and she called him a clumsy oaf, out loud! And

now, Dolores! Would he disgrace himself with *her*, too? Maybe it would be better to put the whole thing off...

"She's home!" Johnny announced triumphantly. "She said to come on over!"

On the way to the Hinkel house, Billy felt his hands grow cold and clammy, his throat grow dry. As the boys turned in at the front gate, Billy began to detect a numb sensation, starting at his ankles and beginning to rise, making it almost impossible for him to take another step. Right then, he *knew* he didn't have the courage! He had to back out of it!

"Look, Johnny," he said, "you...you go ahead! I just remembered something...I mean I promised to be home by...I mean...I'm not going with you!"

Turning, ashamed and unhappy, he ran back towards the street again, hot with embarrassment at his own cowardice. He was running so fast, that he couldn't stop himself...even though he saw the calamity about to happen!

Dolores was coming up the front walk, carrying a box from the bakery shop. "Oh!" was all she said before Billy crashed into her, throwing her to the ground, spilling whipped cream pie all over the lawn and Dolores' pretty skirt. "Oh!" she said again. Then, to Billy's astonishment, she began to laugh.

"We must look so f...funny!" she said. "You...you've got whipped cream in your ears!"

And then Billy was laughing, too. "I...I'm sorry," he said. "I'm so clumsy..." Suddenly, it didn't seem to be so dreadful, not when the girl you were with could *laugh* about things.

"I can't promise you any cake," said Dolores, "but won't you come in? Why, where's Johnny?"

"He seems to be gone," Billy noted. "Oh well, guess we can be a two-some!"

GIRL TROUBLE

HEY, HERE COMES
BUZZ BOMB, AND HE
LOOKS LIKE HE'S IN
A **BIG HASSEL!**

MAN, HE'S
CRUISING!

HERE SHE COMES, FELLAS... **HERE SHE
COMES!** I GOTTA HIDE... **I GOTTA HIDE!**
OOO-HOO-HOO-HOO!

HERE
COMES
WHO?

THAT NAGGIN' DRAGON, **TILLIE!** D-DON'T
TELL HER YA SAW ME, **PLEASE DON'T TELL HER!**



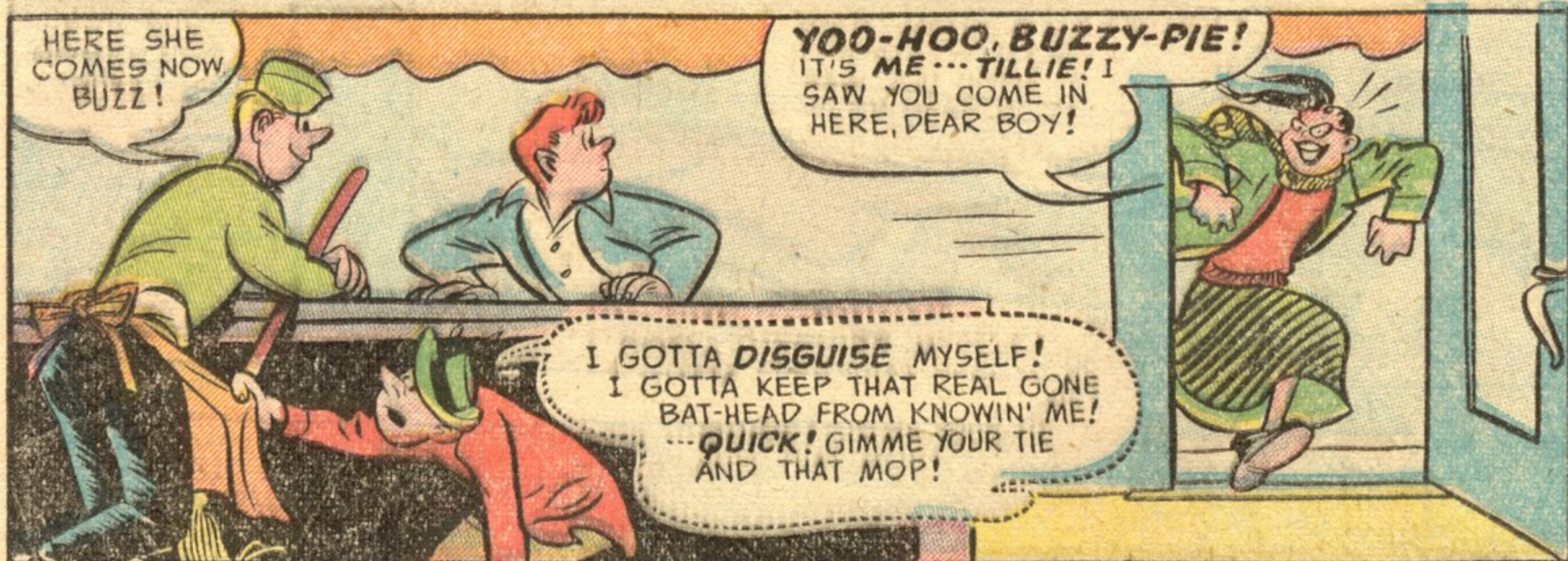
YA GOOF BALL,
WATCHA
HIDIN'
FOR?

SHE'S SPOOKY, BOY! SHE'S SPOOKY
AND SHE HAUNTS
ME! I'M HER
BIG PASH-
PIE, SHE
SAYS!



YA JERK, ALL YA HAFTA
DO IS **IGNORE** HER!
AFTER ALL, WHAT **ARE**
YOU, A MAN OR A
MOUSE?

A **MOUSE!**
AND DIG THIS,
YA **CAN'T**
IGNORE **THAT**
GONE GOON!



HERE SHE
COMES NOW,
BUZZ!

YOO-HOO, BUZZY-PIE!

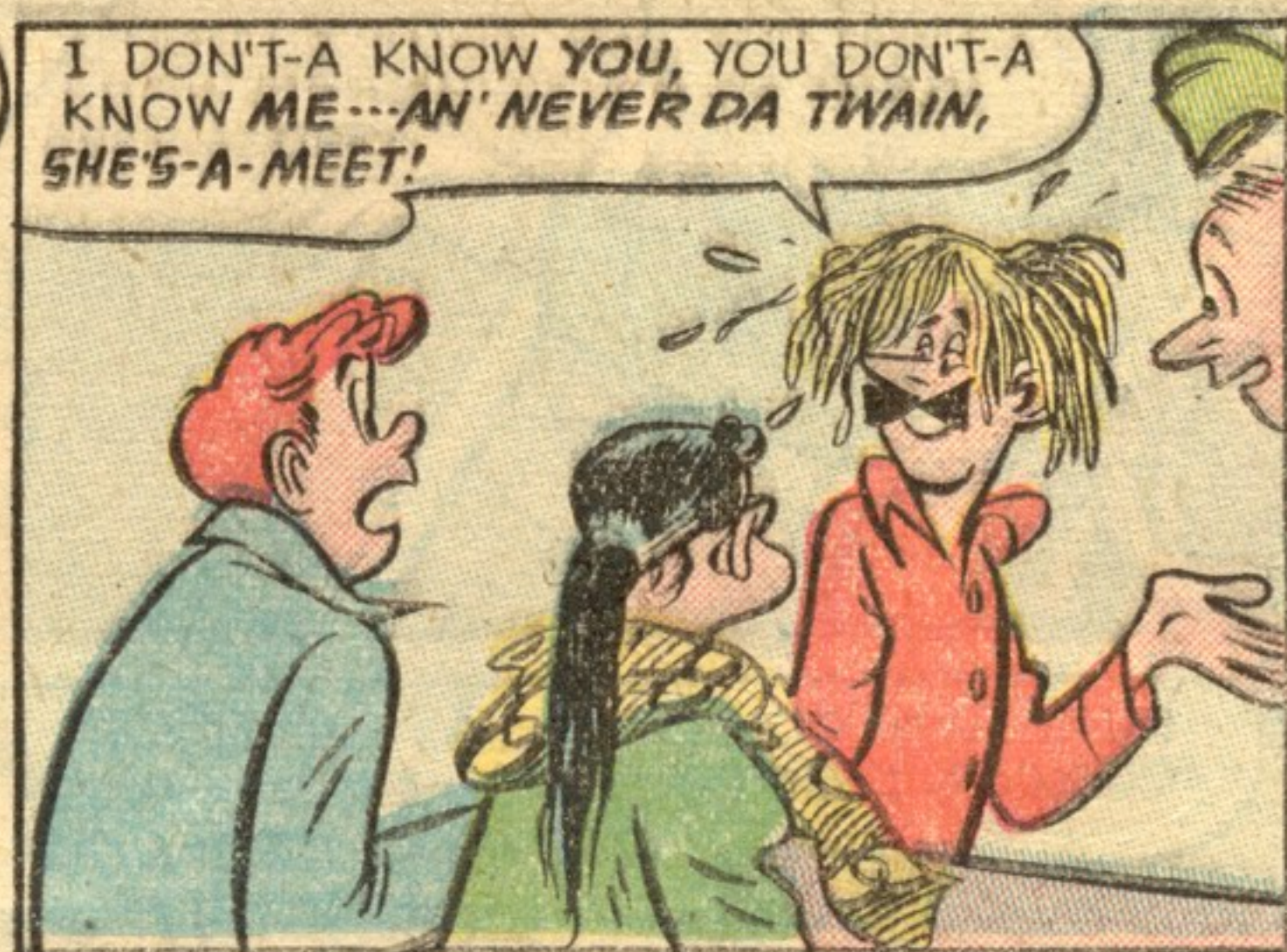
IT'S ME... **TILLIE!** I
SAW YOU COME IN
HERE, DEAR BOY!

I GOTTA **DISGUISE** MYSELF!
I GOTTA KEEP THAT REAL GONE
BAT-HEAD FROM KNOWIN' ME!
...**QUICK!** GIMME YOUR TIE
AND THAT MOP!

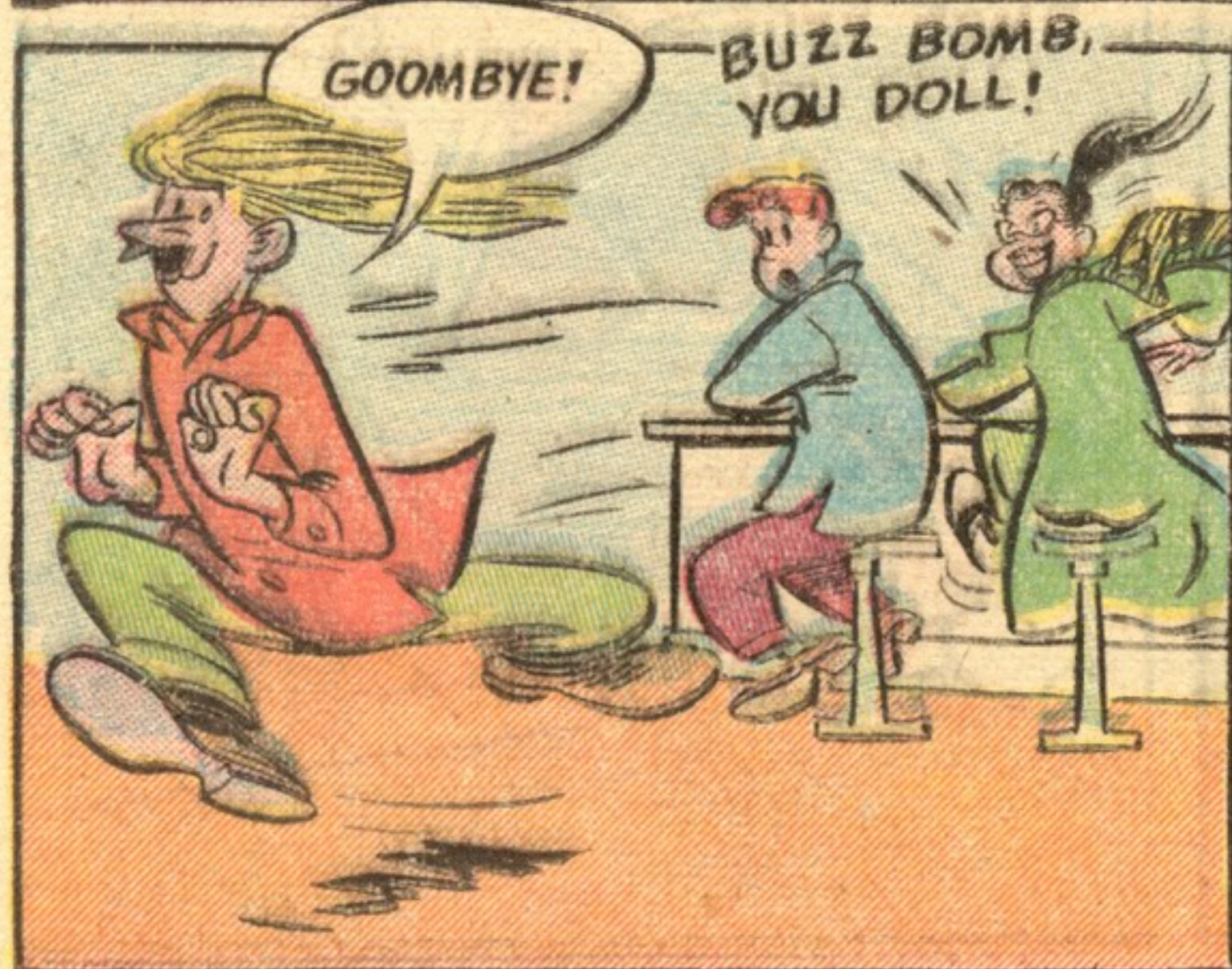


OH, HELLO, CHUCK! WHERE'S THAT
LOVER BOY? I'M **SURE** I SAW...
WHY, WHO'S THE NEW SODA
JERK?

**HUH? NEW
SODA JERK?**

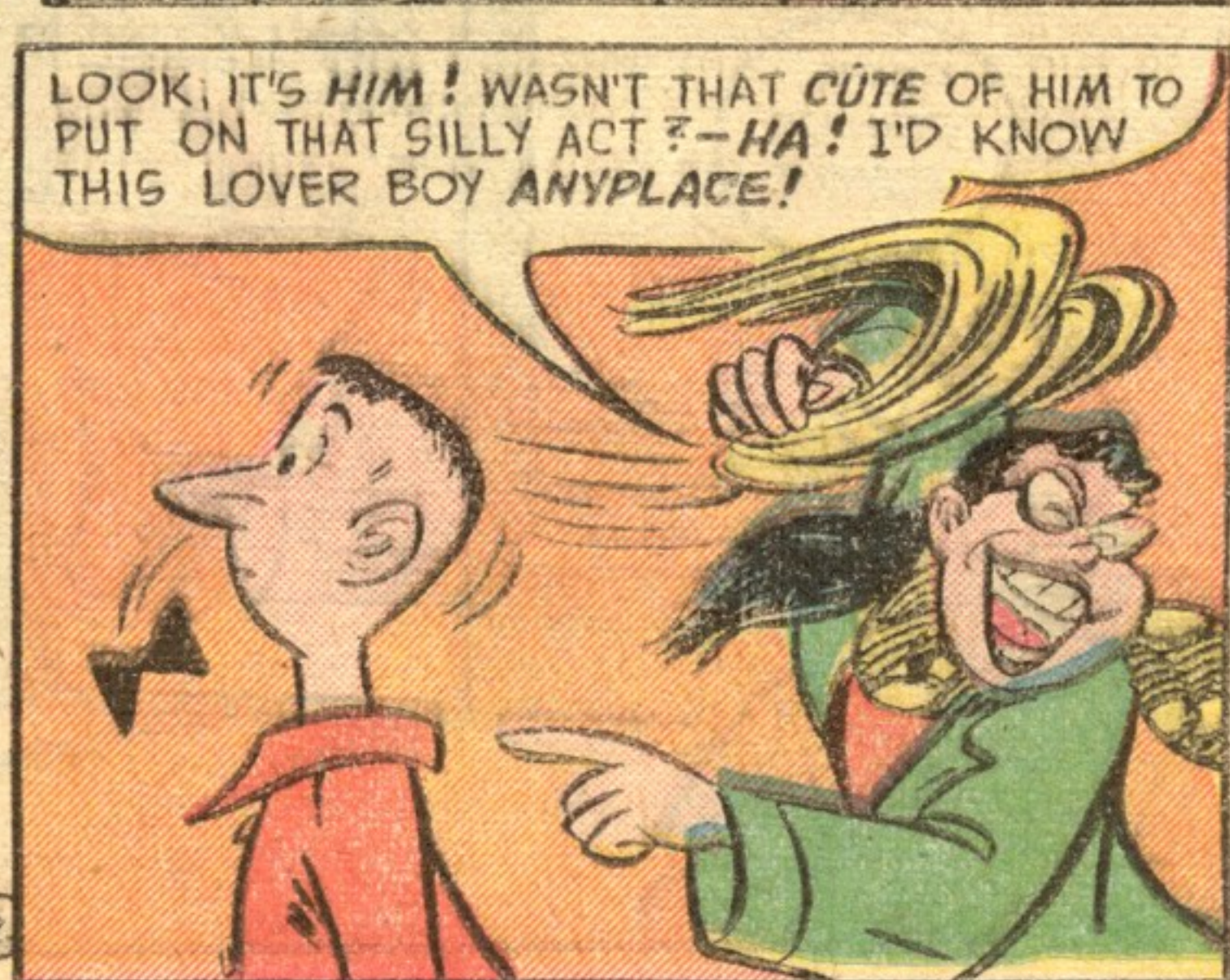


I DON'T-A KNOW YOU, YOU DON'T-A
KNOW ME...AN' NEVER DA TWAIN,
SHE'S-A-MEET!

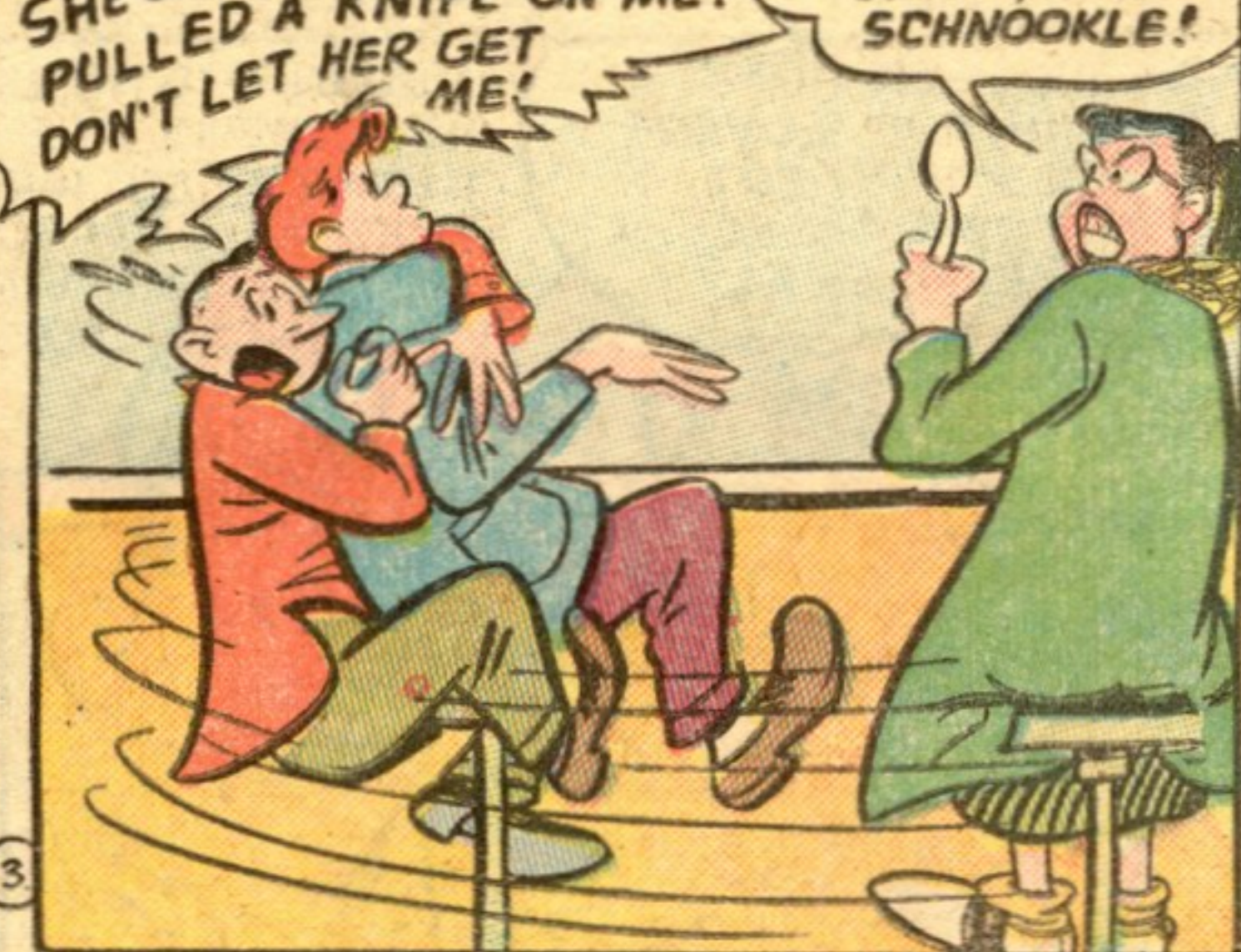
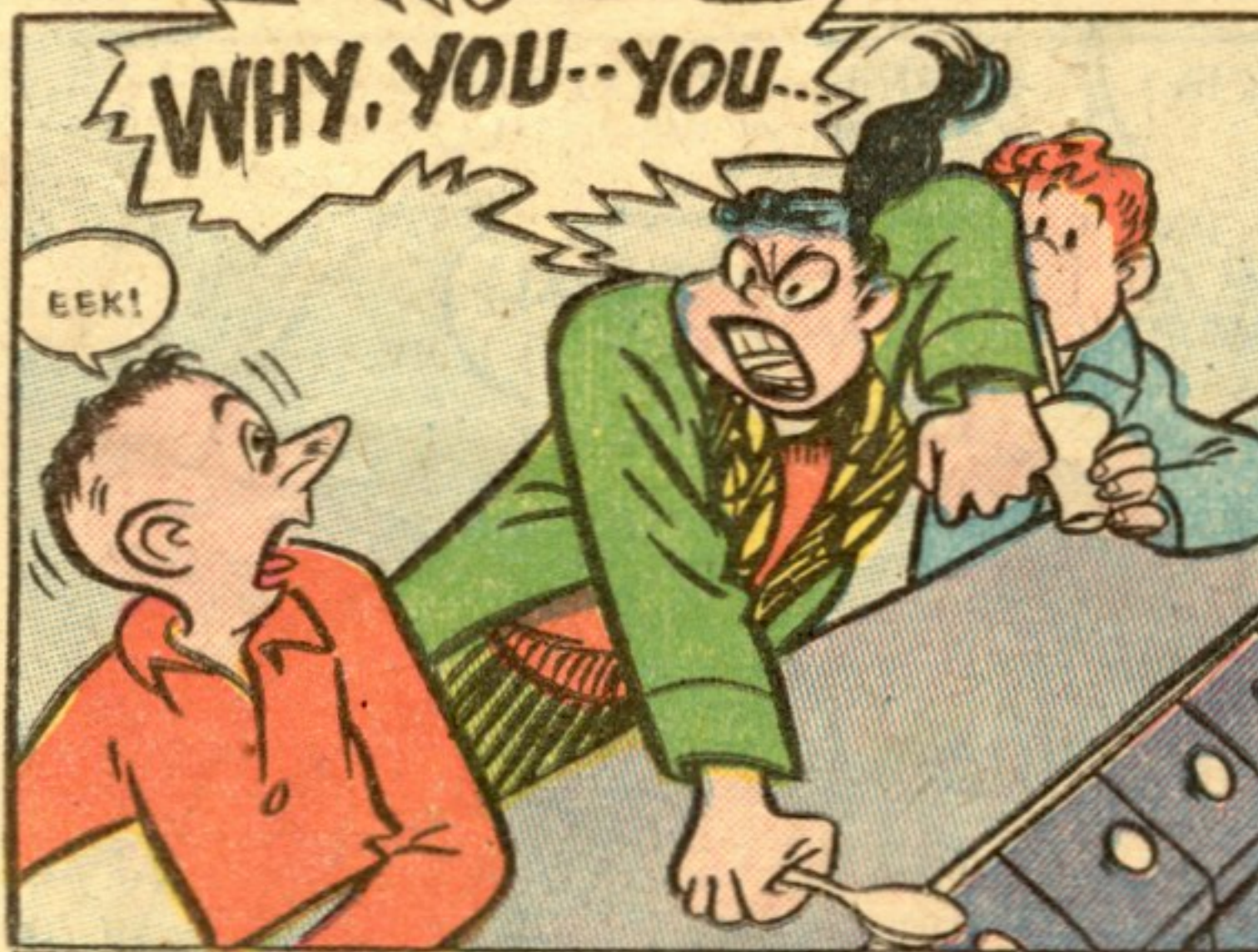
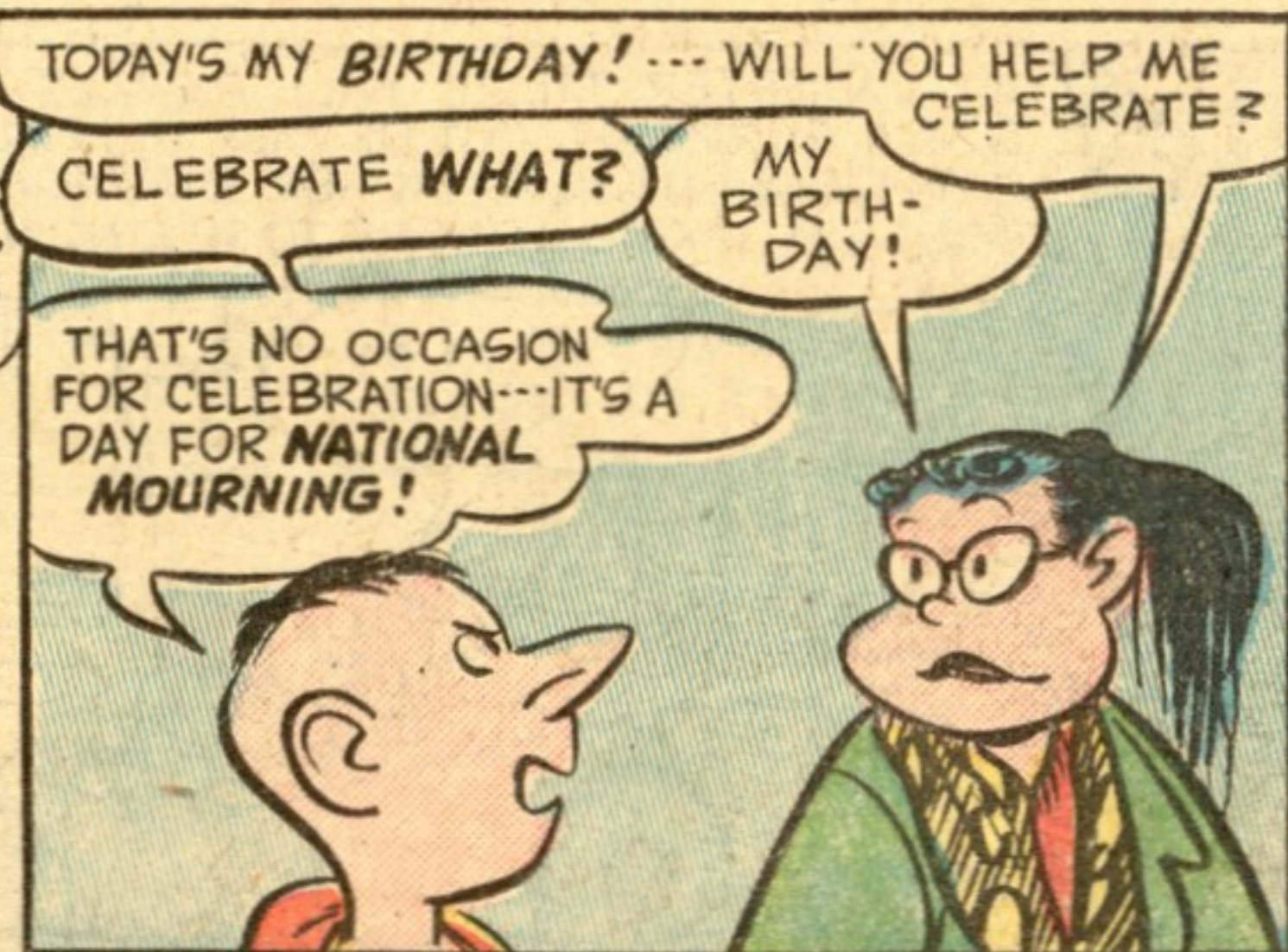


GOOMBYE!

**BUZZ BOMB,
YOU DOLL!**



LOOK, IT'S **HIM!** WASN'T THAT **CUTE** OF HIM TO
PUT ON THAT SILLY ACT? -**HA!** I'D KNOW
THIS LOVER BOY ANYPLACE!



NOW ARE YOU GOING TO COME OUT TO MY HOUSE AND HELP ME CELEBRATE?

I **CAN'T!** I'M TOO TALL TO CRAWL UNDER THE ROCK!

THEN YOU DON'T GET TO ENJOY THE **BIG SURPRISE GIFT** MY POPPIE-PIE IS GIVING ME! **GOODBYE!**

HEY! YOU'VE **DONE** IT, BUZZ! SHE'S GVIN' UP ON YOU! YOU'RE **RID** OF THAT DRAGON!

YEH, SURE! ---WELL, I GOTTA GET GOIN'! SEE YA!

MY DAUGHTER TILLIE WILL **REALLY** GET A SURPRISE OUT OF THIS SPORTS CAR I BOUGHT HER FOR HER BIRTHDAY, JOE! I'M TAKING IT HOME TO HER NOW!

DROP ME OFF AT MY OFFICE, EH, GEORGE?

AN HOUR LATER...

HIYA, CATS! DROPPED BY TA SEE IF I LEFT MY HISTORY BOOK HERE!

WOW! LOOK AT THAT SMILE! SINCE HE GOT RID OF THAT SPOOKY DRAGON TILLIE, HE'S REAL GONE HAPPY!

YOU'RE SPEAKIN' OF THE **WOMAN** I LOVE!

WHAP!

DID YOU HEAR THAT?... THE WOMAN HE **LOVES!** WHAT'S **HAPPENED?** HOW COULD HE GO FOR A REAL CRAZY GOON LIKE THAT?

I DUNNO! I WOULDN'TA BELIEVED IT IF I HADN'T SEEN HIM SLUG YA! WHAT COULD'VE MADE HIM GO FOR **HER?**

WHERE'LL WE GO RIDIN' IN OUR NEW MILL, TILL?

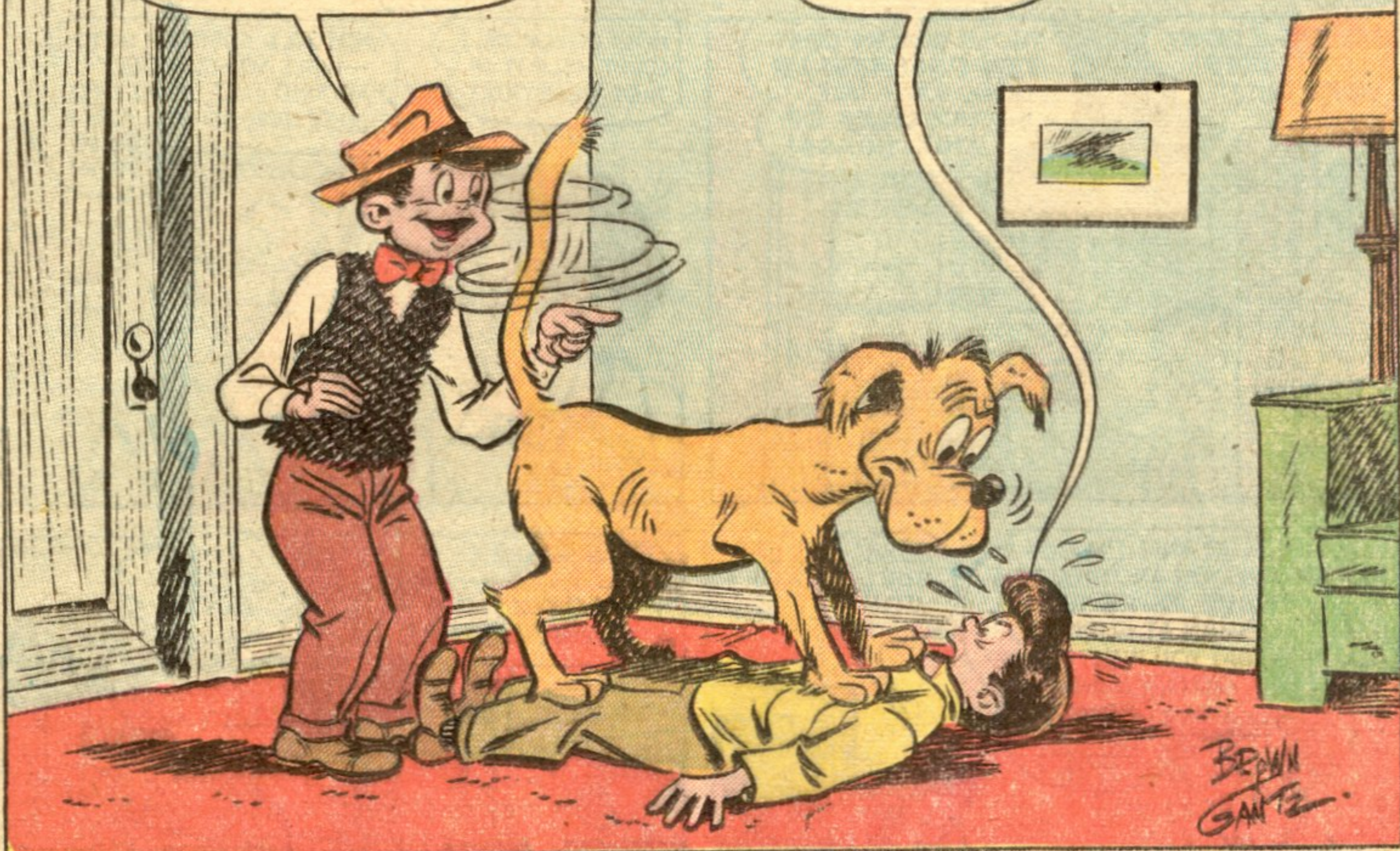
ANYPLACE, DOLL! **ANYPLACE!**

The END

"COOKIE"

SOME POOCH, HUH, COOKIE?
HE CAN EVEN **ROLL OVER**
AND **PLAY DEAD!**

I'D RATHER HE'D
WALK OFF AND
DROP DEAD!



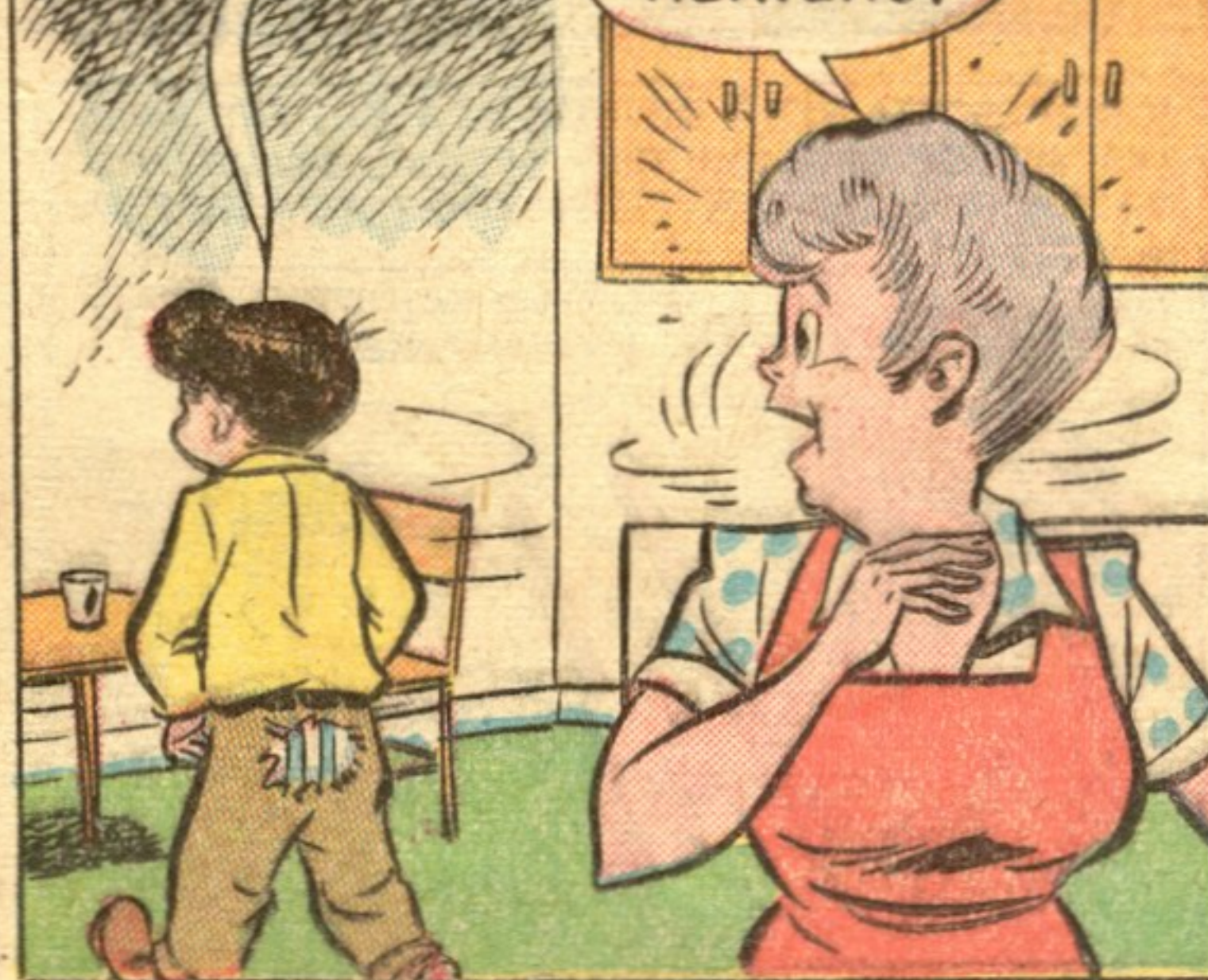
MORNIN',
MOM!

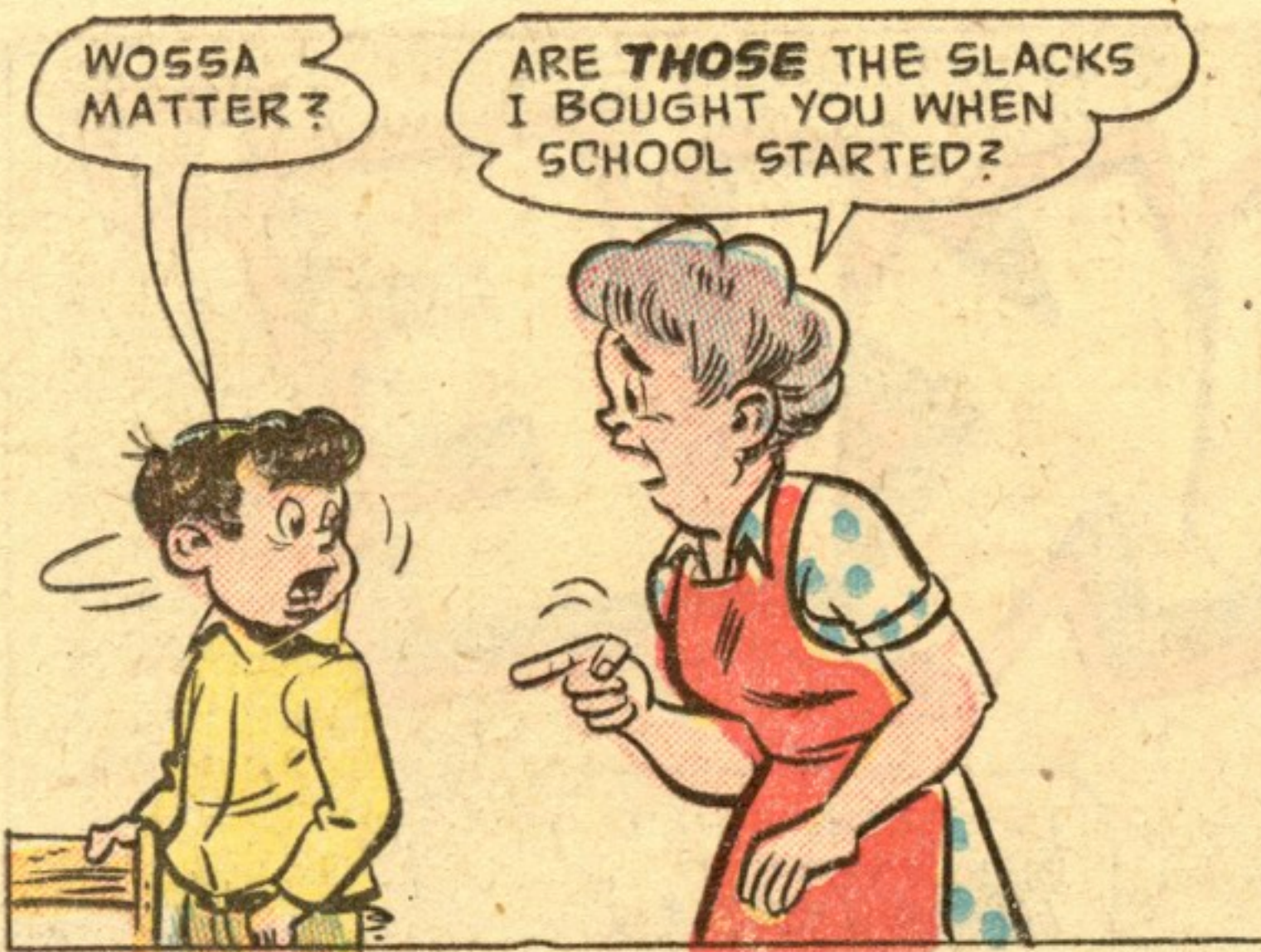
GOOD MORNING, COOKIE!
MY, YOU'RE CERTAINLY UP
EARLY FOR A SATURDAY
MORNING!



WHAT'S FOR
BREAKFAST, MOM?
PANCAKES?

NO, WE'RE
HAVING...
**GOOD
HEAVENS!**





WOSSA
MATTER?

ARE **THOSE** THE SLACKS
I BOUGHT YOU WHEN
SCHOOL STARTED?



YEAH!
SURE!

WELL, **HOW** IN THE WORLD
DID YOU WEAR OUT THE **SEAT**
SO FAST?



JEEPERS, I DIDN'T
KNOW IT **WAS**
WORN OUT!

THOSE SLACKS COST
TEN DOLLARS! I'D
THINK YOU'D TAKE
BETTER **CARE** OF
YOUR THINGS!



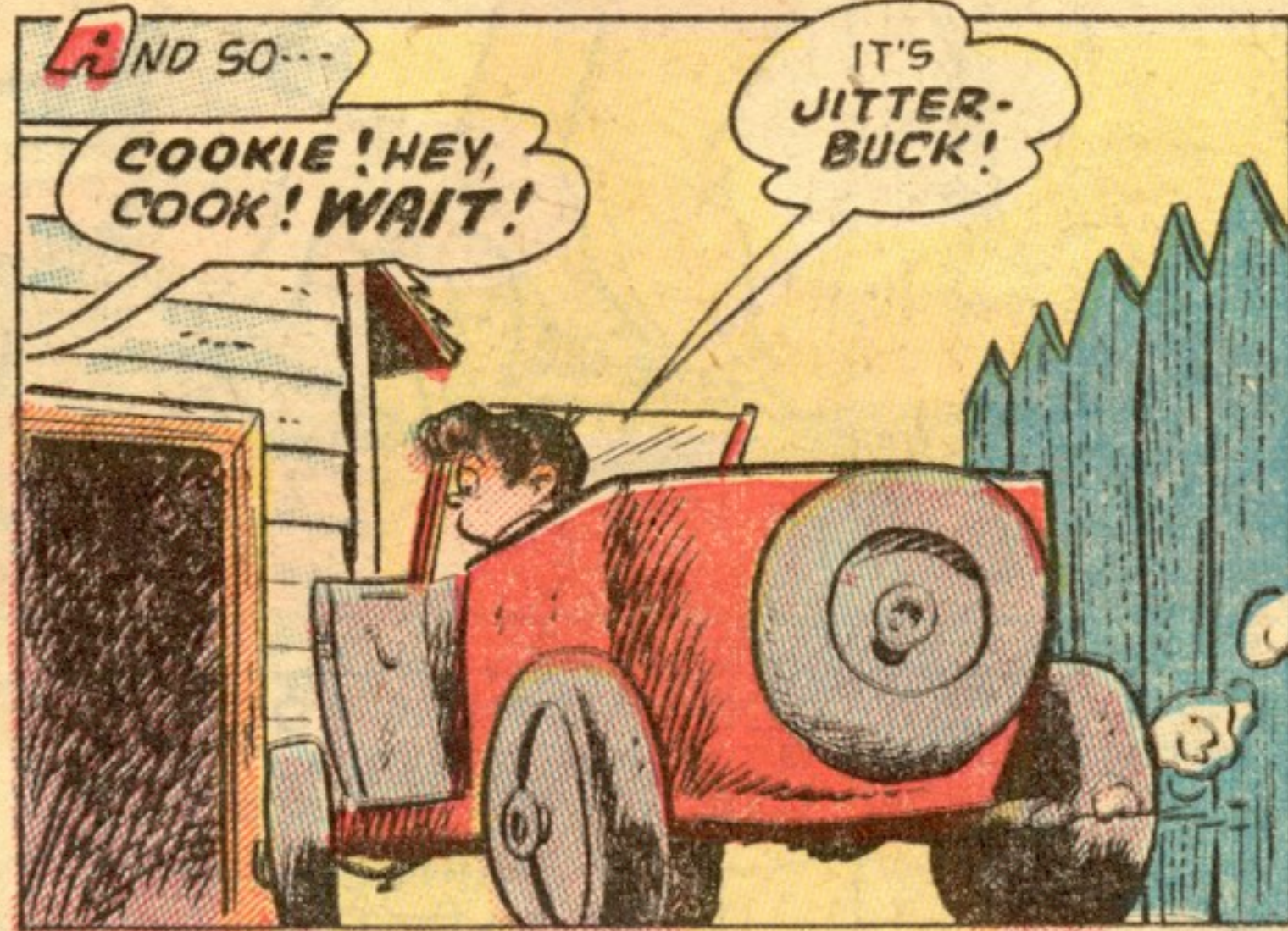
HOLY COW, MOM, I
CAN'T HELP IT IF
THEY WEAR OUT!

NO! NO, I SUPPOSE NOT!
---WELL, YOU CAN'T GO
AROUND LIKE **THAT!** I'LL
JUST HAVE TO BUY YOU A
NEW
PAIR!



NOW LISTEN TO **ME!** I'M GO-
ING TO GIVE YOU ANOTHER TEN
DOLLARS, AND YOU'RE TO TELL
THAT SALESMAN AT GORDON'S
CLOTHES THAT YOU WANT SOME-
THING IN A **GOOD, HARD**
FINISH, UNDER-
STAND?

SURE!
SURE,
MOM!



AND SO...

COOKIE! HEY,
COOK! WAIT!

IT'S
**JITTER-
BUCK!**



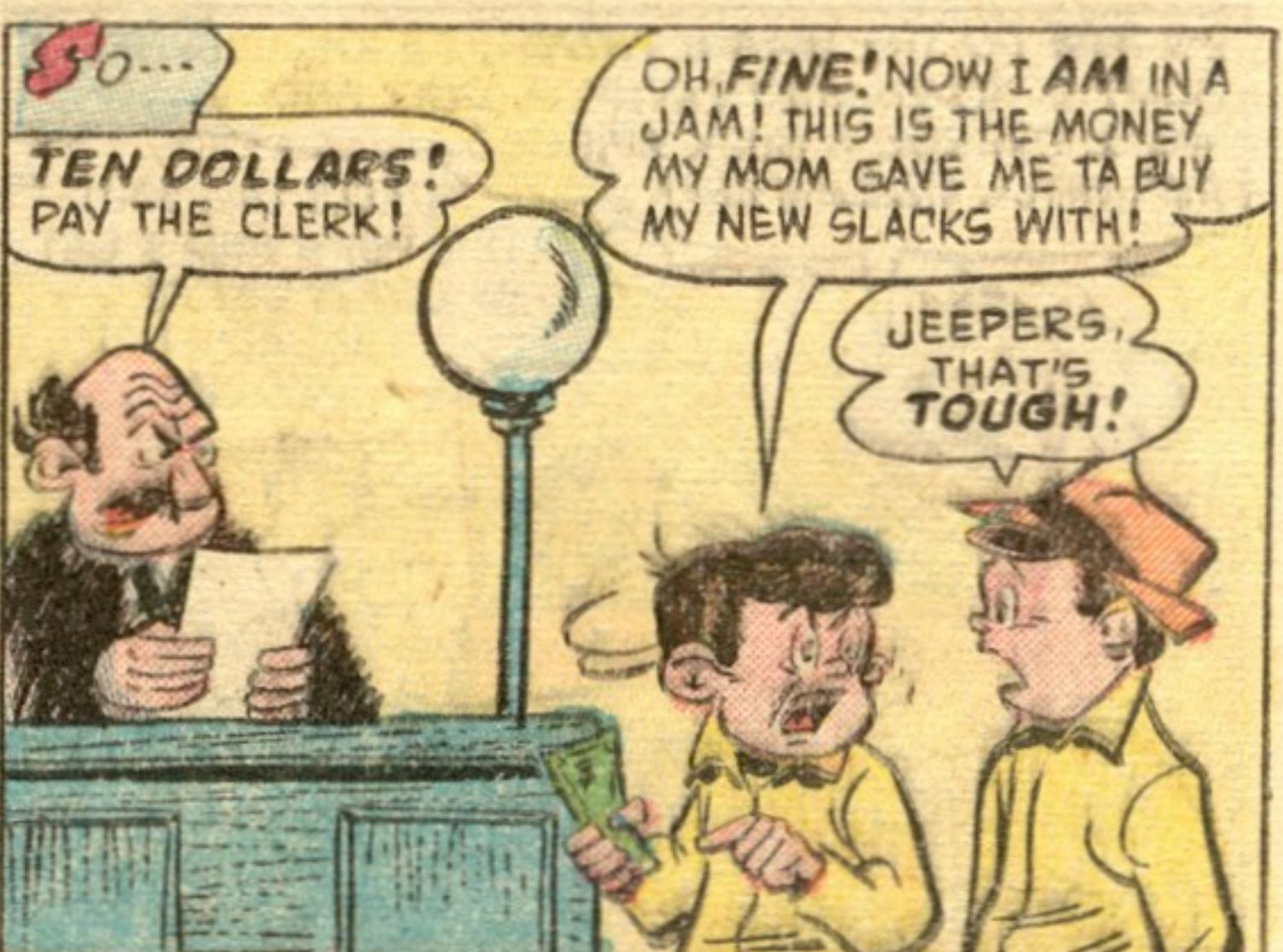
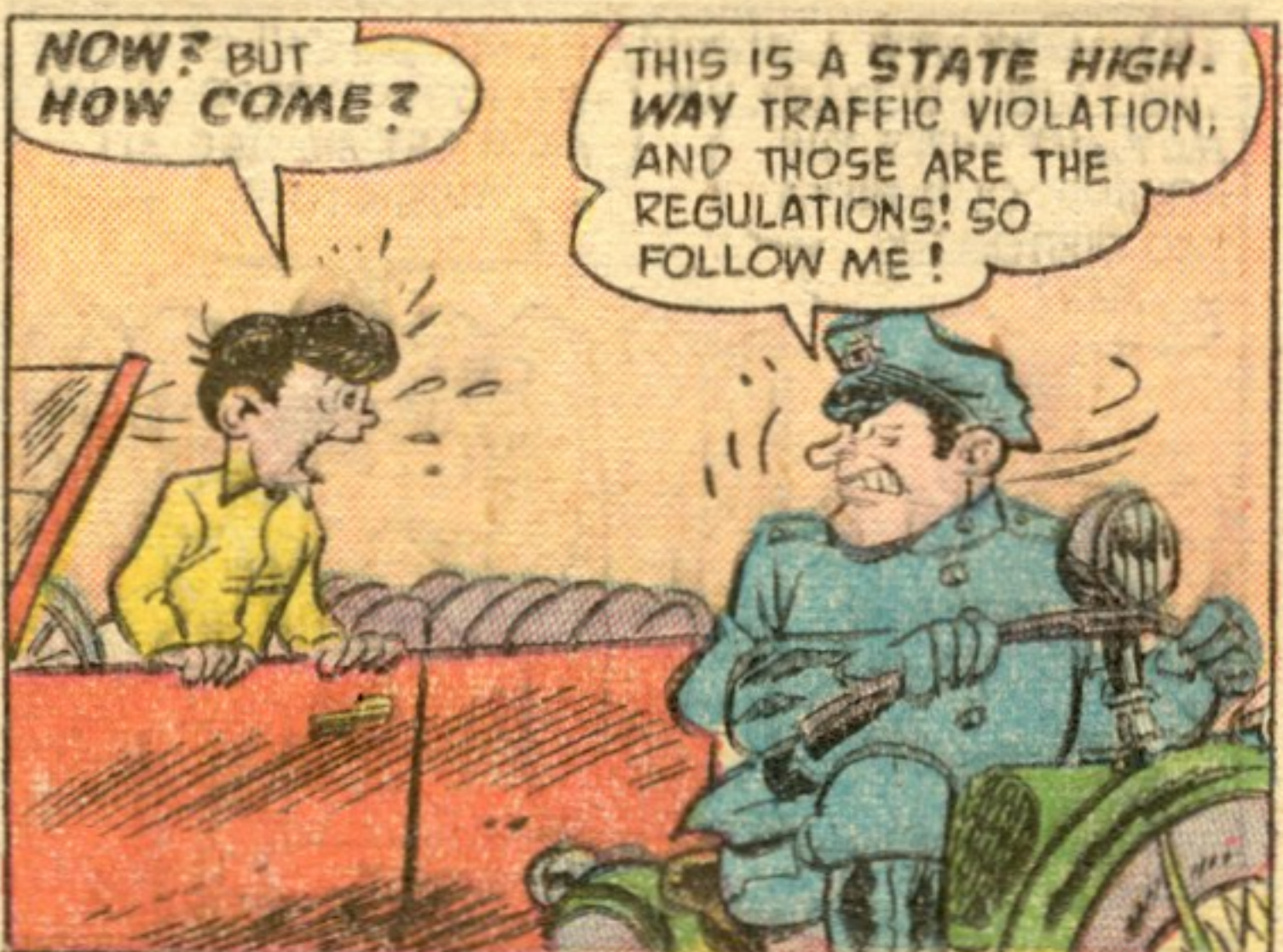
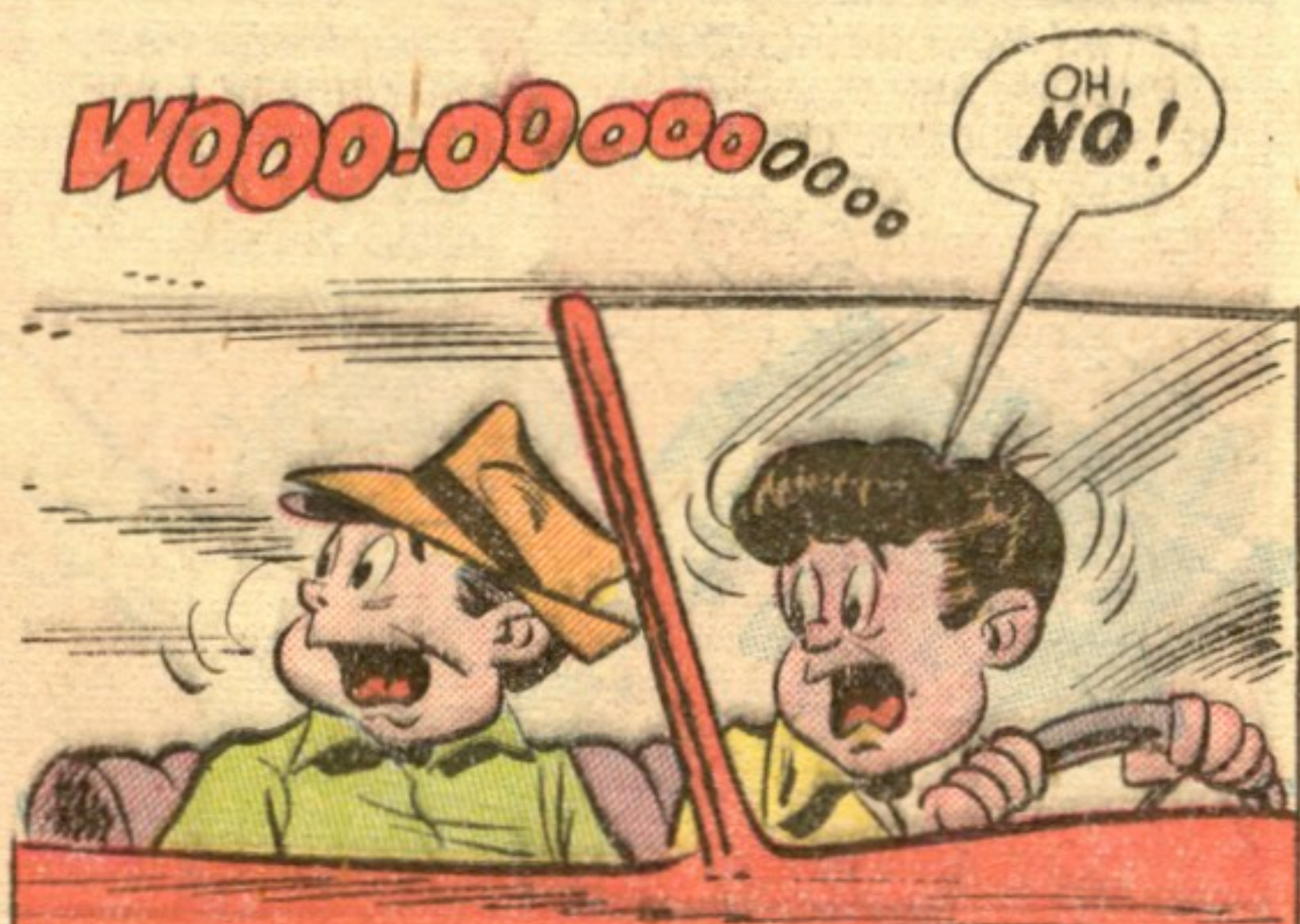
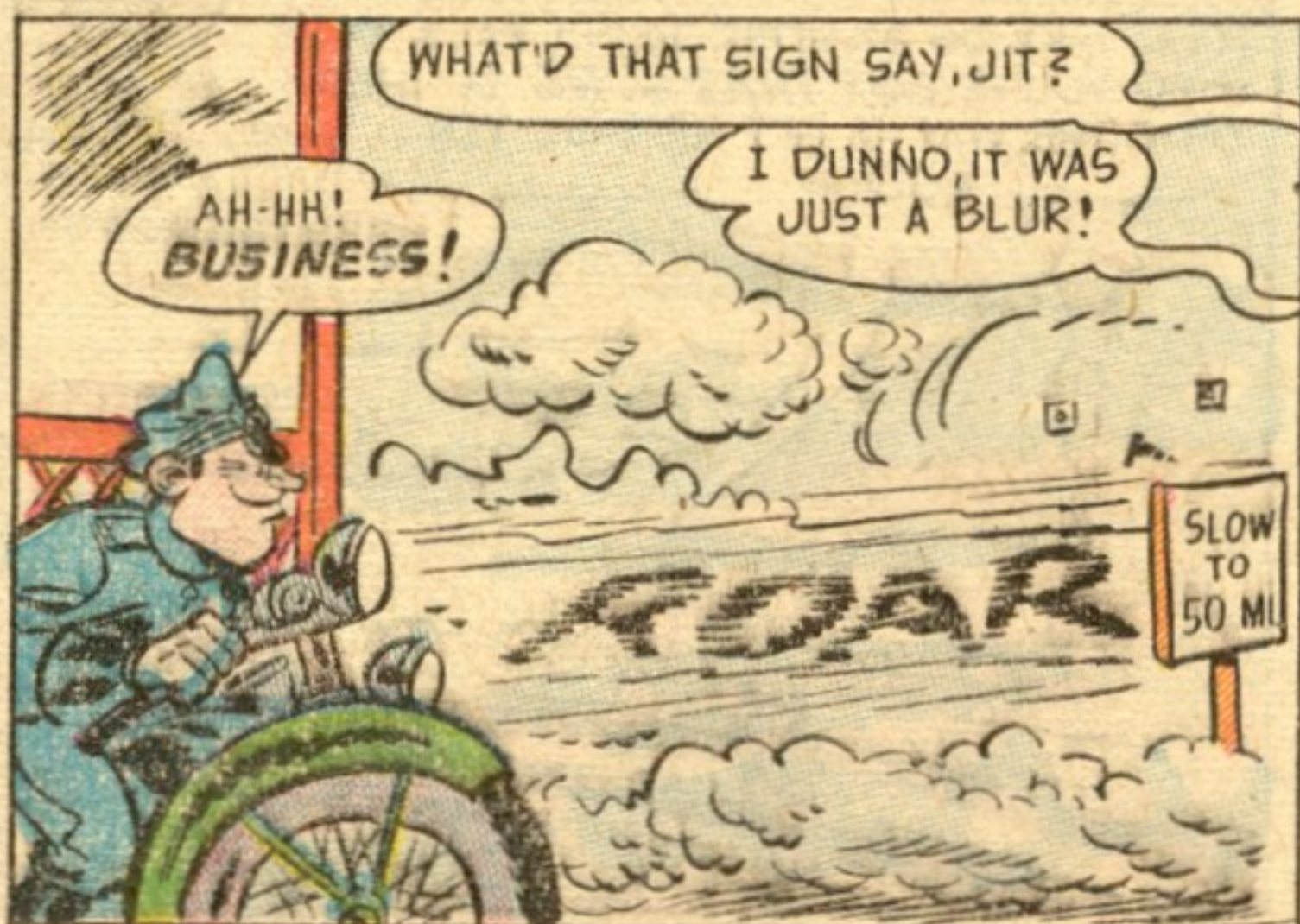
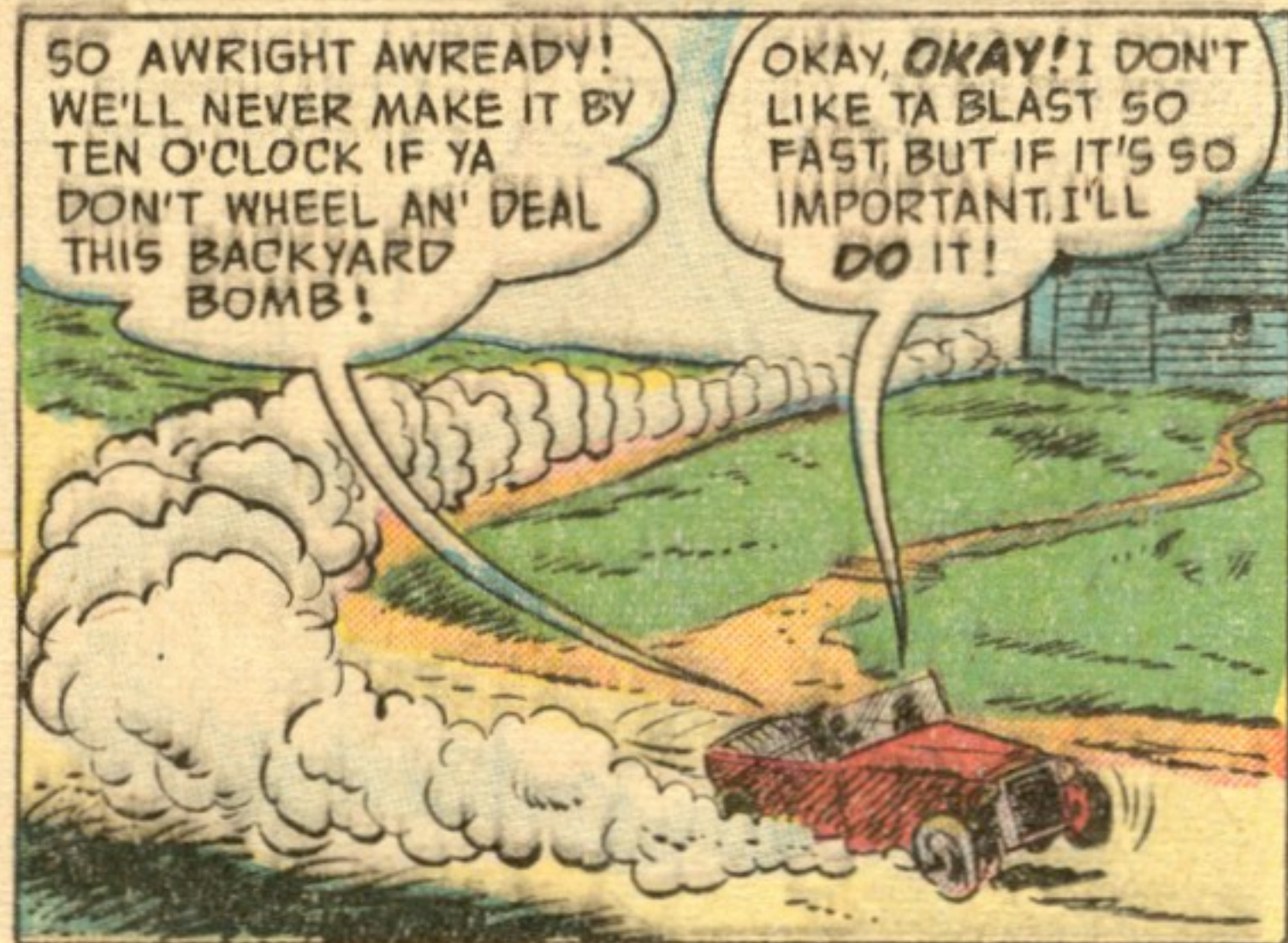
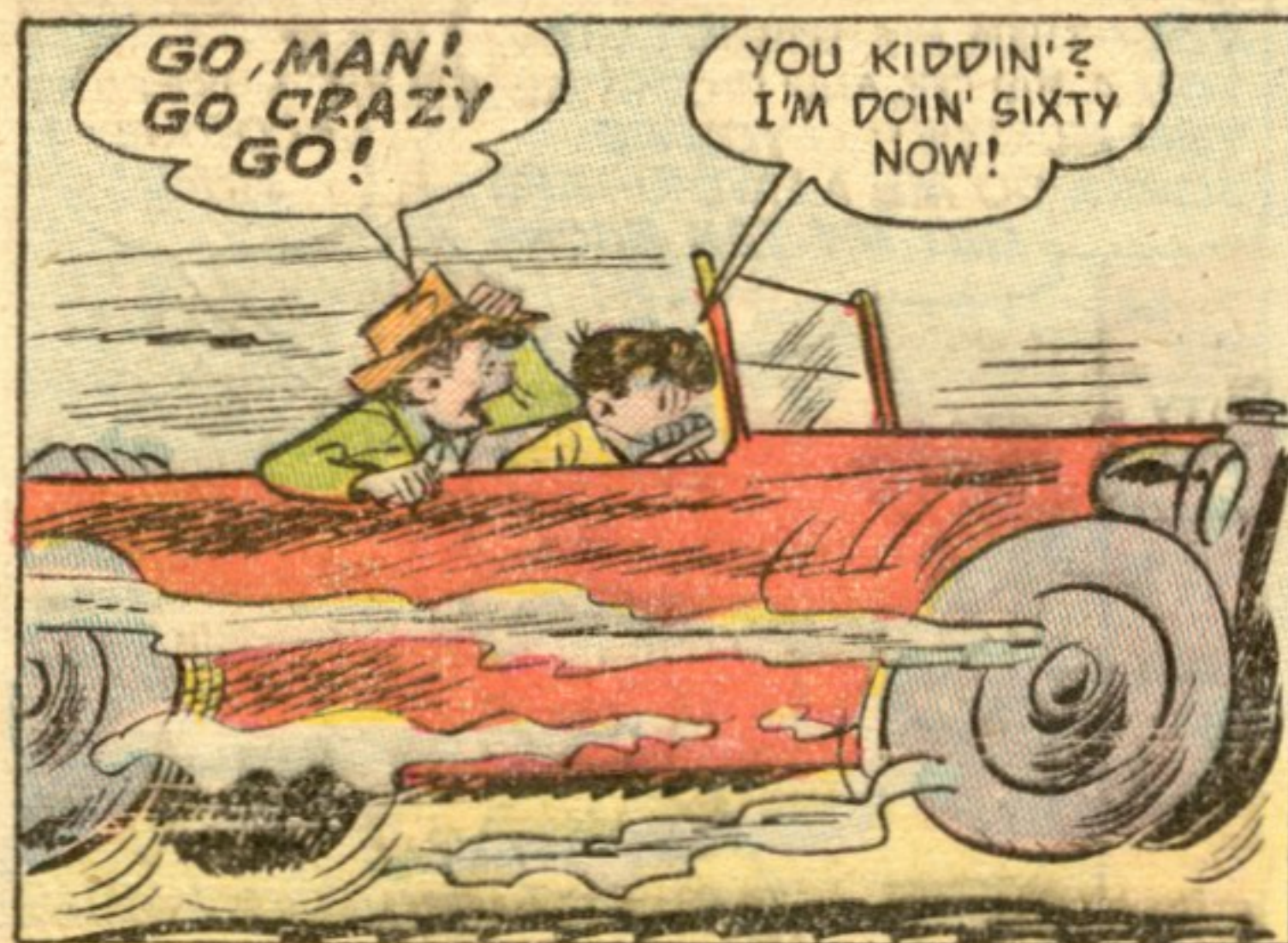
MAN, YA GOTTA **HELP** ME---I'M IN A BIG FAT HAIRY
JAM! MY POP GAVE ME THIS SPECIAL DELIVERY
LETTER TA MAIL YESTERDAY, AND I **FORGOT**
TA MAIL IT!

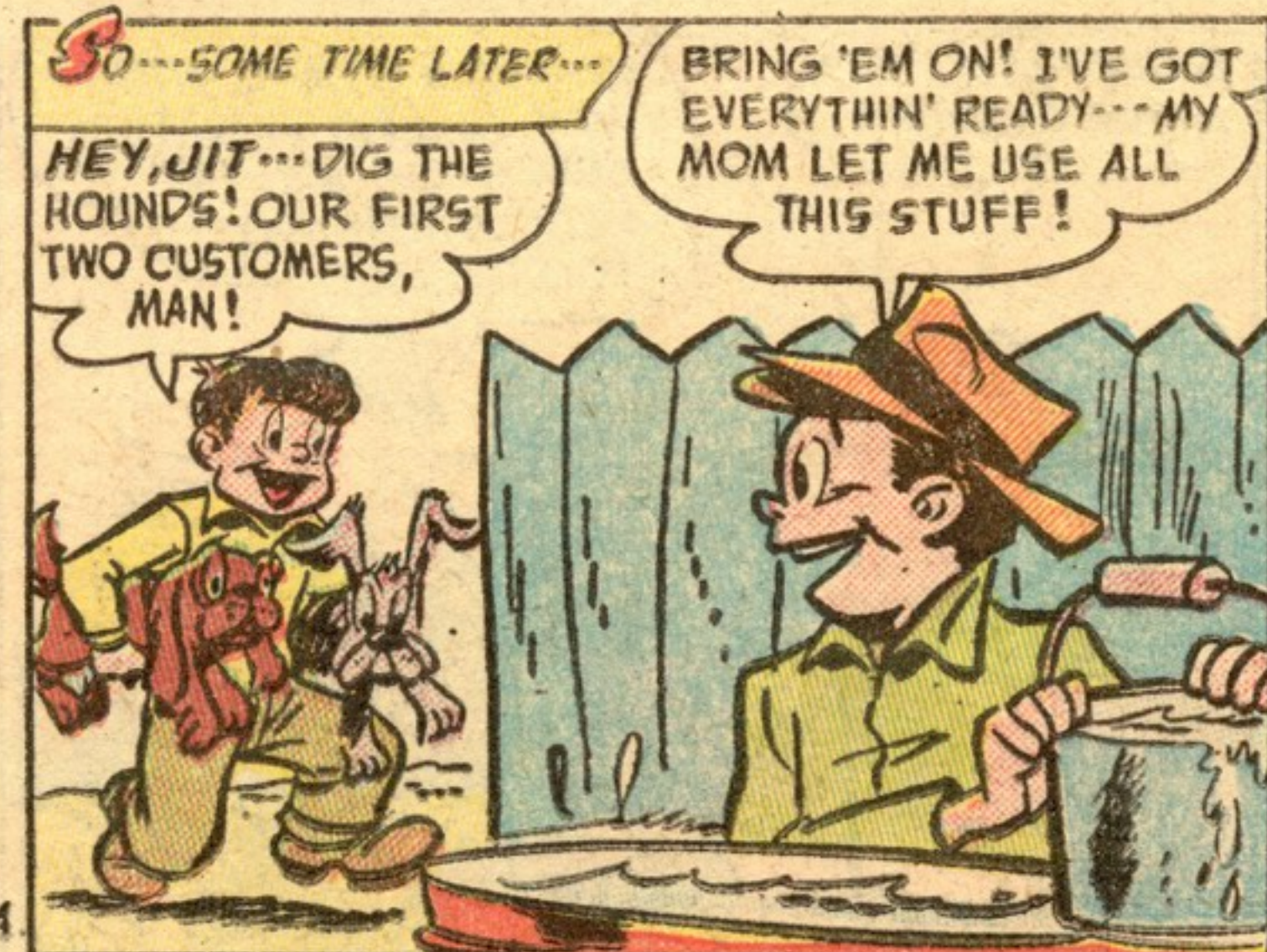
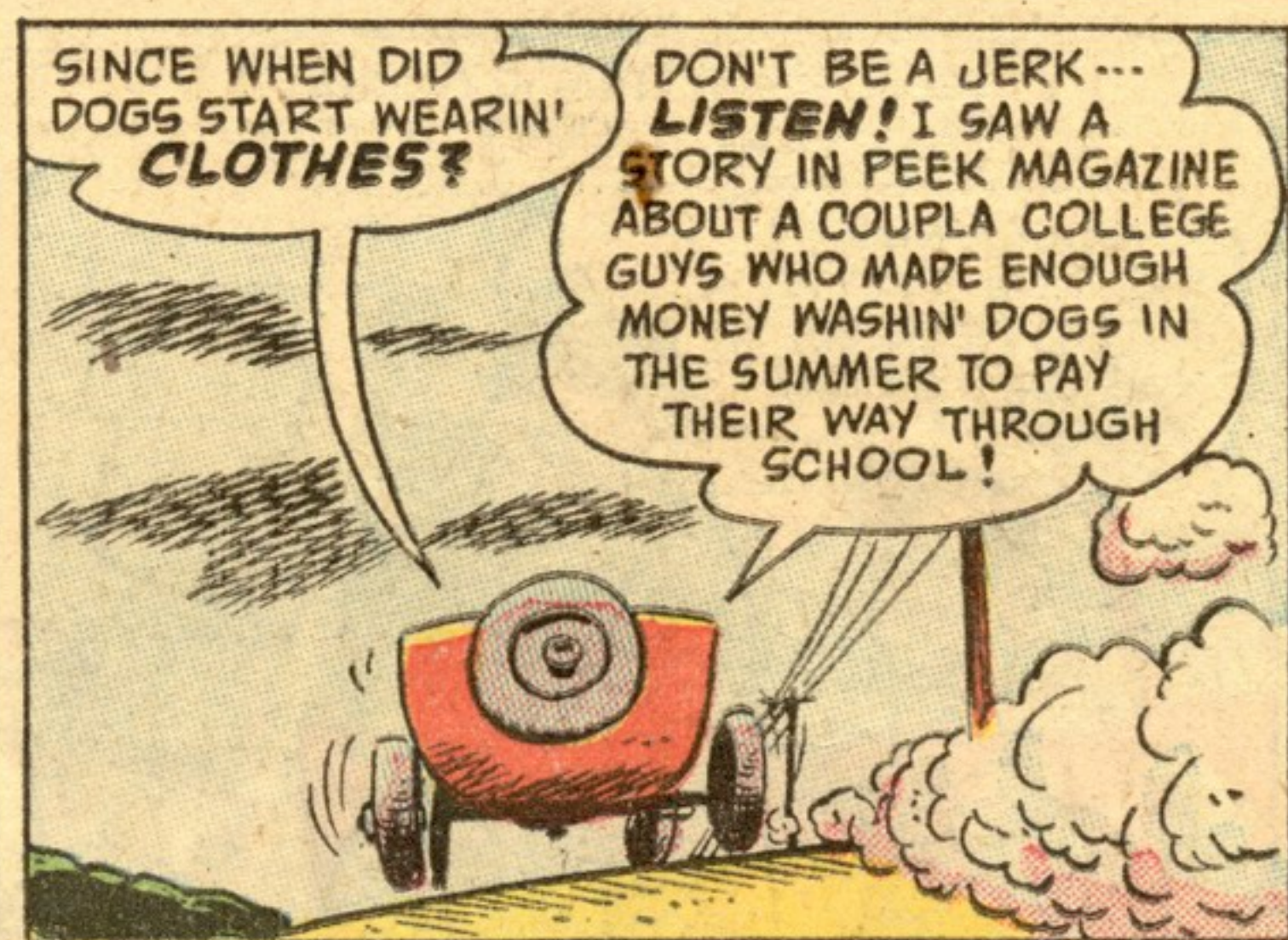
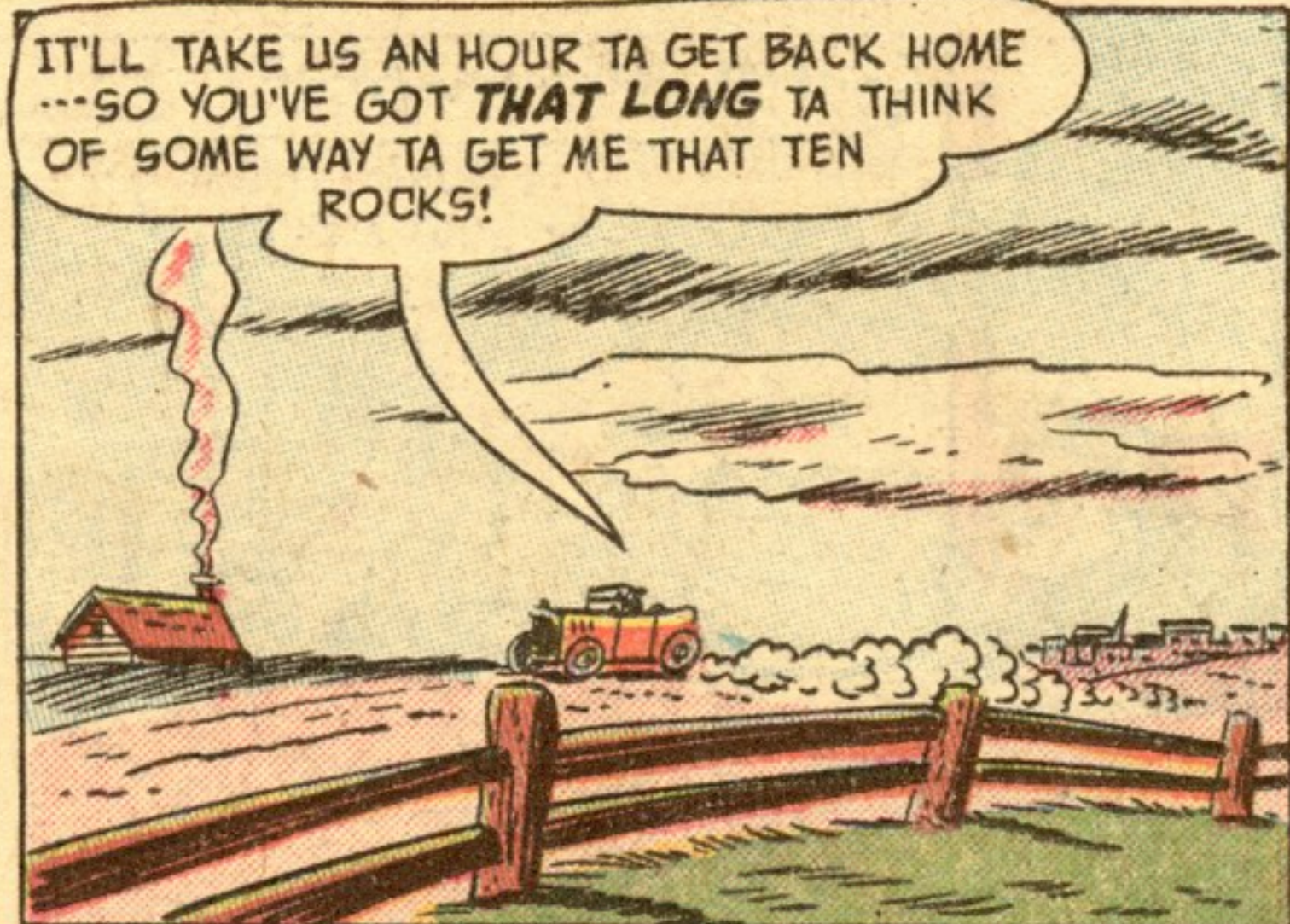
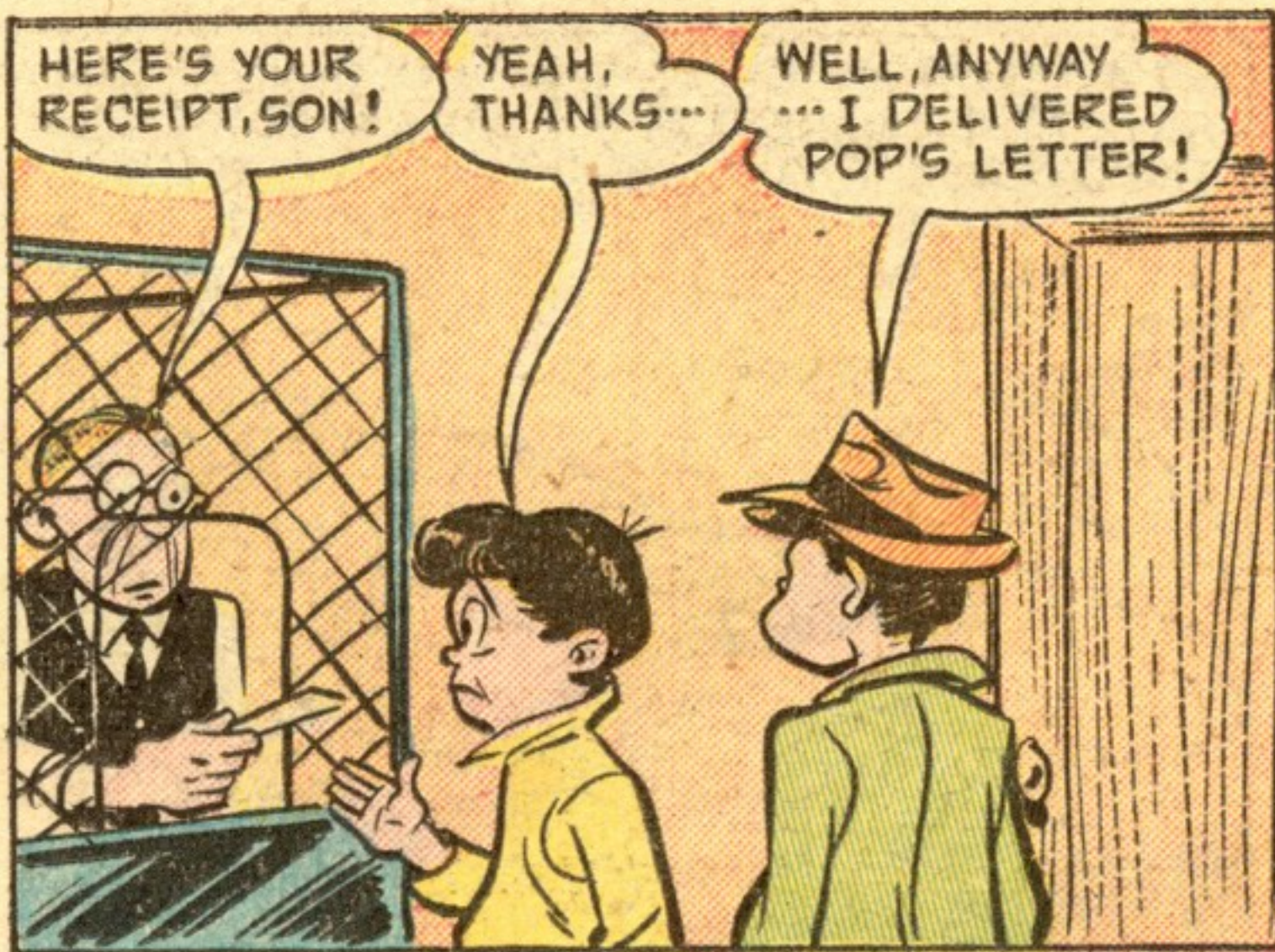
SO WODDEYA
WANT **ME** TA DO?

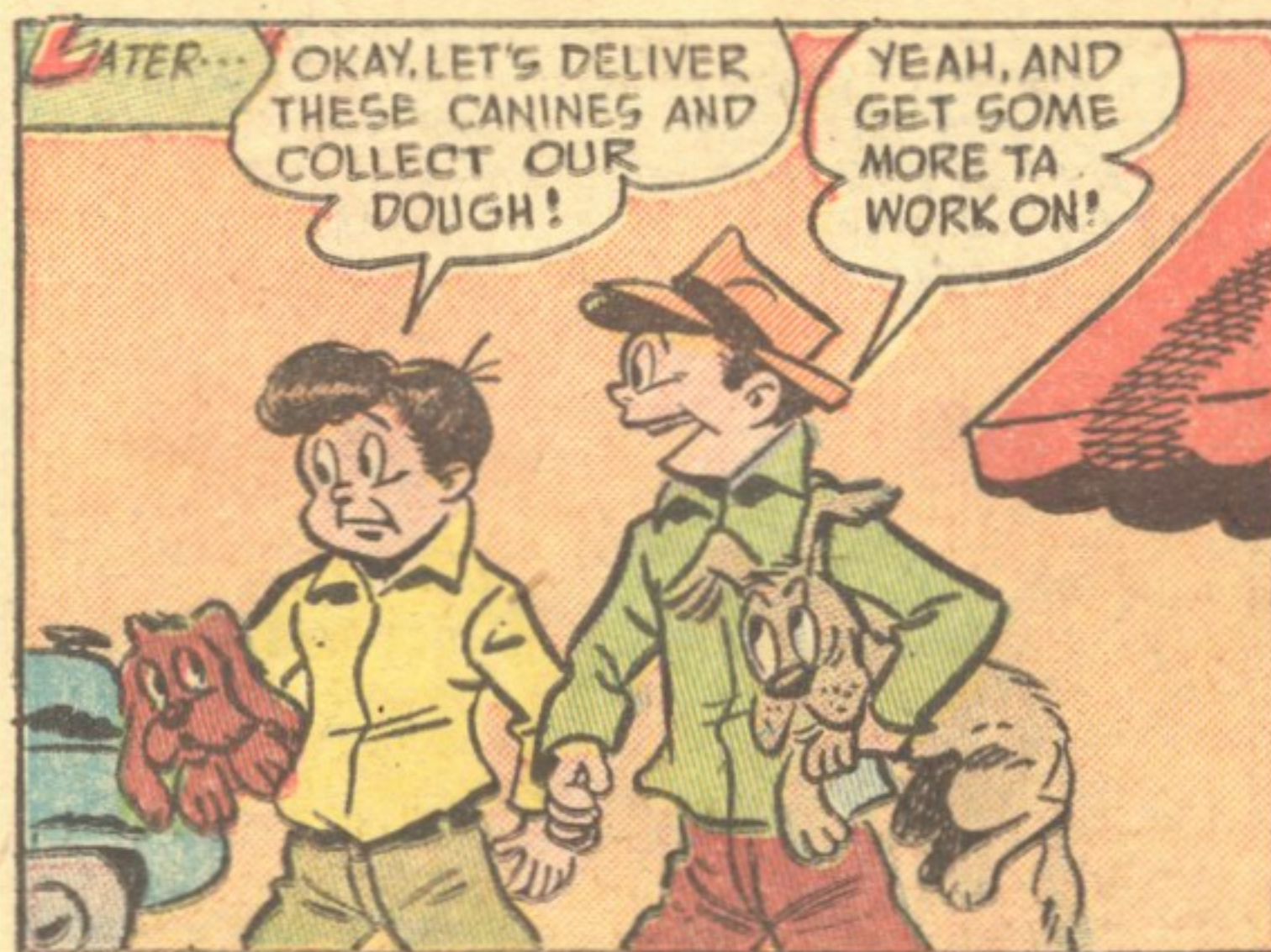
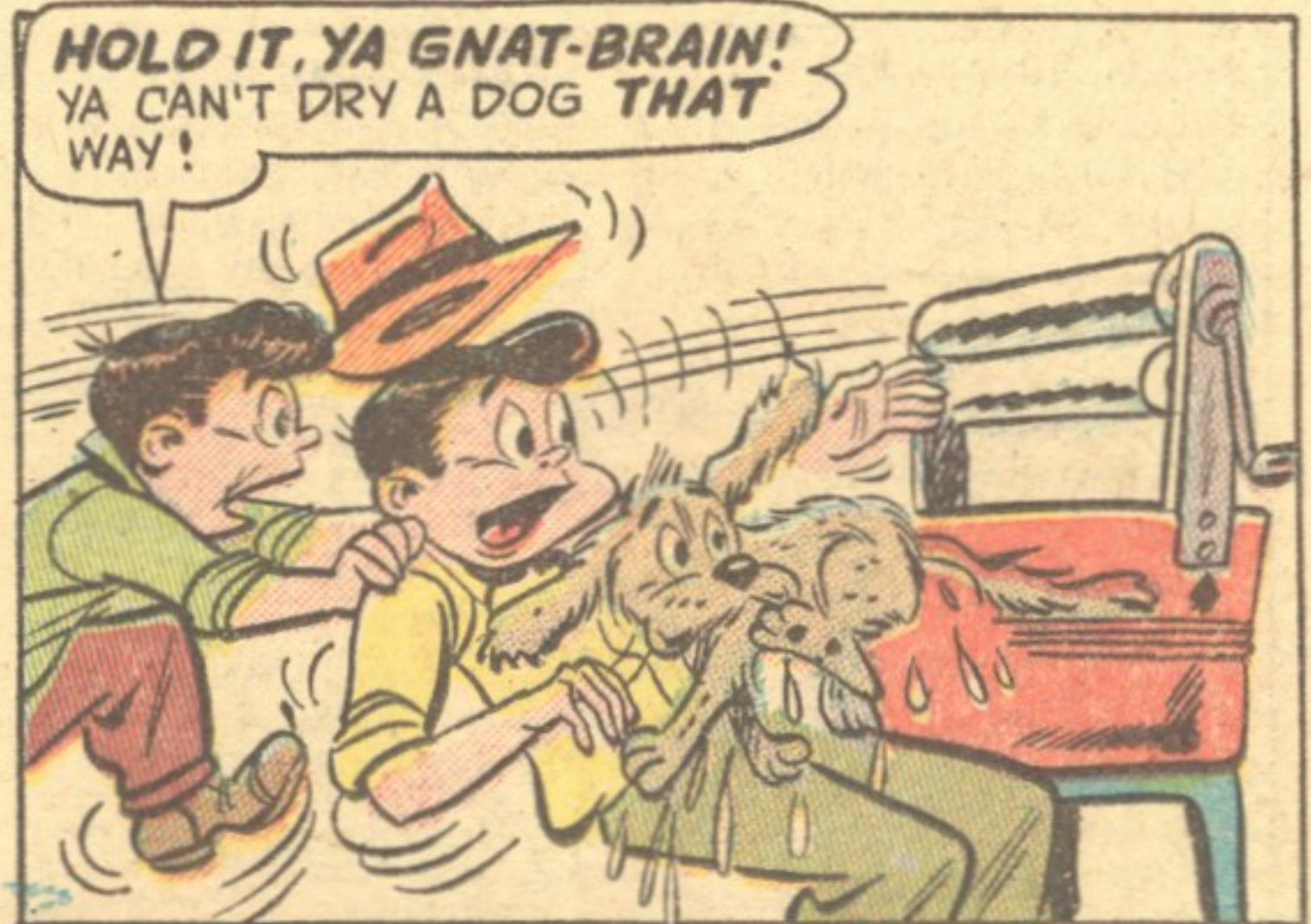
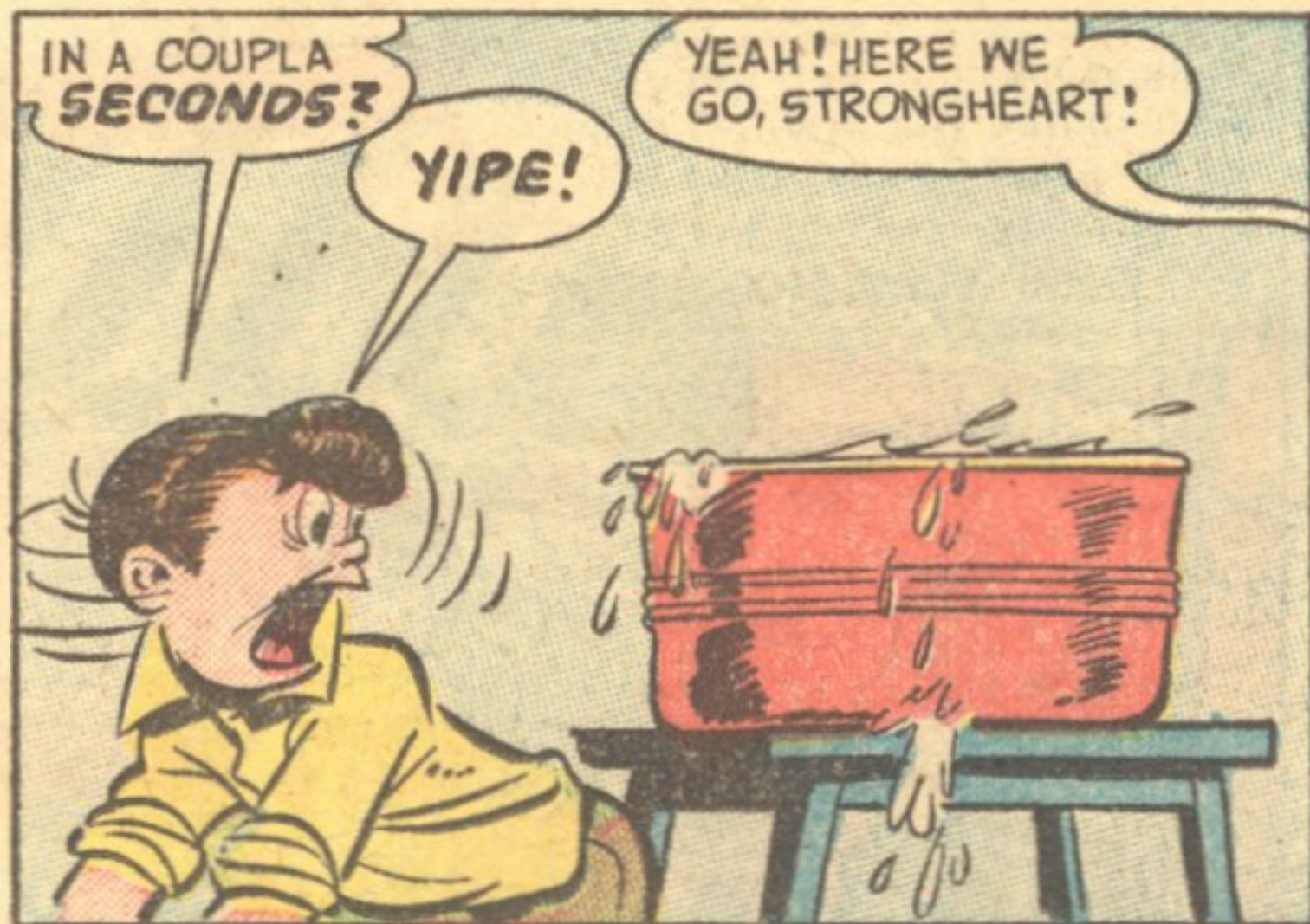
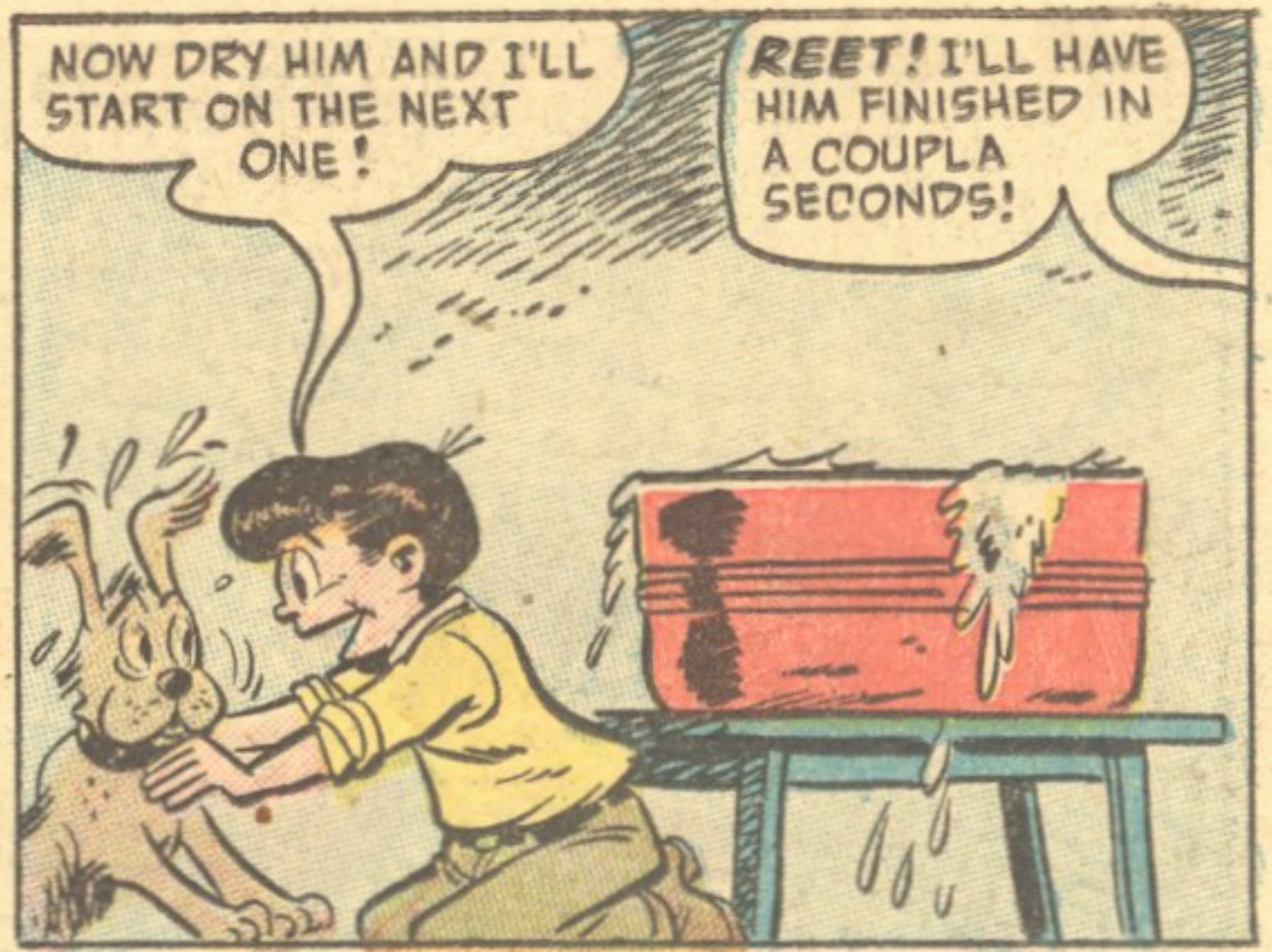


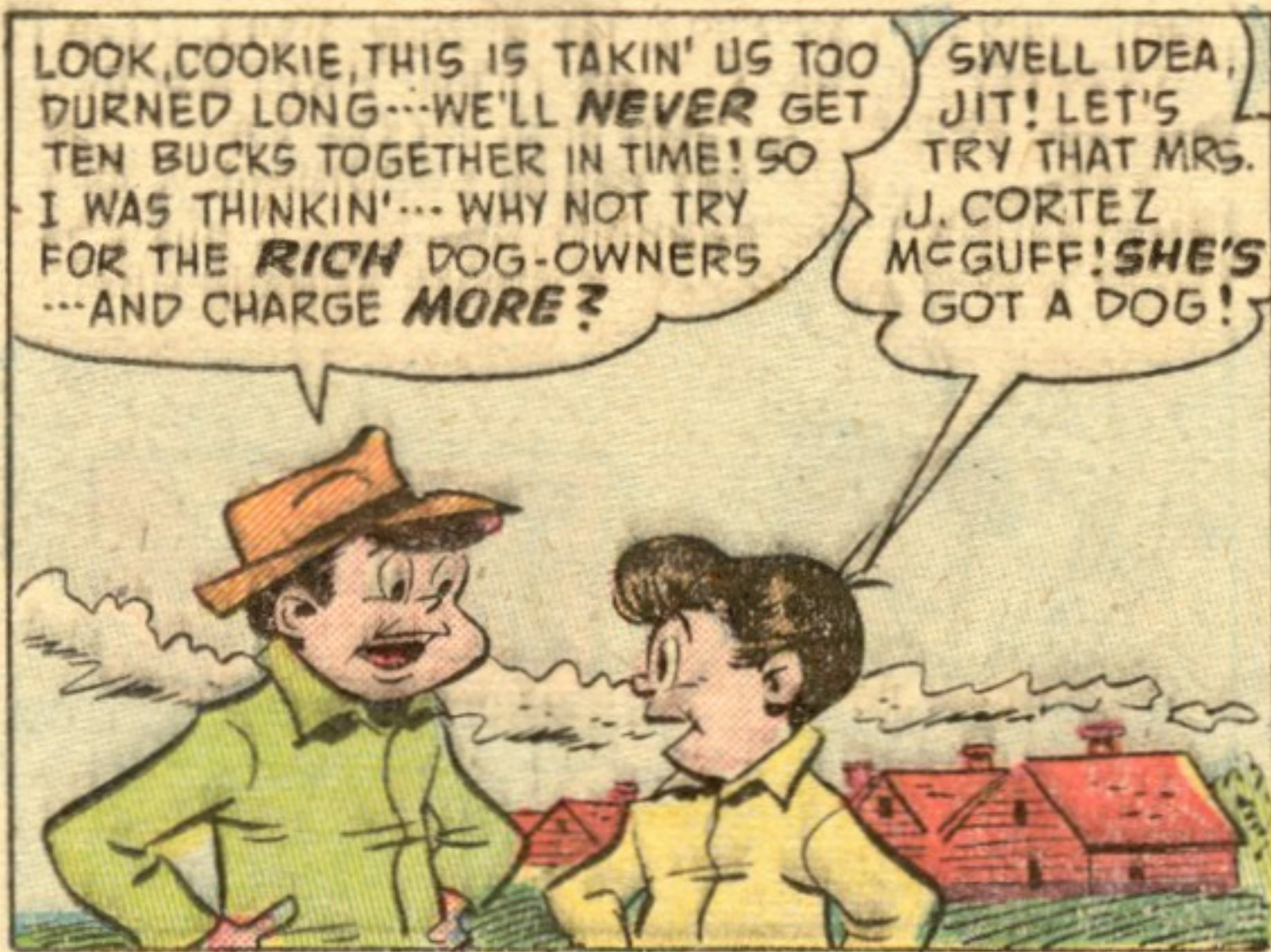
DRIVE ME OVER TA SETON
FALLS SO I CAN DELIVER IT
IN **PERSON!** IT'S A CON-
TRACT OR SOMETHIN', AND
IT'S SUPPOSED TA **BE** THERE
BY TEN O'CLOCK! IF IT'S NOT,
I HATE TA THINK WHAT MY
POP'LL DO TA ME!

WELL, OKAY! PILE
IN THIS BOMB
AND WE'LL
BLAST!



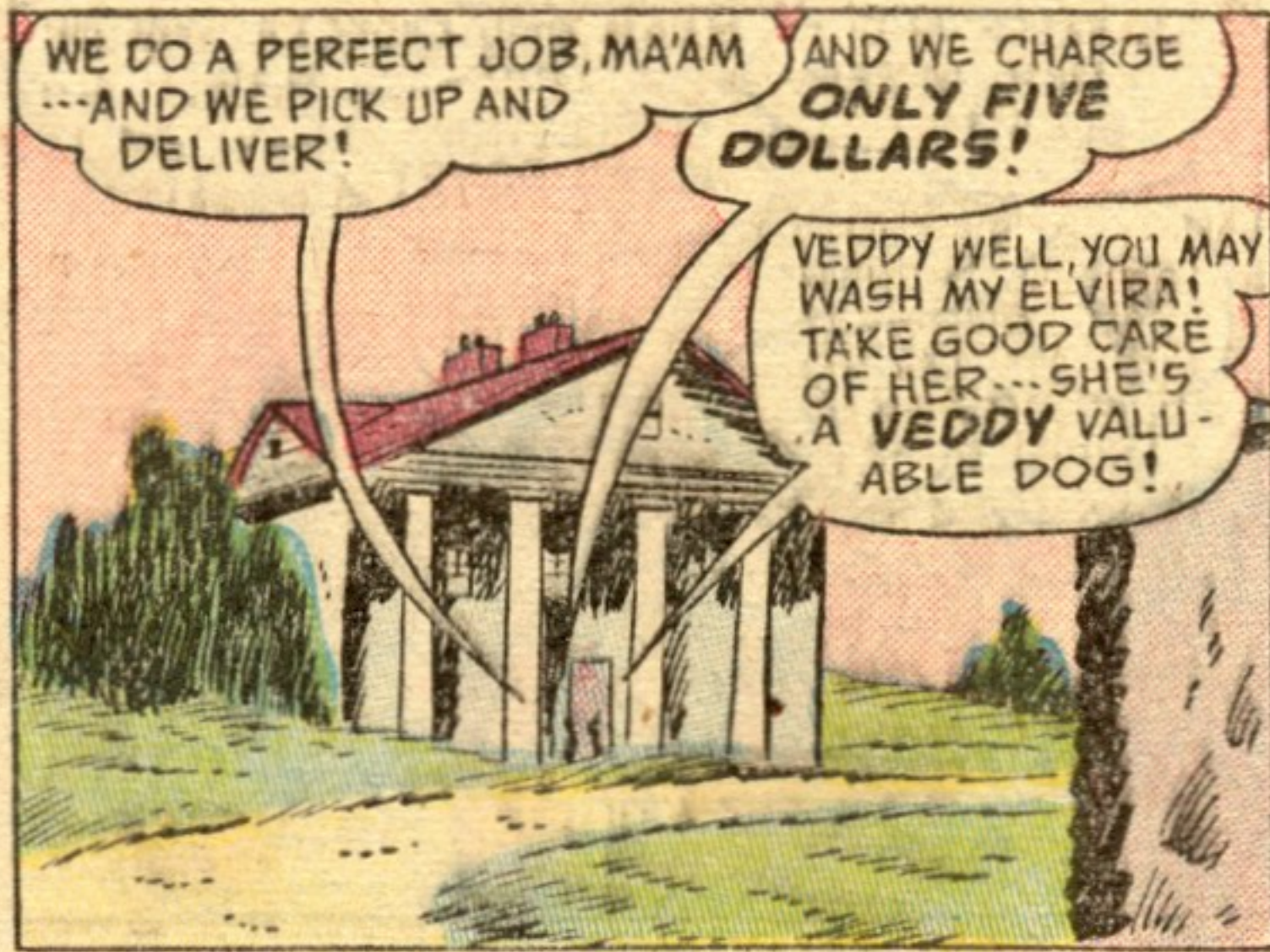






LOOK, COOKIE, THIS IS TAKIN' US TOO DURNED LONG...WE'LL **NEVER** GET TEN BUCKS TOGETHER IN TIME! SO I WAS THINKIN'... WHY NOT TRY FOR THE **RICH** DOG-OWNERS...AND CHARGE **MORE?**

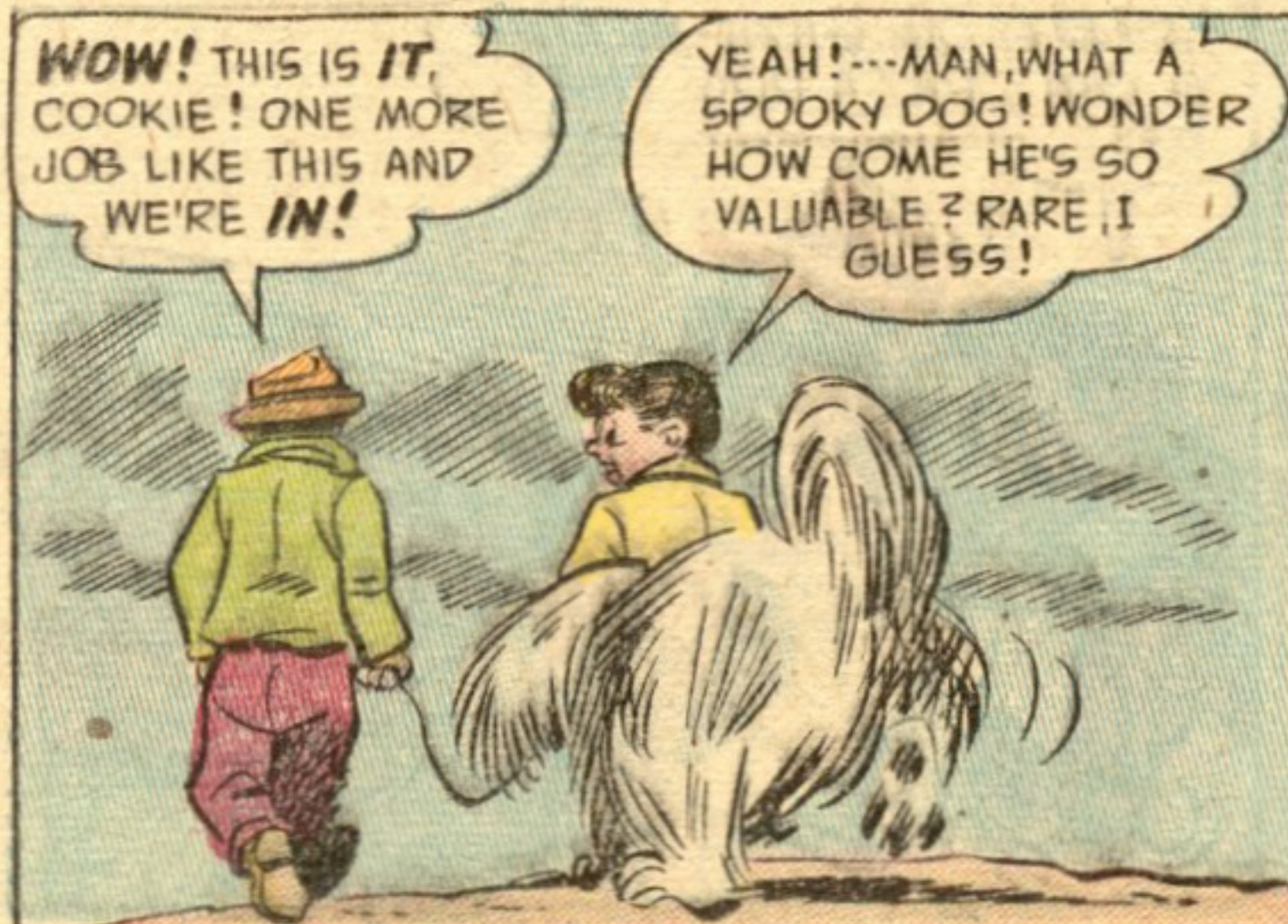
SWELL IDEA, JIT! LET'S TRY THAT MRS. J. CORTEZ MCGUFF! SHE'S GOT A DOG!



WE DO A PERFECT JOB, MA'AM...AND WE PICK UP AND DELIVER!

AND WE CHARGE **ONLY FIVE DOLLARS!**

VEDDY WELL, YOU MAY WASH MY ELVIRA! TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER...SHE'S A **VEDDY VALU-ABLE** DOG!



WOW! THIS IS IT, COOKIE! ONE MORE JOB LIKE THIS AND WE'RE **IN!**

YEAH!...MAN, WHAT A SPOOKY DOG! WONDER HOW COME HE'S SO VALUABLE? RARE, I GUESS!



WELL, WELL! I HEARD ABOUT YOU TWO BEING THE TOWN'S NEW **DOG NURSEMAIDS!** BE NICE TO ME AND I'LL LET YOU WASH **MINE!**...
HAW!



THIS FOR YOU AND YOUR DOG, ZOOT! AND ANOTHER WISECRACK WILL GET YOU **TWICE** AS MUCH!

WAP!



GR-RRR...I'LL GET EVEN WITH THOSE TWO FOR THAT! THAT'S MRS. MCGUFF'S DOG, AND HE'S WORTH **PLENTY!** AND WHAT'S MORE, THOSE JERKS ARE **RESPONSIBLE** FOR HIM!

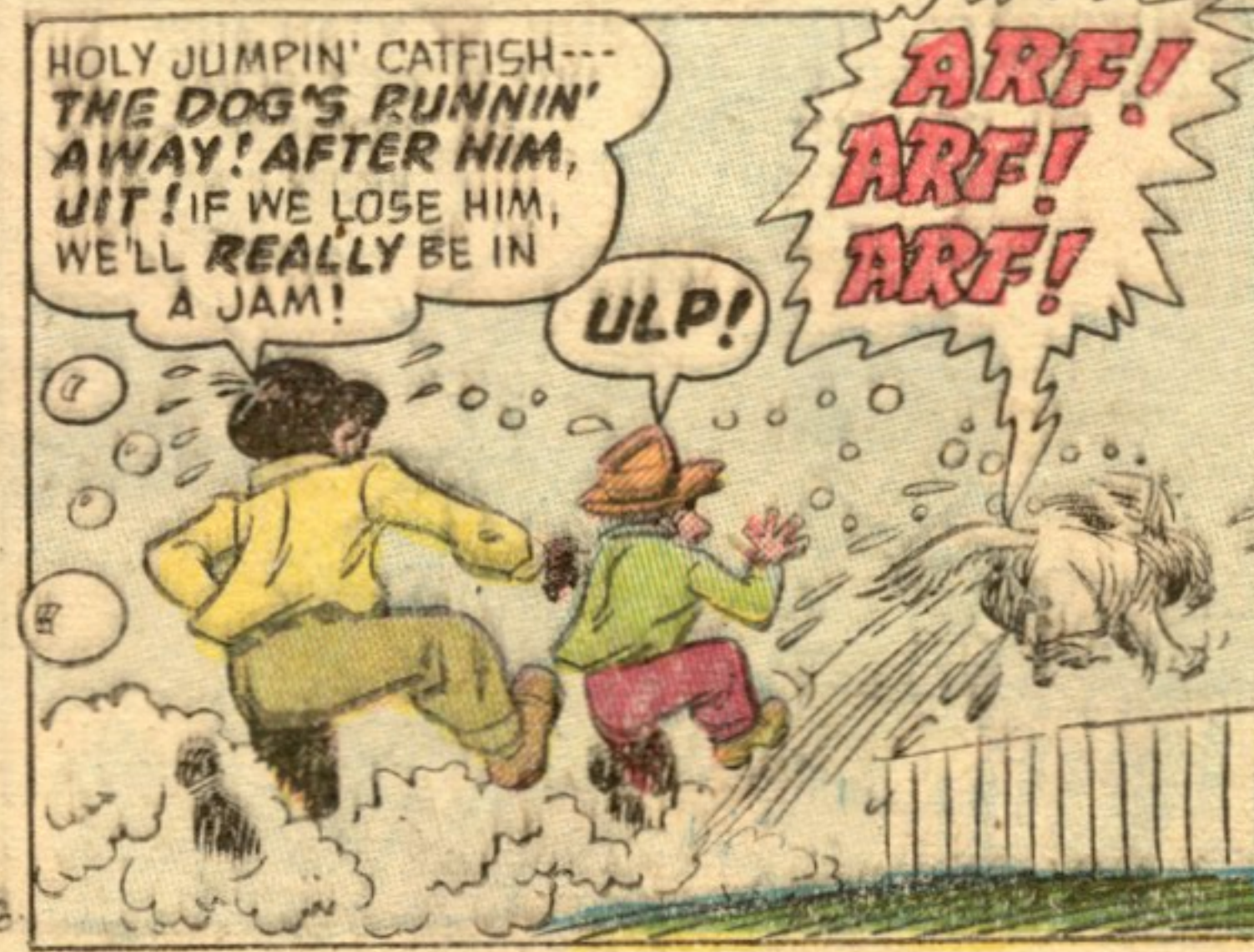


SOME TIME LATER...

OKAY, KITTY...OVER YA GO! HA!

MEOWR! PHHHT!

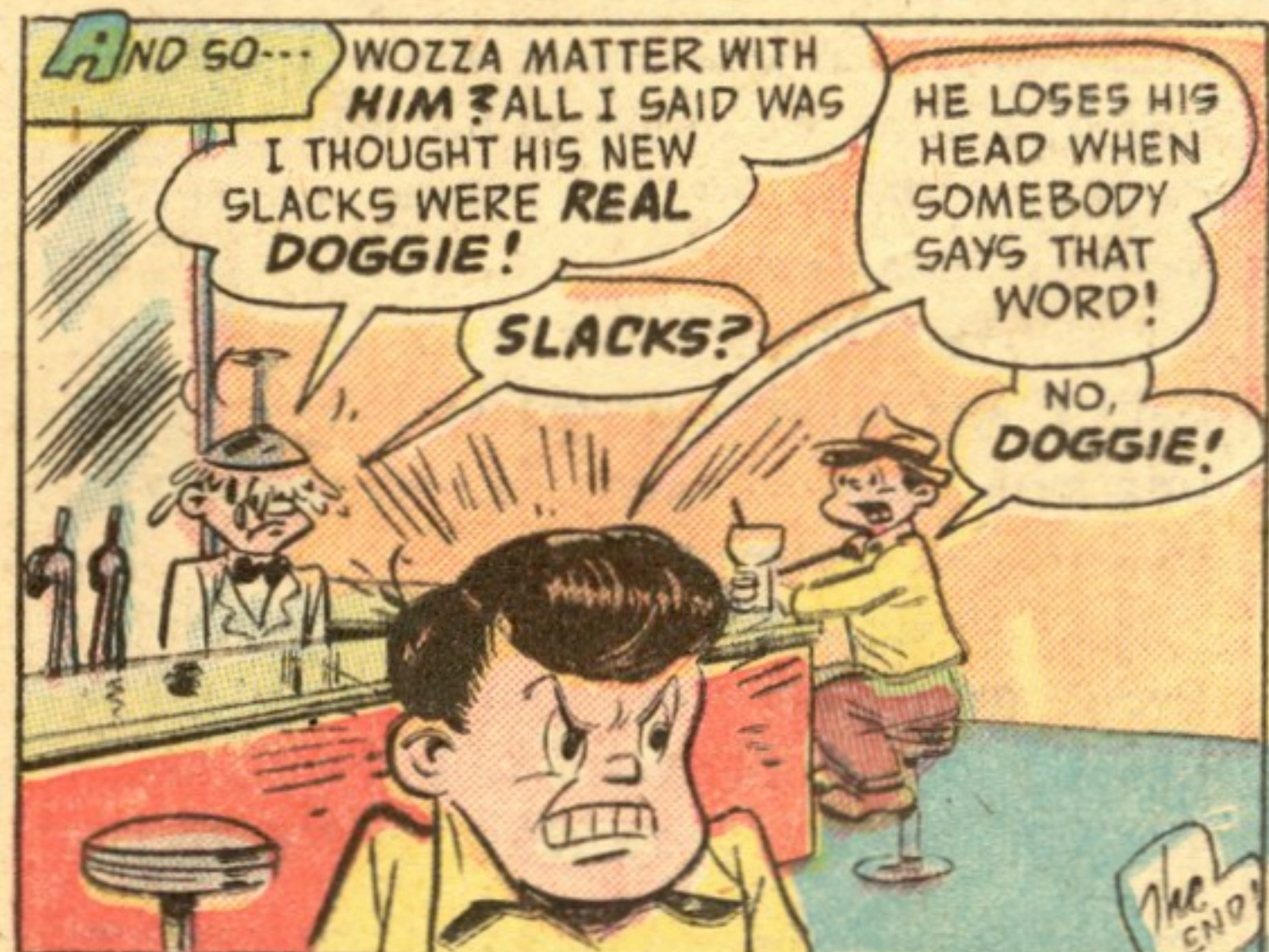
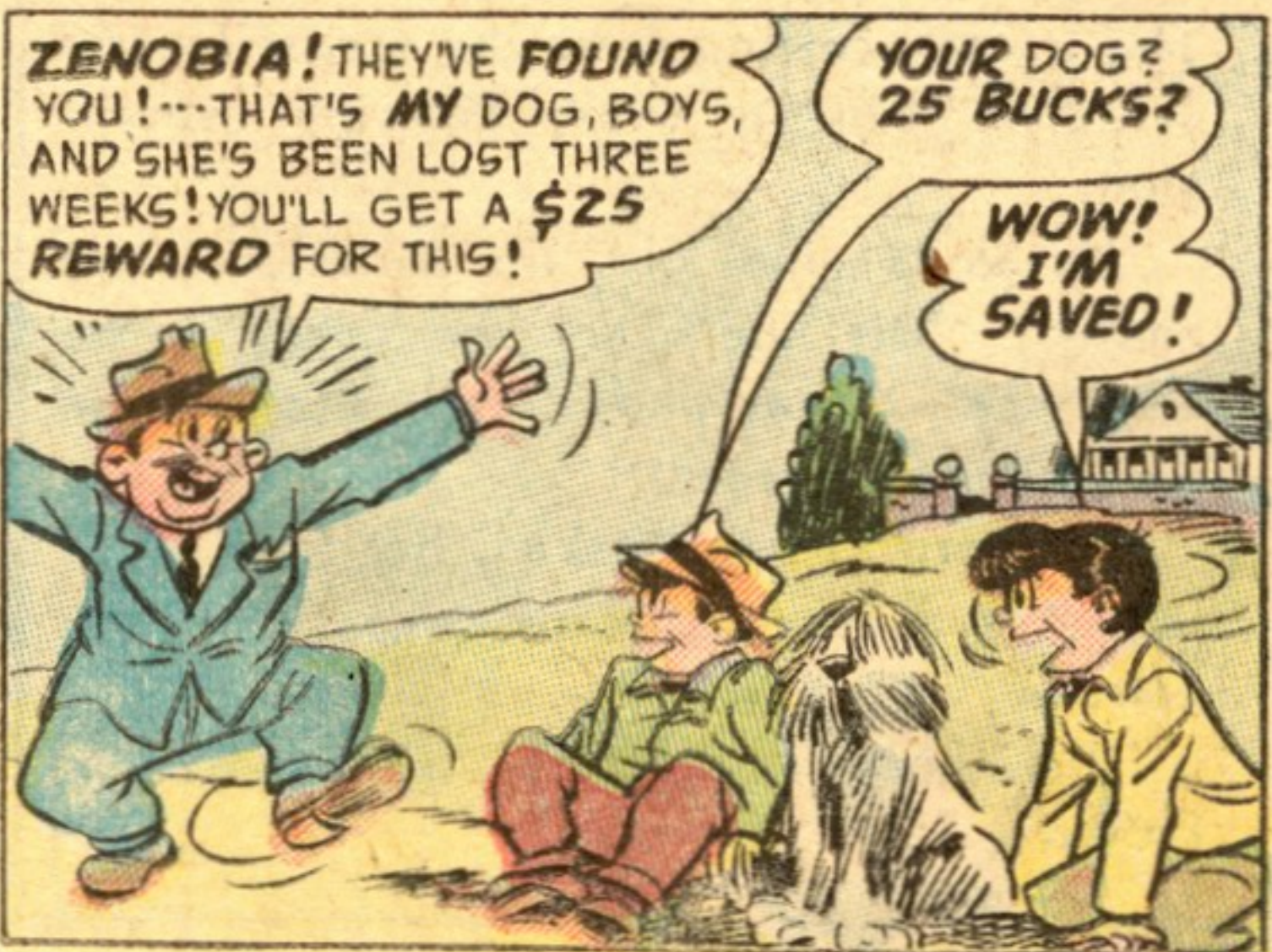
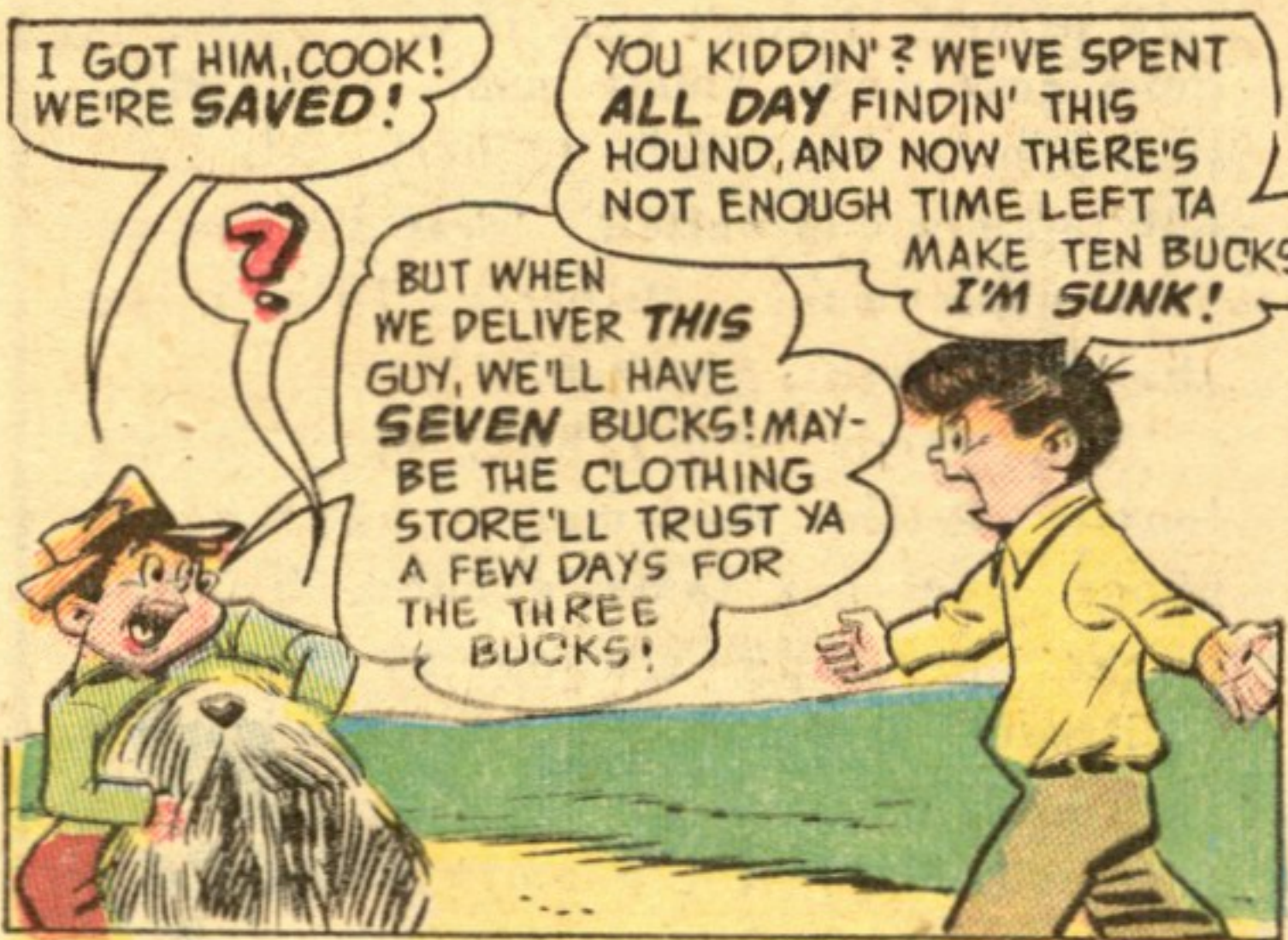
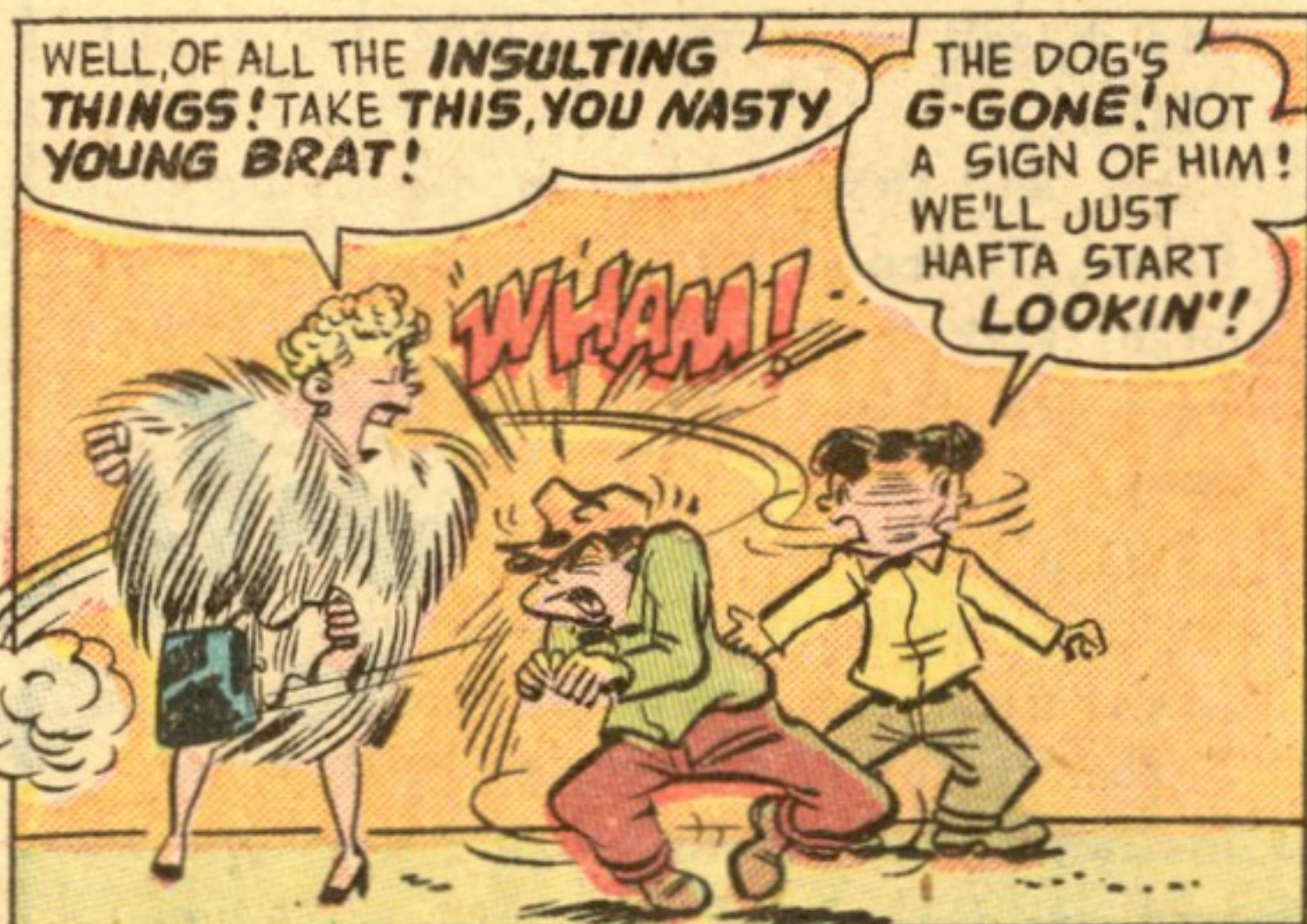
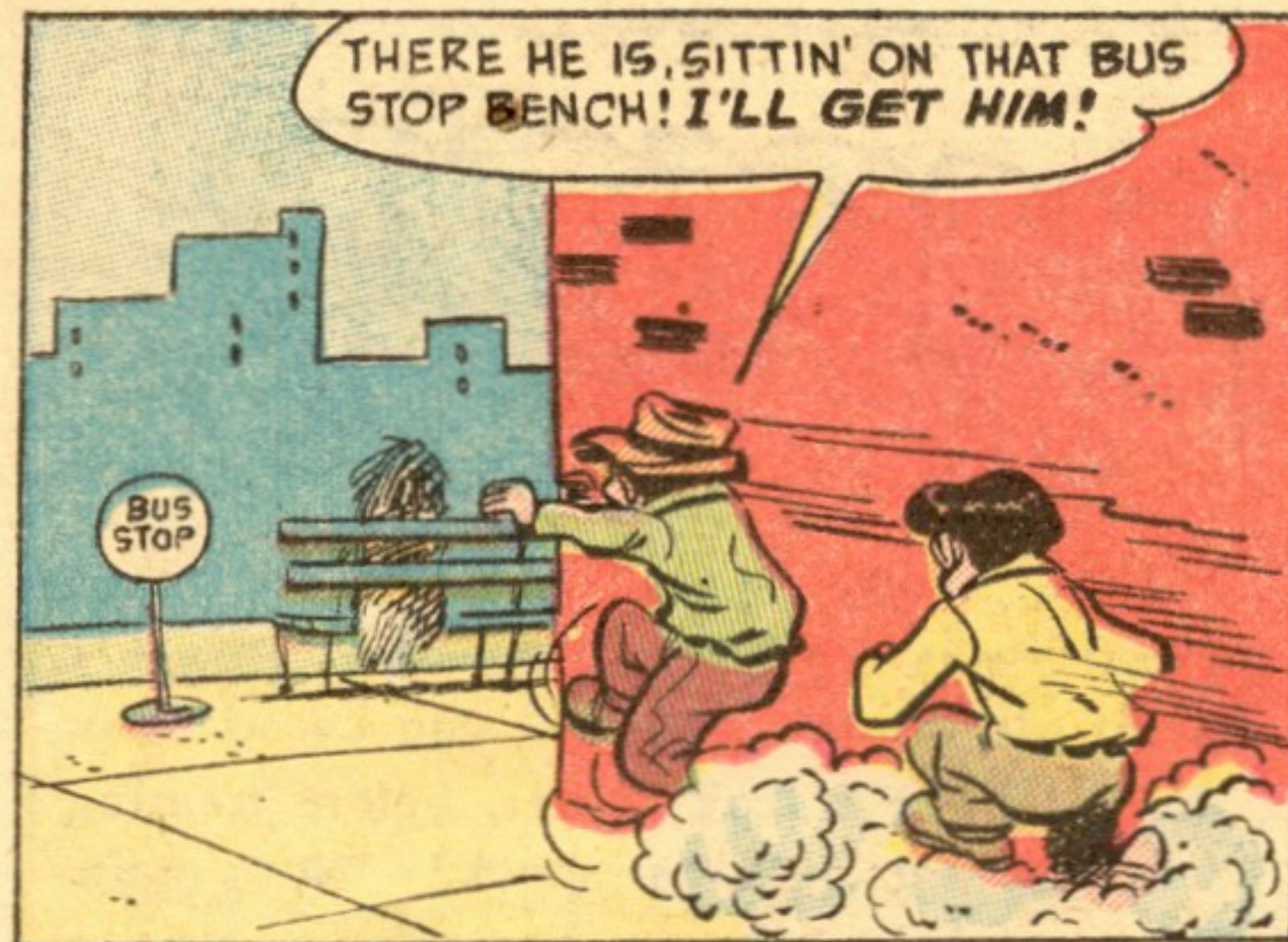
!



HOLY JUMPIN' CATFISH...THE DOG'S RUNNIN' AWAY! AFTER HIM, JIT! IF WE LOSE HIM, WE'LL REALLY BE IN A JAM!

ULP!

ARF! ARF! ARF!



Too OLD for MEASLES!

"PRISSY, DEAR, ARE you sure you're feeling all right?" Mrs. Banks asked anxiously as she watched her daughter nibble listlessly on a slice of devil's food cake *with* coconut icing.

"I'm fine, mother," Prissy answered. But her voice was as listless as her behaviour. "Fine," she added unconvincingly, pushing the cake away from her. "If you and dad will excuse me, I...I think I'll lie down."

Ordinarily a sunny vision in pastel sweater, swinging skirt and jaunty curls, Prissy would sail out of the dining room wolfing the remains of the dessert and demanding to know whether there was any more. But not this time!

Mr. and Mrs. Banks exchanged inquiring glances as Prissy pushed her chair back languidly, arose and left the room. "I *don't* think Prissy can be feeling well," her mother said.

"She looked...well...not quite right, Martha," Mr. Banks agreed. "Sort of feverish, I think."

"I thought she looked pale," Mrs. Banks said worriedly. "I think I'll just peek into her room and see..."

A few minutes later, Mrs. Banks was back in the dining room, a frown of concern wrinkling her forehead. "She *is* lying down!" she reported. "She *must* be ill! You know, this is her club night and she *never* misses a meeting if she can help it! Roger, I think we ought to have the doctor! Come to think of it, Prissy never did have the measles!"

"The measles! No!" Horrified, Mr. Banks was already at the telephone, dialling with frantic finger. "Come right over, doc, it's an *emergency*!"

Mrs. Banks wrung her hands and Mr. Banks paced the floor until the arrival of the doctor, when they both pounced on him and said together, "Prissy! Measles!"

"Oh, come now," said the doctor, "that's not too likely. Besides, Prissy's a bit old for the measles, you know! Why don't I have a look at her, before treating you two for nervous shock? Now, calm down, and don't bother to come up. Prissy and I will want to be alone for a little while!"

Mr. and Mrs. Banks, in the living room below, listened for any little sound that might give them a clue. "Our daughter," said Mrs. Banks, going into her husband's arms.

"Don't worry, dear, if it's anything serious, we'll have the best doctors, the finest treatment...drat that phone!"

The ringing of the phone shrilled through the tense household. Mr. Banks shouted into it, "Who? Prissy? No, you *can't* talk to her! I don't care if it *is* about the prom next week, young man! You can't... you simply *can't* talk to her! All right, I'll tell her you called. What did you say your name was? Hilbert? Hilbert Marshall? All right, goodbye..."

"No, daddy, *don't* hang up!" Miraculously, Prissy was there, snatching the phone from her father's hand, her eyes bright, her lips smiling as she said, "Hilbert? It's me...Prissy...mmm-hmmm... I certainly do..."

Dazed, her loving parents watched their changed daughter murmur into the phone. The doctor, coming down the steps, looked at them with a wise, knowing expression.

"Prissy's too old for measles," he smiled, "but she's not too young to be *love-sick*! That phone call was all the medicine she needed!"

"Mother," Prissy asked, her face glowing, "is there any more cake left? I'm *starved*!"

"I'm...horn-swoggled!" said Prissy's father.

BUSTER

in
"EVERYTHING'S RELATIVE"

MAN! HOW DULL CAN IT GET? THIS DAY'S GONNA COME ON LIKE A FUNERAL WITH NO PRETTY CHICKS AROUND!

YEAH! EVERY DANDY DOLLY'S GONE ON A BIG ALL-DAY STEAK FRY AT LAKE ITCHYTOE... AND WE CATS COULDN'T JOIN 'EM 'CUZ WE DIDN'T HAVE THE LOOT TO BUY EVEN A COUPLA STEAKS!

WHAT'S LIFE WITHOUT LADIES?

MALTS

REAL SAD, LAD! REAL SAD!

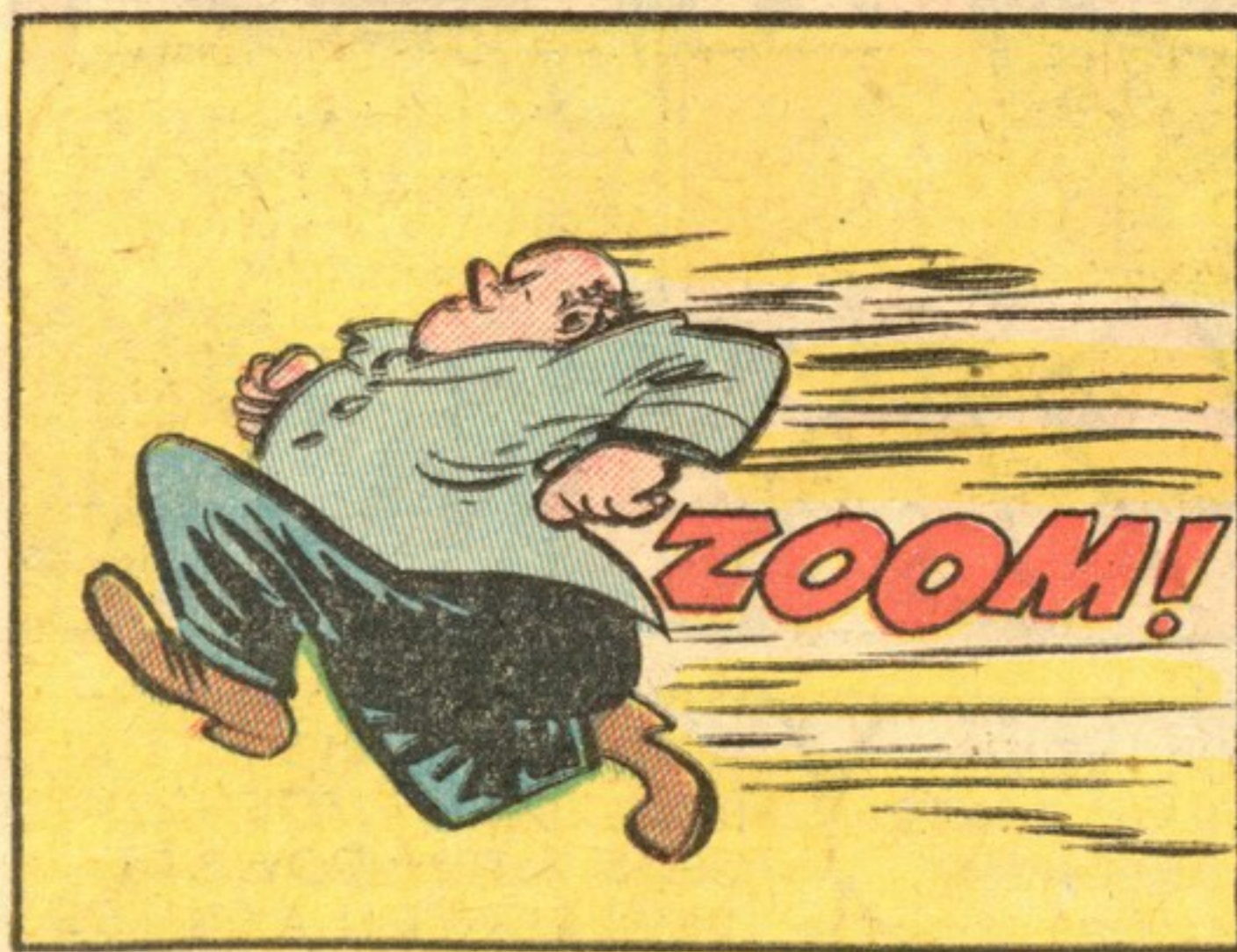
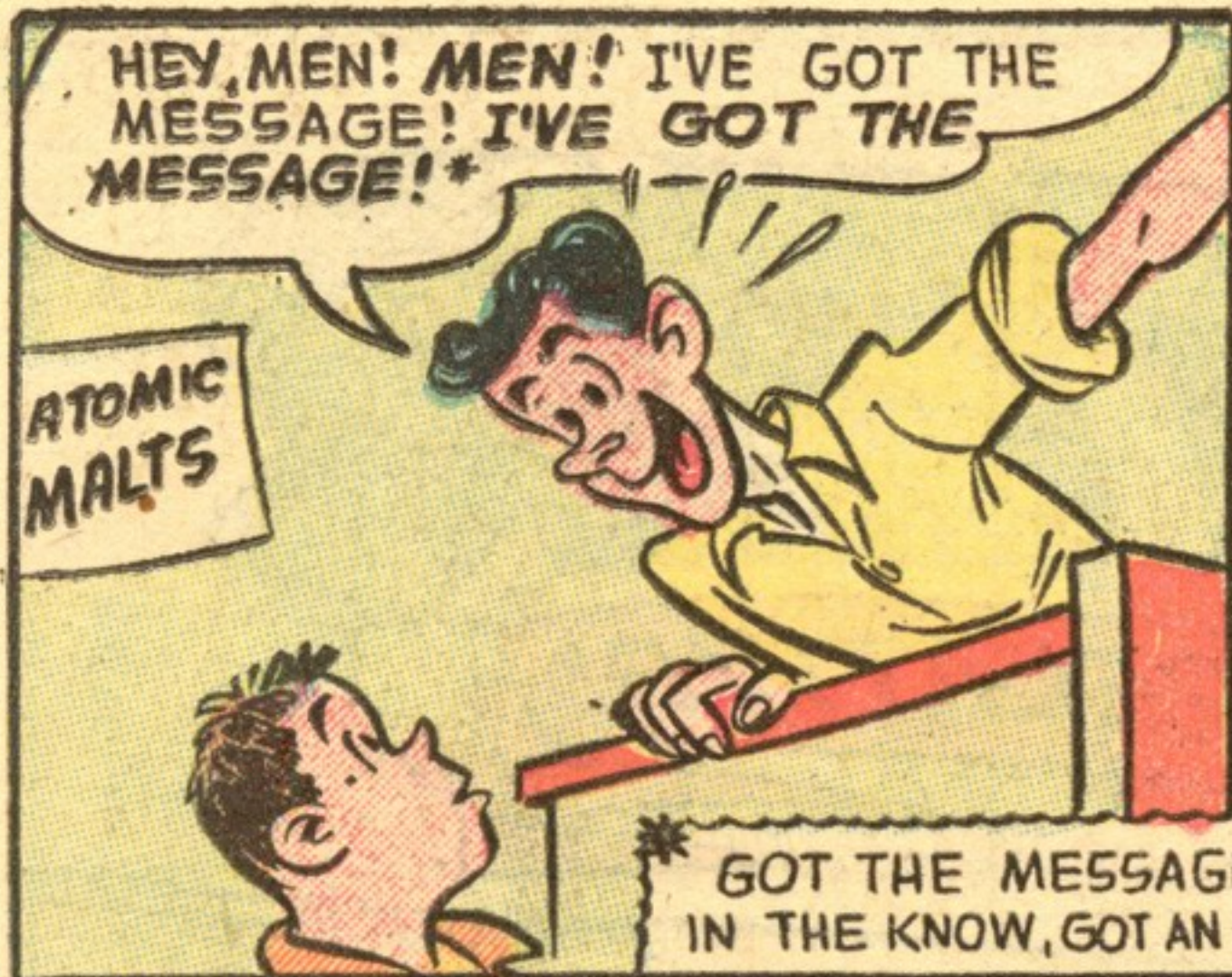
HEY! DIG THIS IDEA, CATS! WE ROUND UP A BIG FAT MESS OF **WEINIES** AND JOIN THE CHICKS!

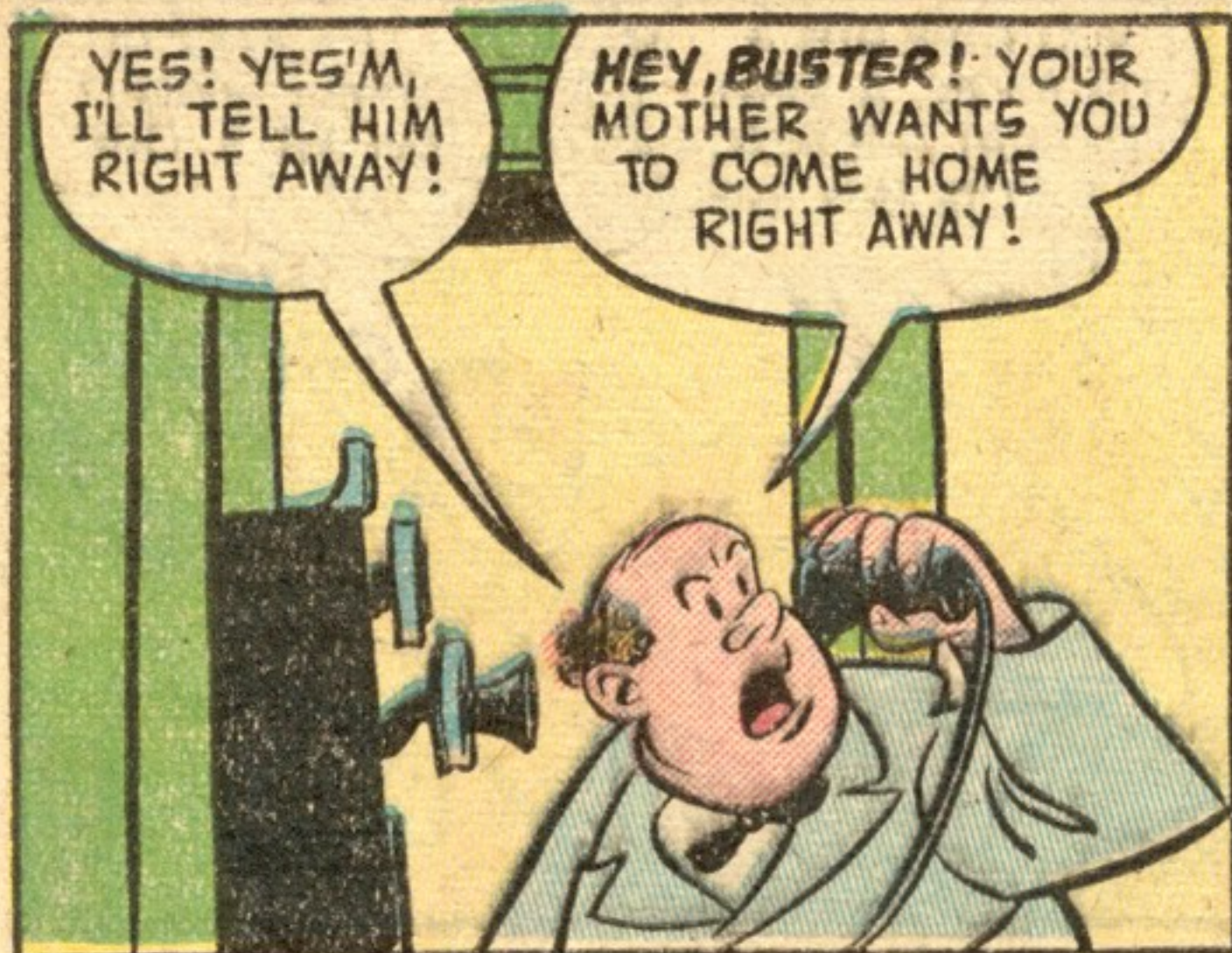
YA WATER-HEAD, **THEY** COST MONEY TOO! OR DIDN'T YA KNOW!

OH, YEAH... YEAH! THAT'S RIGHT!

HOLY COW, THIS SITTING HERE DOIN' **NOTHIN'** GETS A GUY DOWN! I FEEL LOWERN' A SNAKE'S METATARSAL!

ATOMIC MALTS





YES! YES'M,
I'LL TELL HIM
RIGHT AWAY!

HEY, BUSTER! YOUR
MOTHER WANTS YOU
TO COME HOME
RIGHT AWAY!



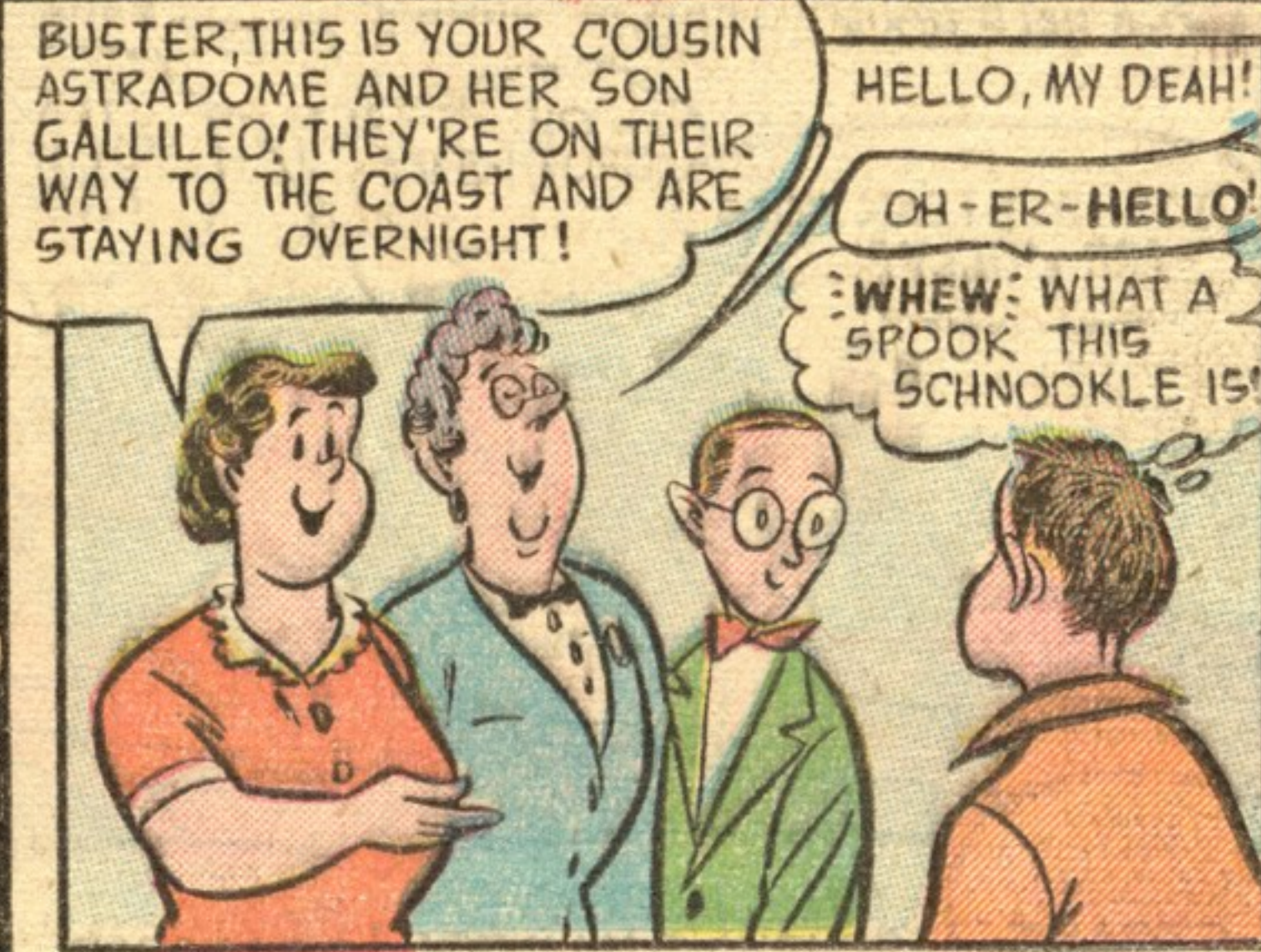
I'LL BE RIGHT
BACK, GANG!
MEANWHILE, SEE
IF YA CAN DREAM
UP A WAY OUTA
THIS DREARY
DAY!



SO A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HI, MOM! I'M HOME!
YA WANTED ME?

YES...BUSTER!
I WANT YOU TO
MEET SOME
PEOPLE!
COME OUT
HERE!



BUSTER, THIS IS YOUR COUSIN
ASTRADOME AND HER SON
GALLILEO! THEY'RE ON THEIR
WAY TO THE COAST AND ARE
STAYING OVERNIGHT!

HELLO, MY DEAH!

OH-ER-HELLO!

WHEW! WHAT A
SPOOK THIS
SCHNOOKLE IS!



ASTRADOME AND I WANT TO
TALK, SO I THOUGHT YOU COULD
TAKE GALLILEO WITH YOU FOR
THE DAY! NOW YOU
BOYS RUN
ALONG!

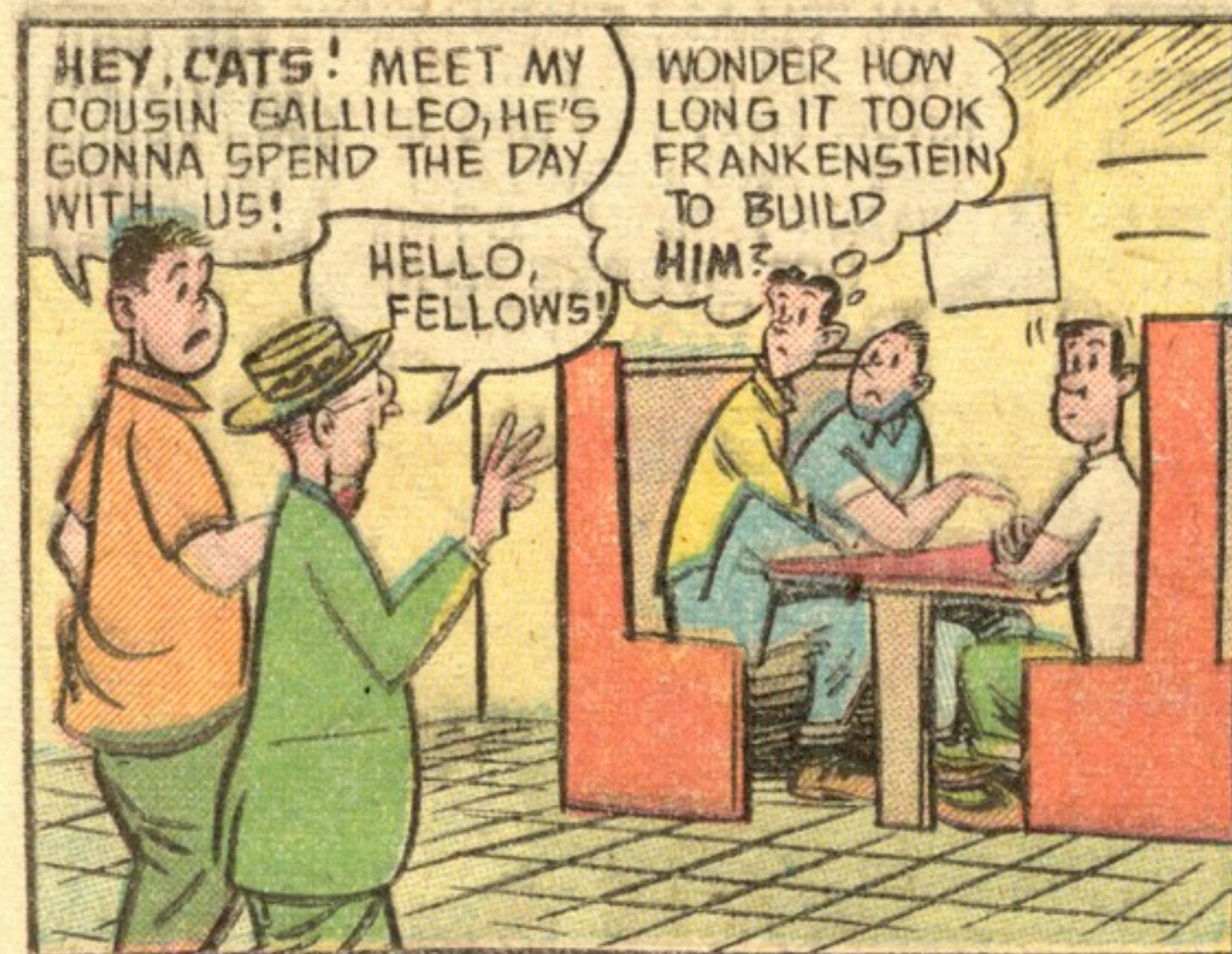
OH,
JOLLY!

OH, FINE!
THIS DAY
ISN'T BAD
ENOUGH...
BUT NOW I'LL
HAVE THIS
DEPRESSIN'
CHARACTER
ON MY HANDS!



WAIT'LL THE GANG
SEES THIS JELLY-TOT!
THEY'LL GIVE
ME A SHOT
IN THE
HEAD FOR
BRINGIN'
HIM
AROUND!

ARE YOU INTER-
ESTED IN PHONO-
GRAPH RECORDS,
BUSTER?
I AM!
THEY
OCCUPY
ALL MY
TIME!



HEY, CATS! MEET MY
COUSIN GALLILEO, HE'S
GONNA SPEND THE DAY
WITH US!

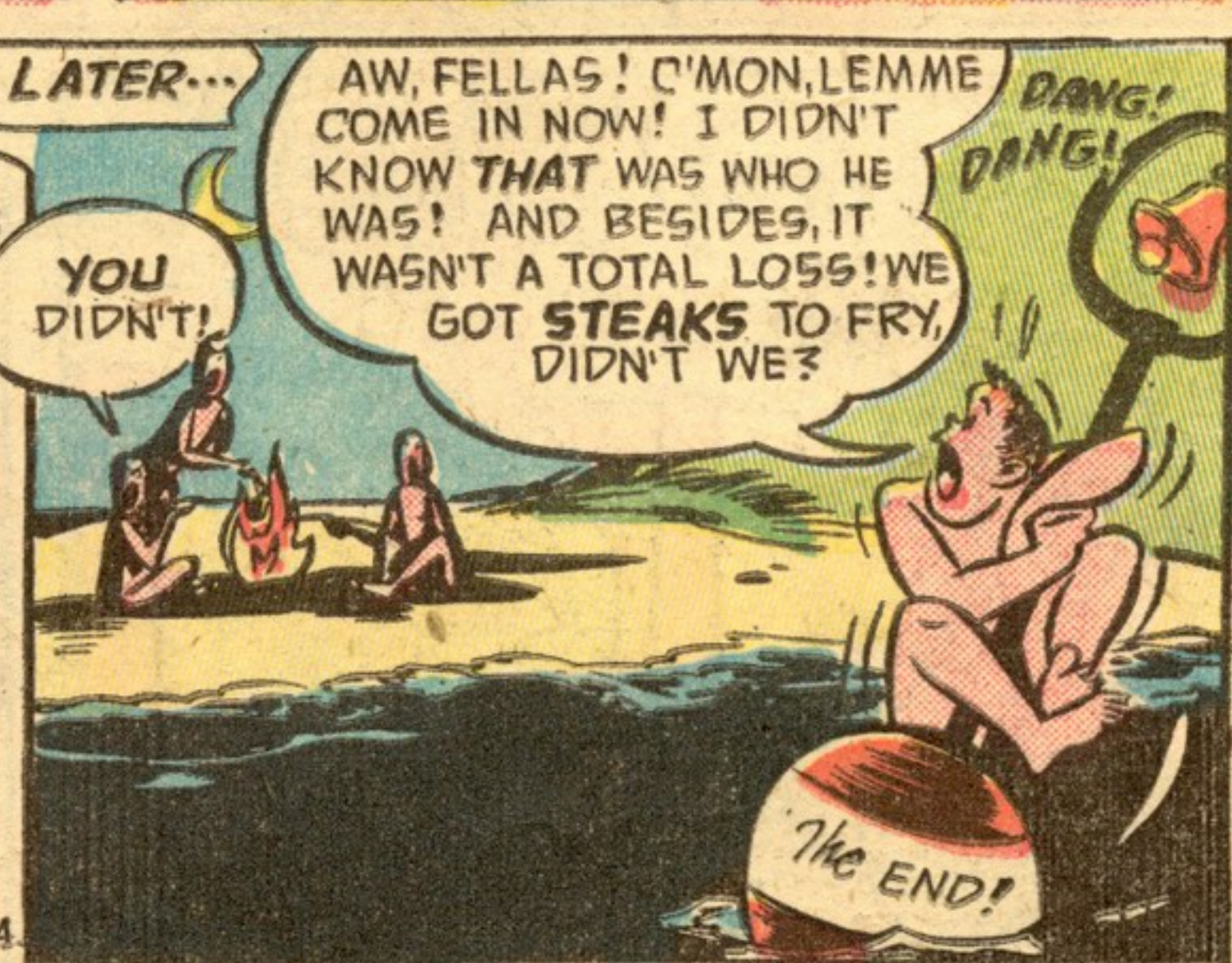
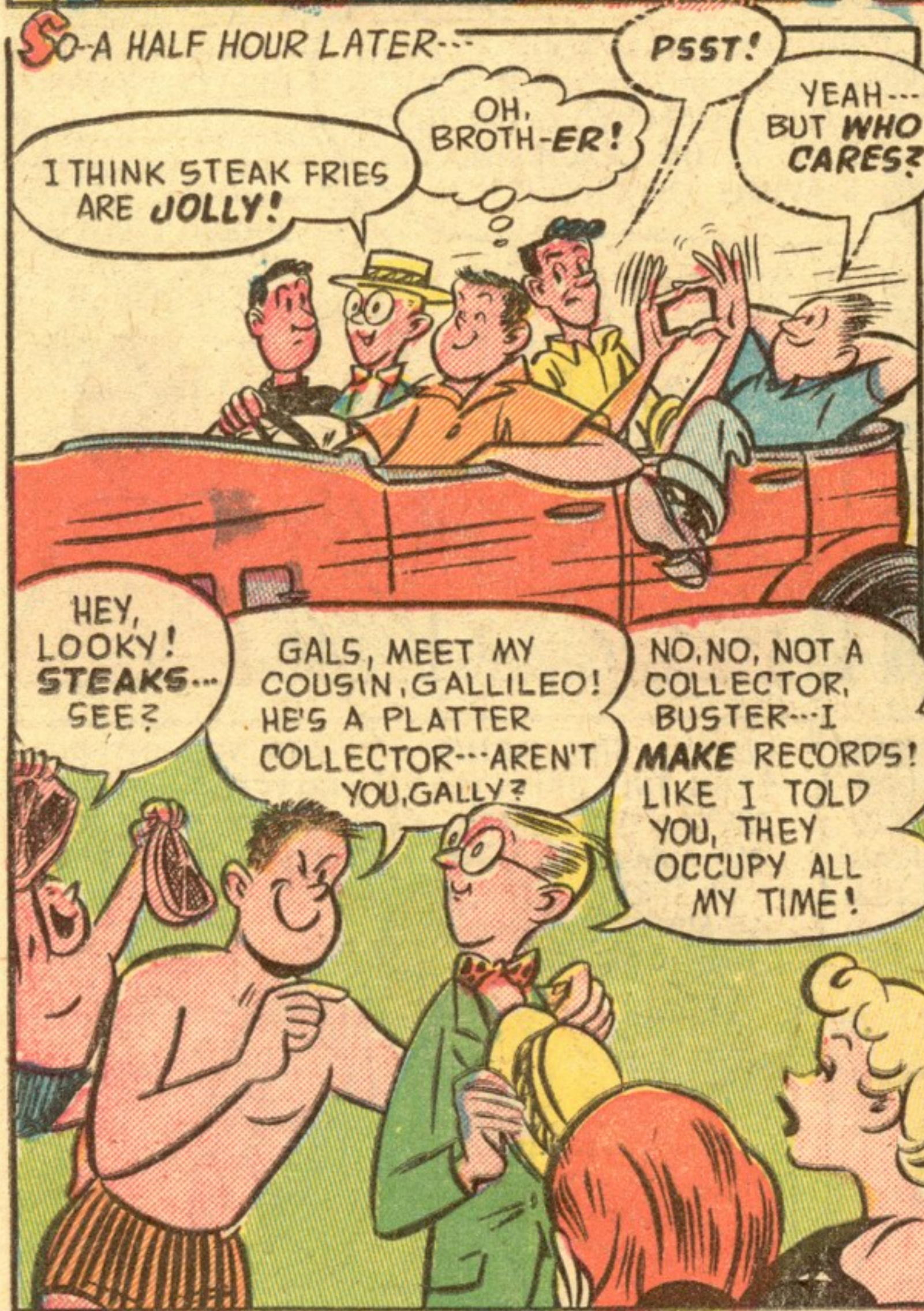
HELLO,
FELLOWS!

WONDER HOW
LONG IT TOOK
FRANKENSTEIN
TO BUILD
HIM?



IF YOU BOYS'LL PARDON ME A SECOND,
I'LL BUY A COKE--AND THEN WE'LL ALL
HAVE A CHAT!

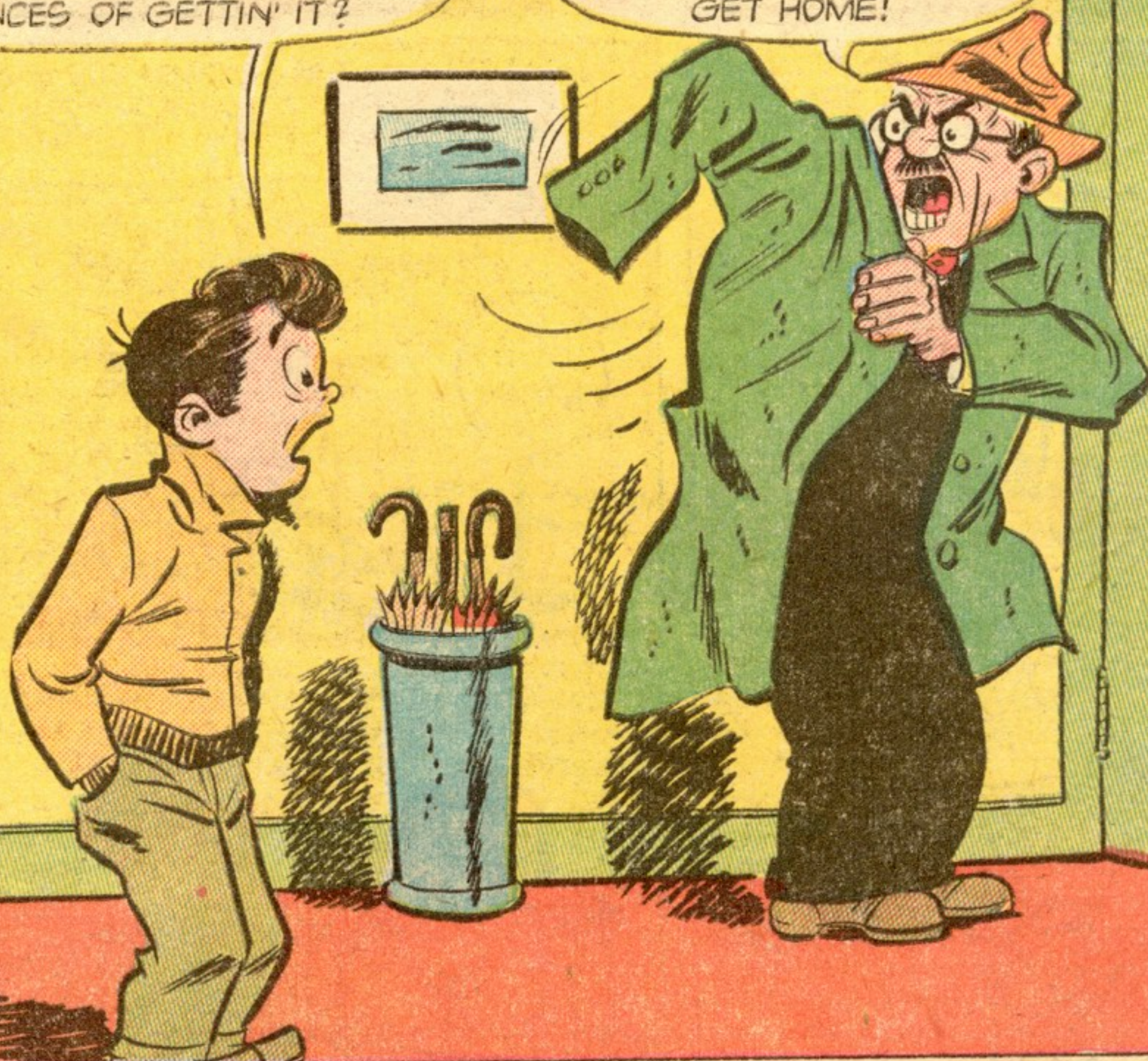
\$50.00
!?!?



GOOKIE

HEY, POP! I NEED SOME LOOT FOR MY DATE WITH ANGELPUSS TONIGHT! HOW'S CHANCES OF GETTIN' IT?

VERY DIM-- UNLESS YOU CLEAN THE SNOW OFF OUR WALKS BY THE TIME I GET HOME!



BROWN
SANTZ

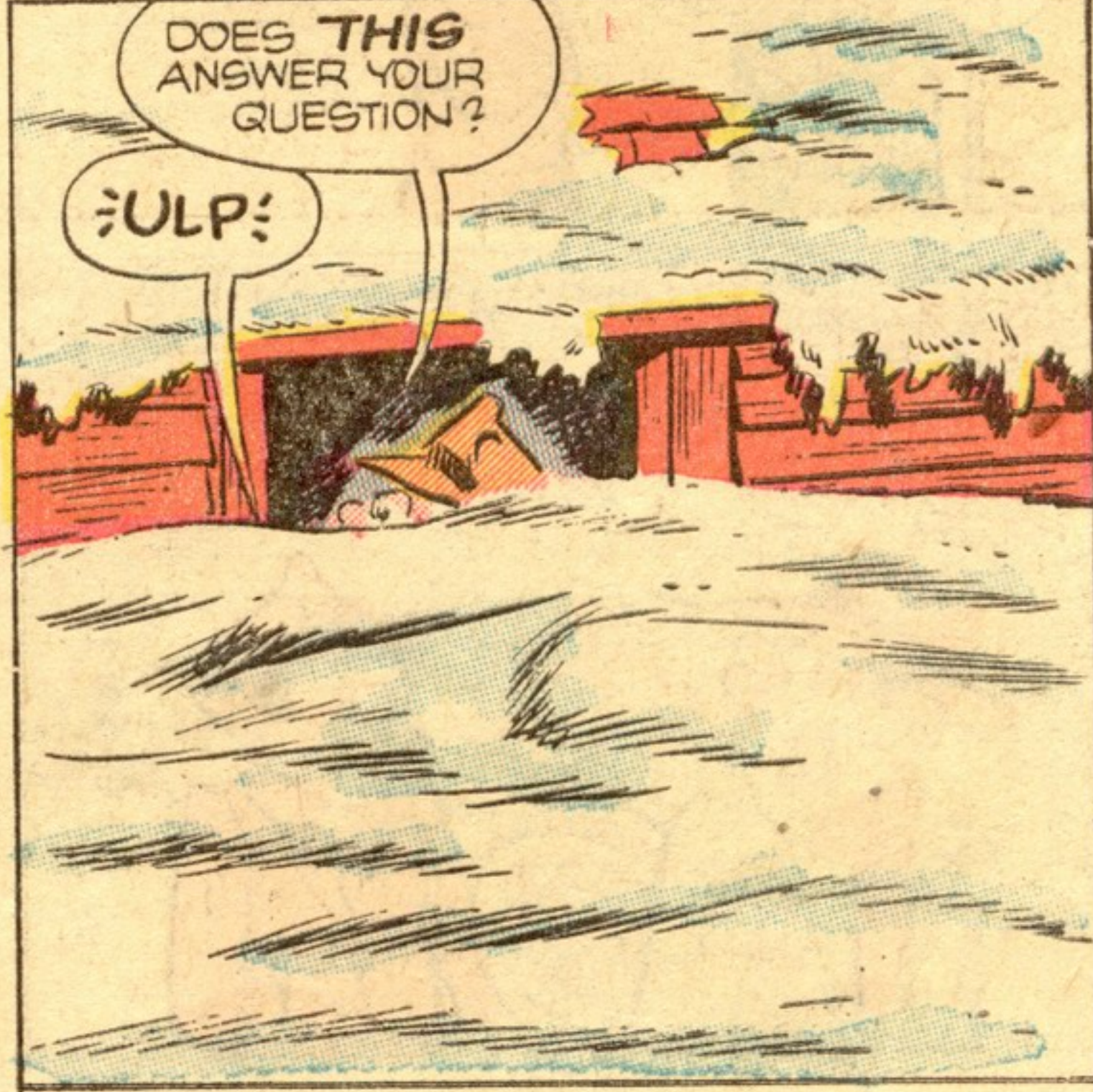
BUT HOLY COW-- I JUST CLEANED 'EM LAST WEEK! DO THEY NEED SHOVELIN' AGAIN?

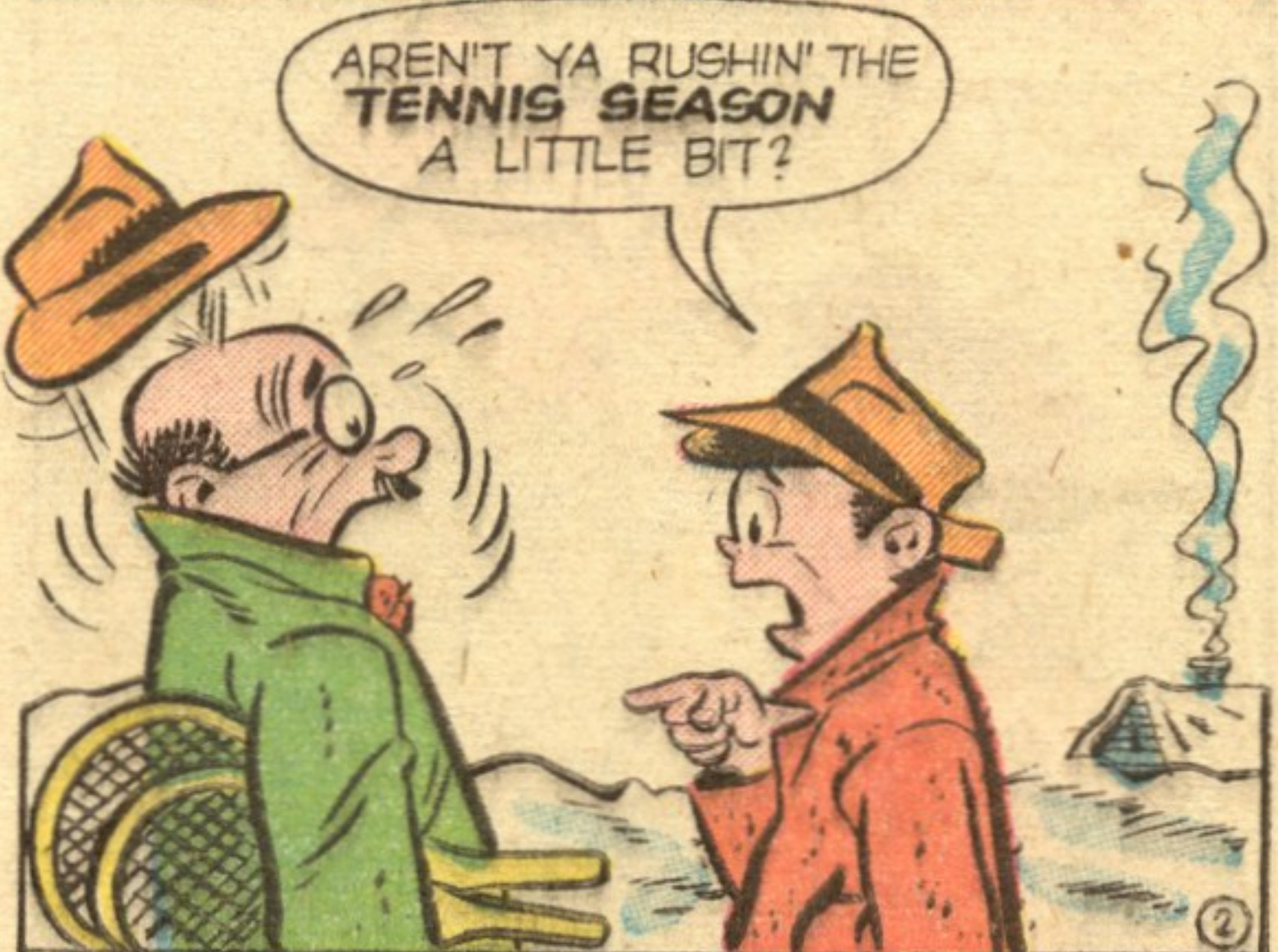
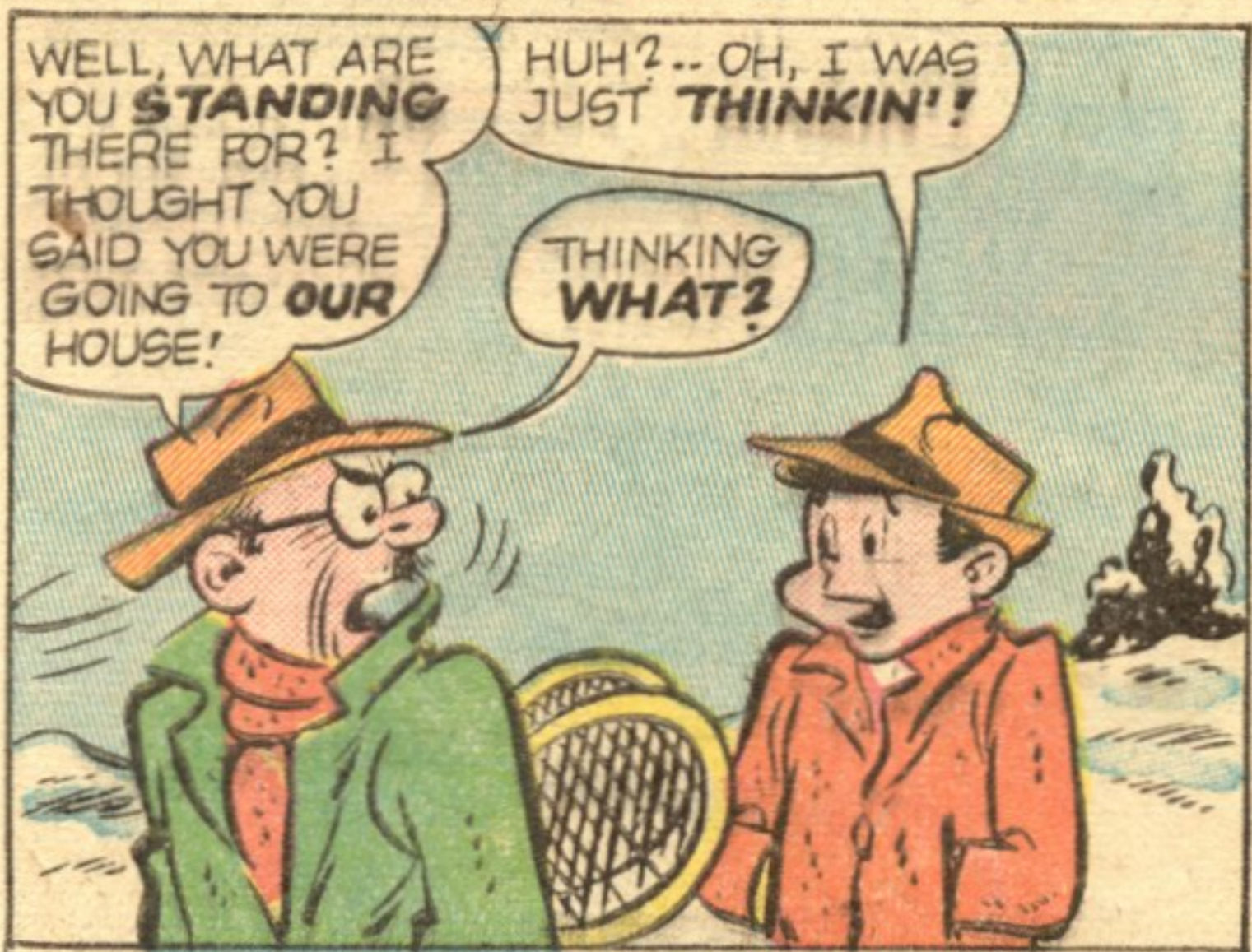
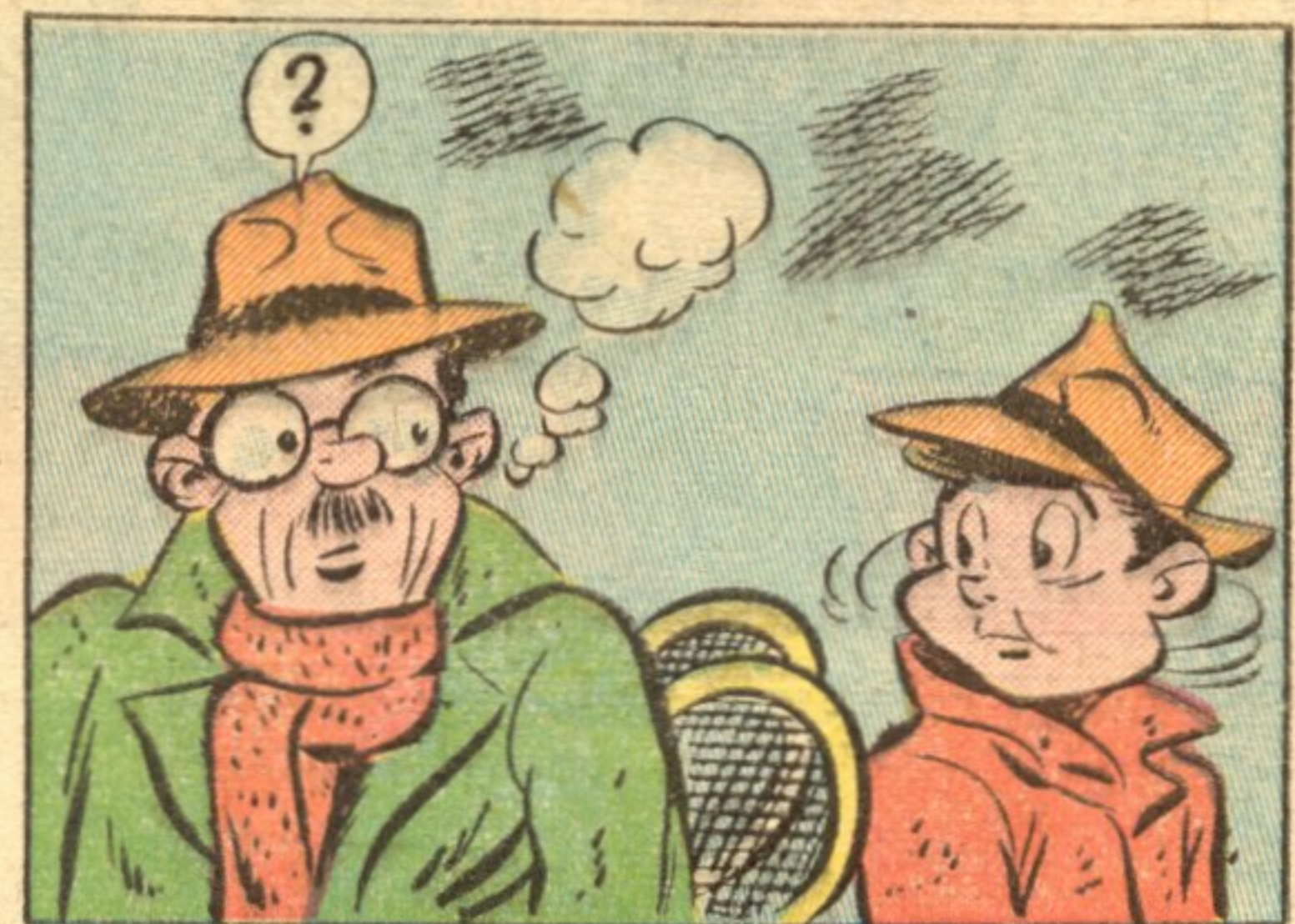
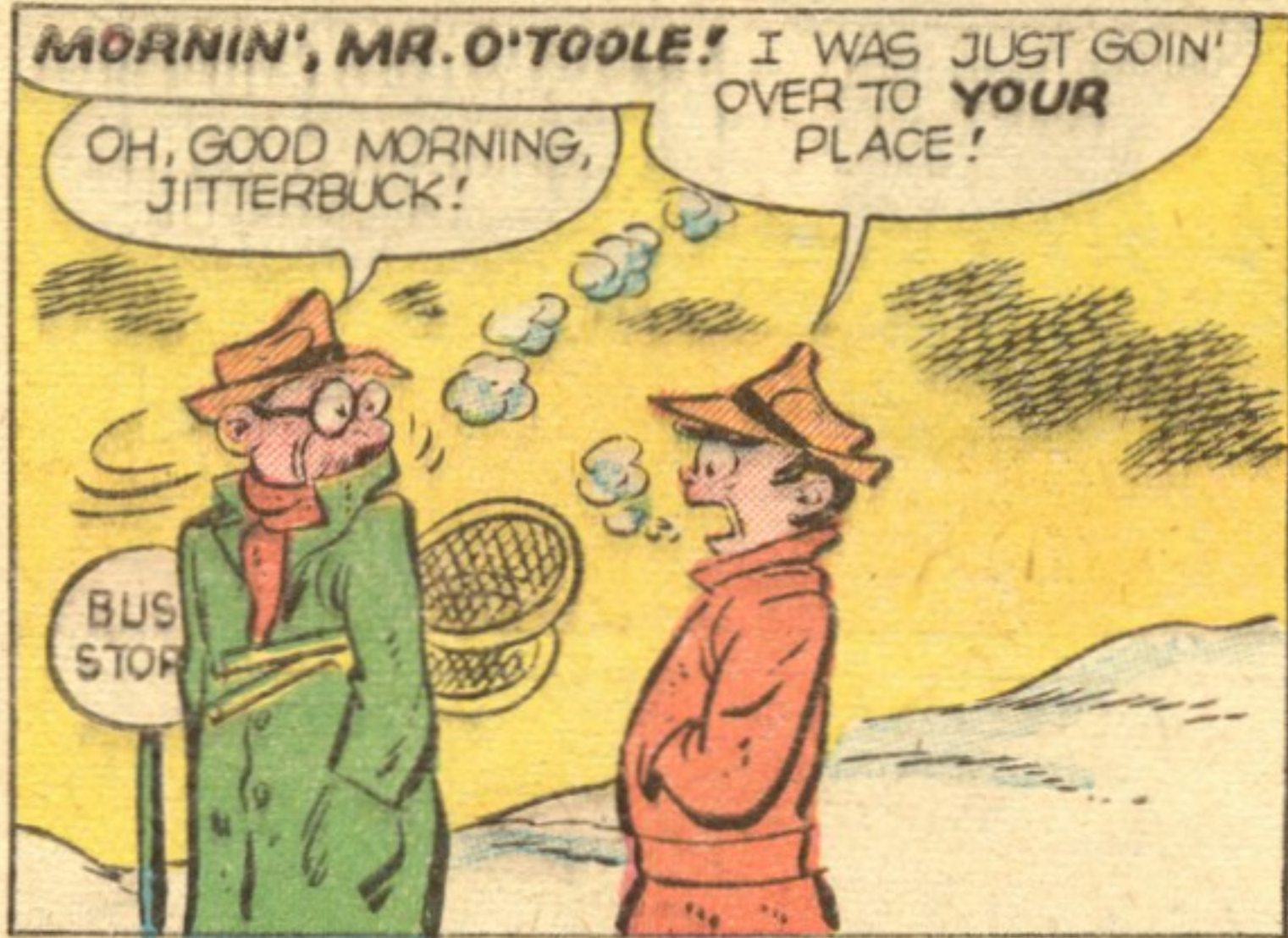
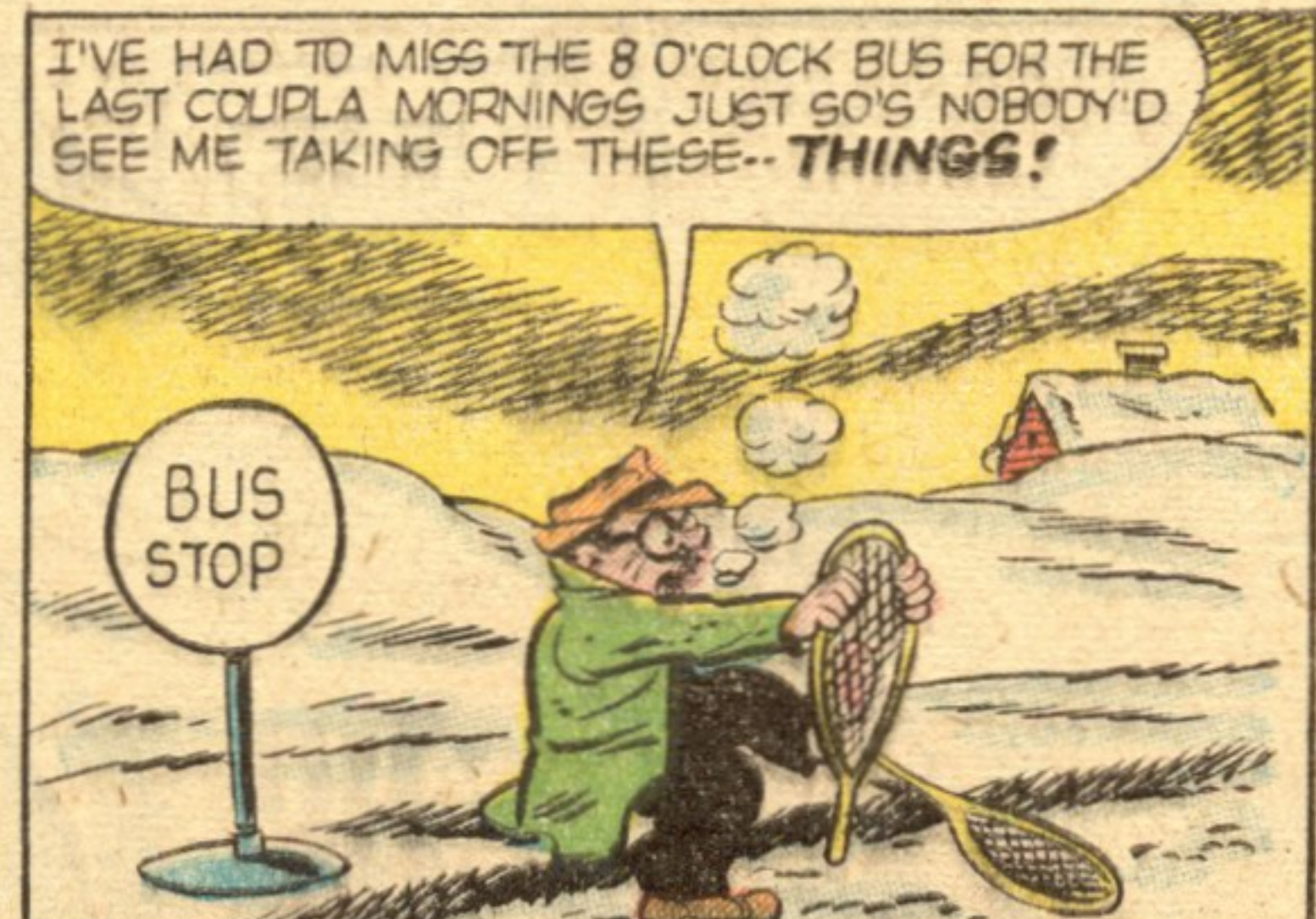
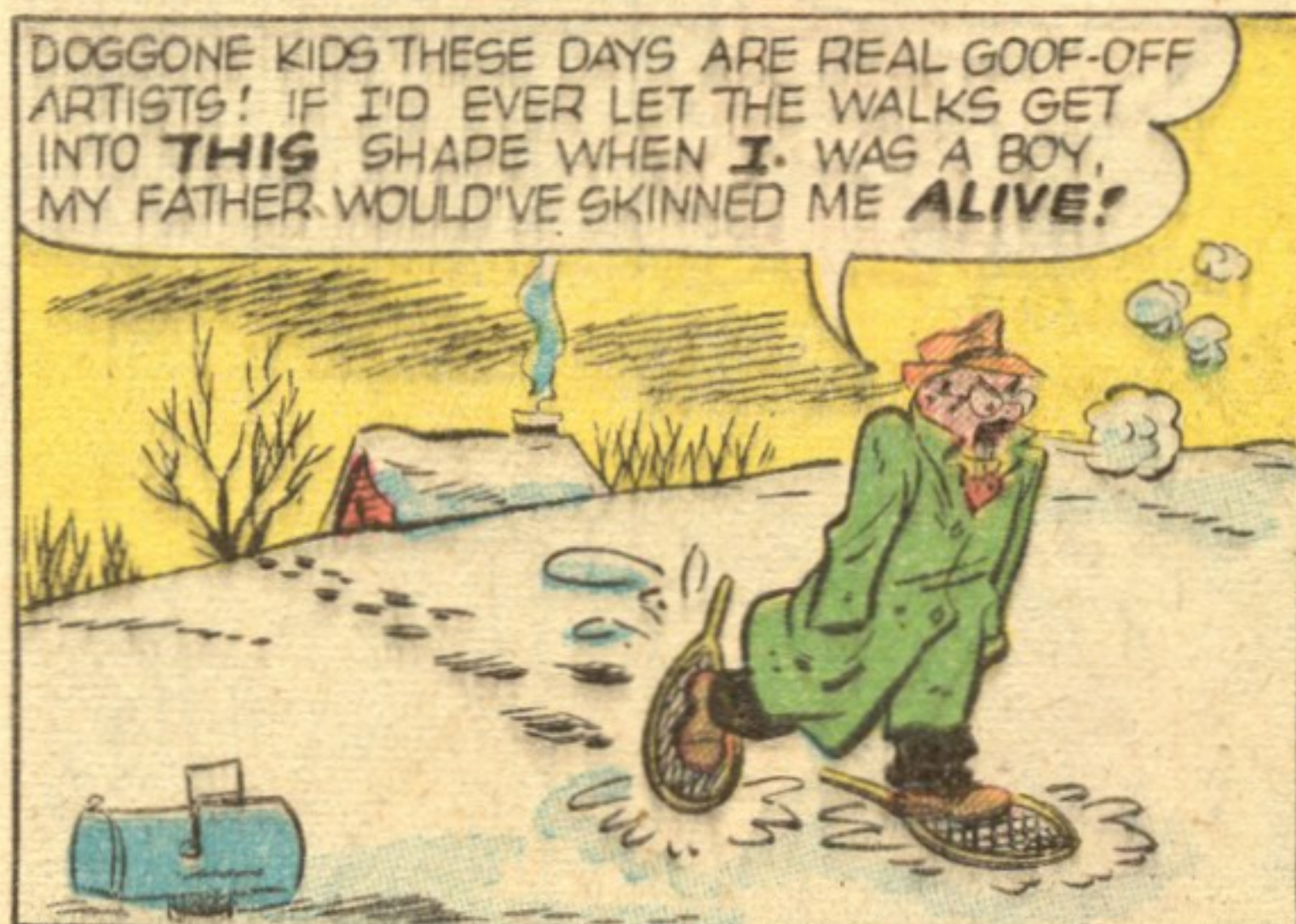
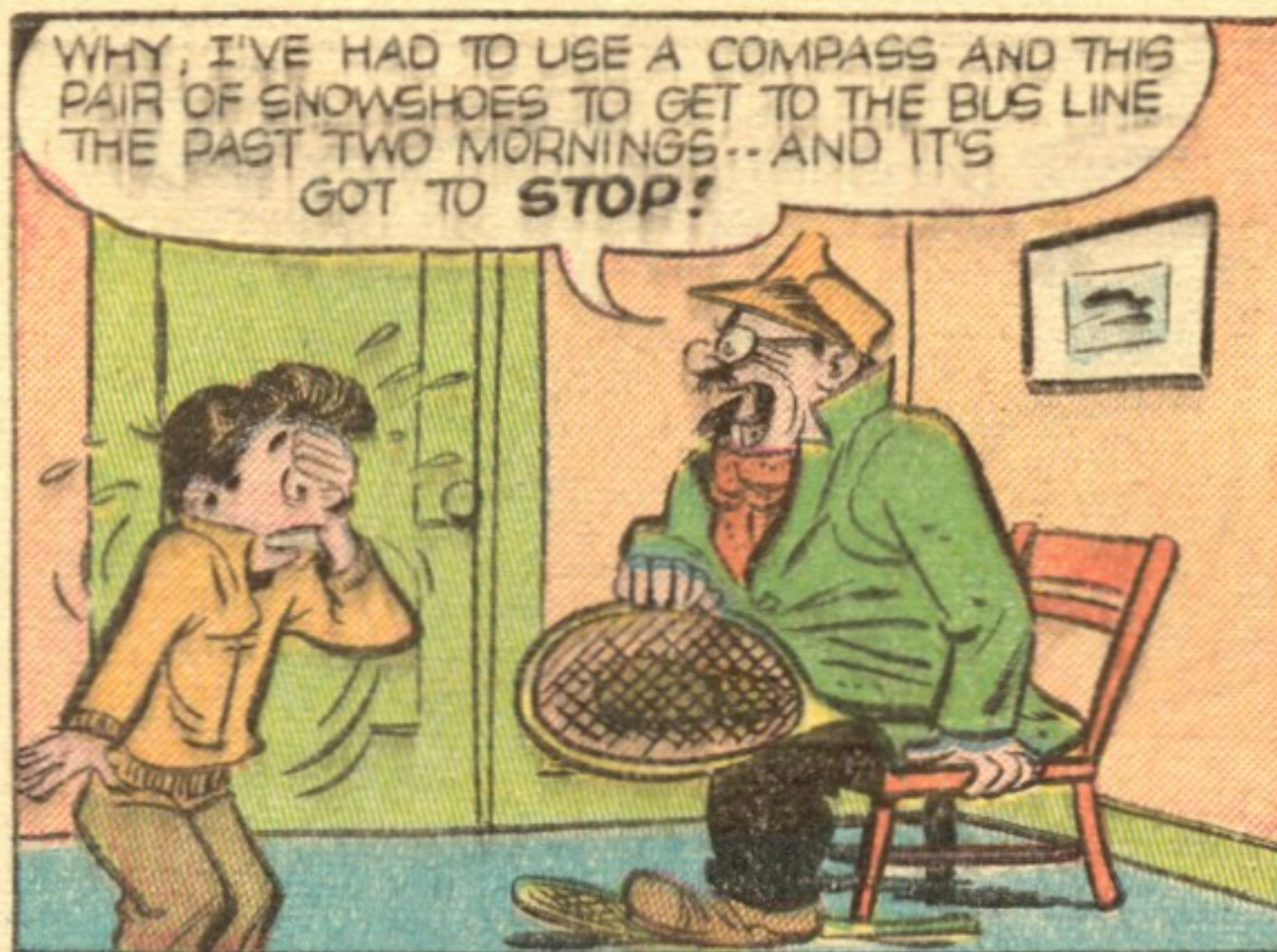
ARE YOU KIDDING?-- COME WITH ME!

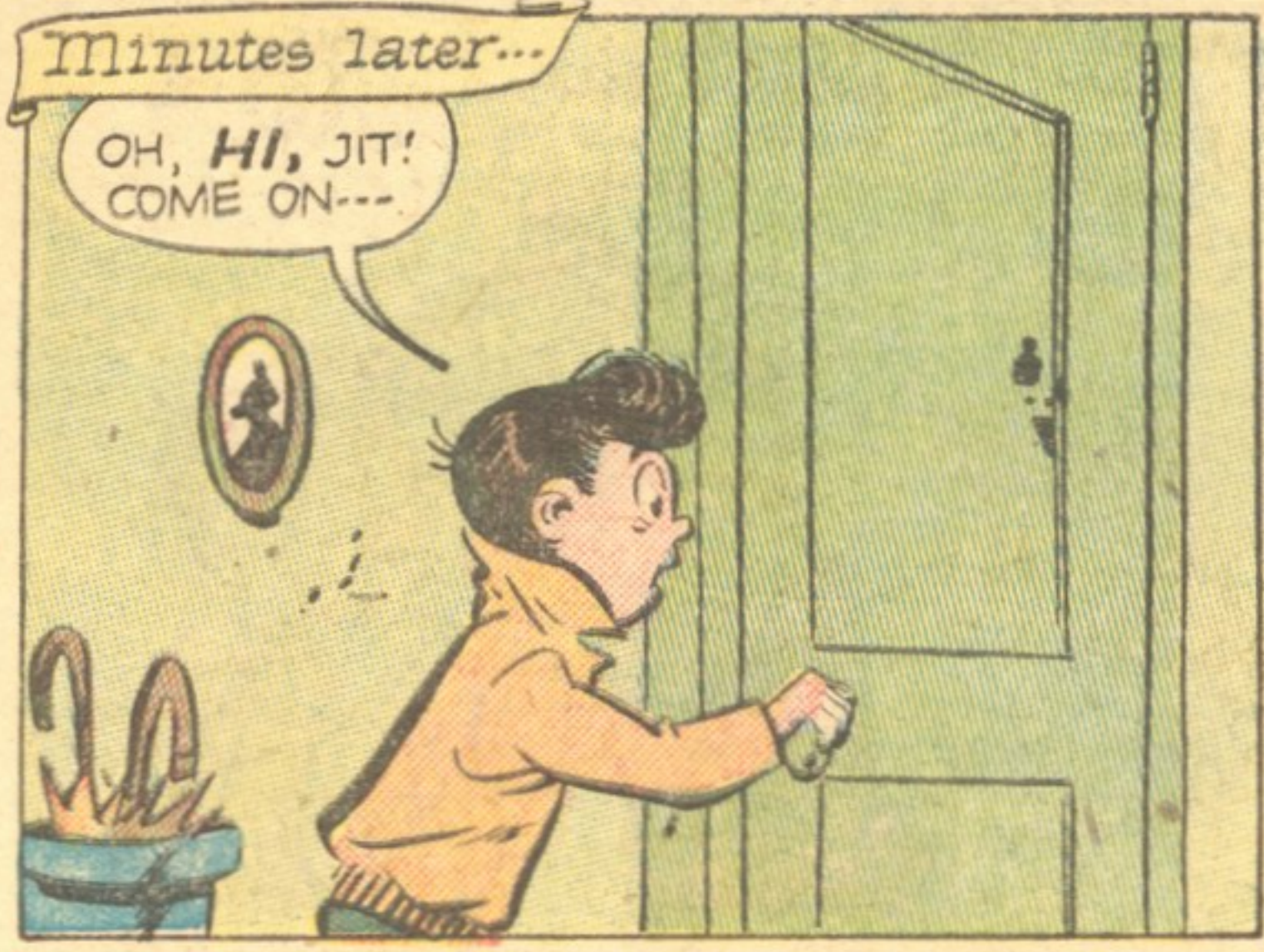


DOES THIS ANSWER YOUR QUESTION?

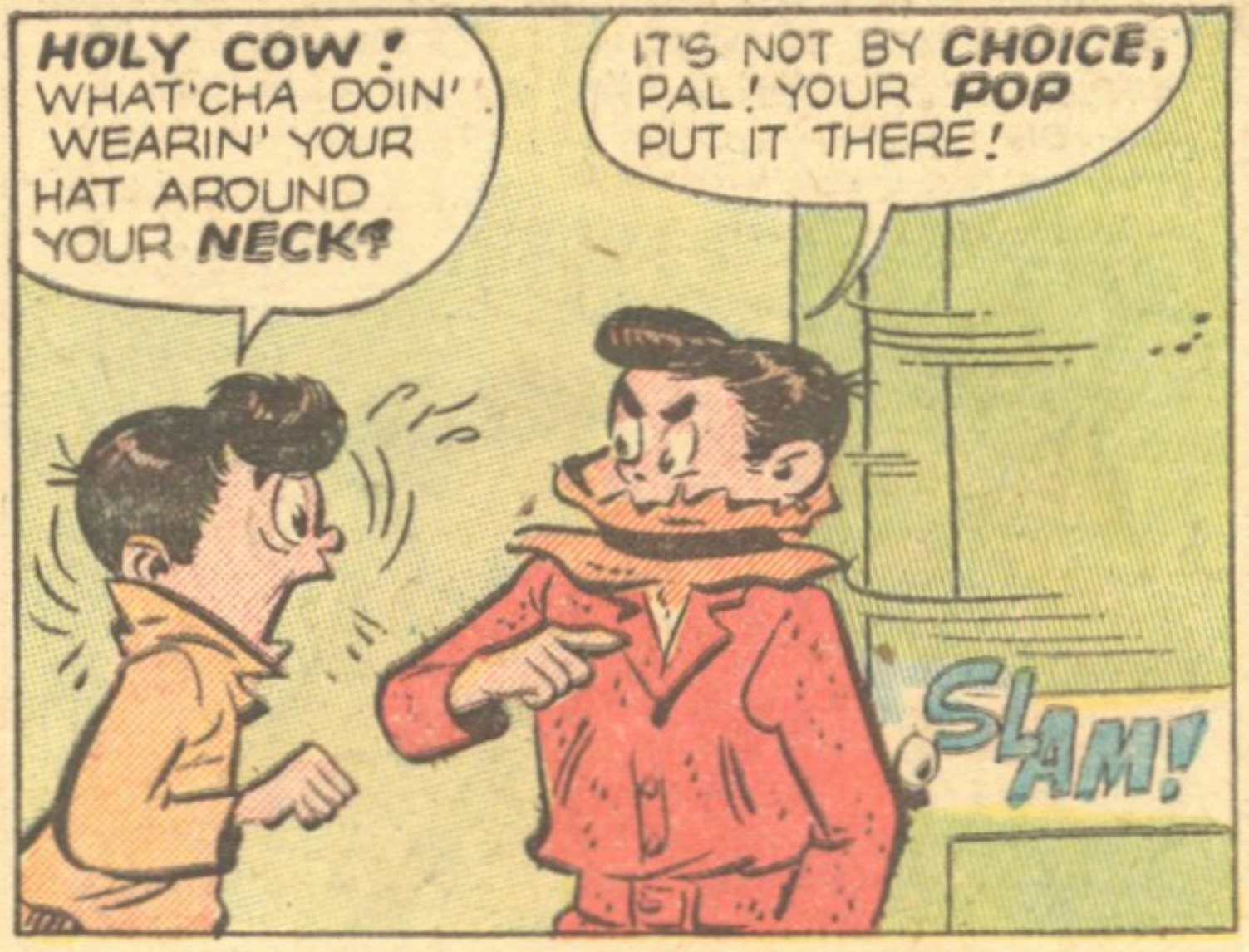
UHP!







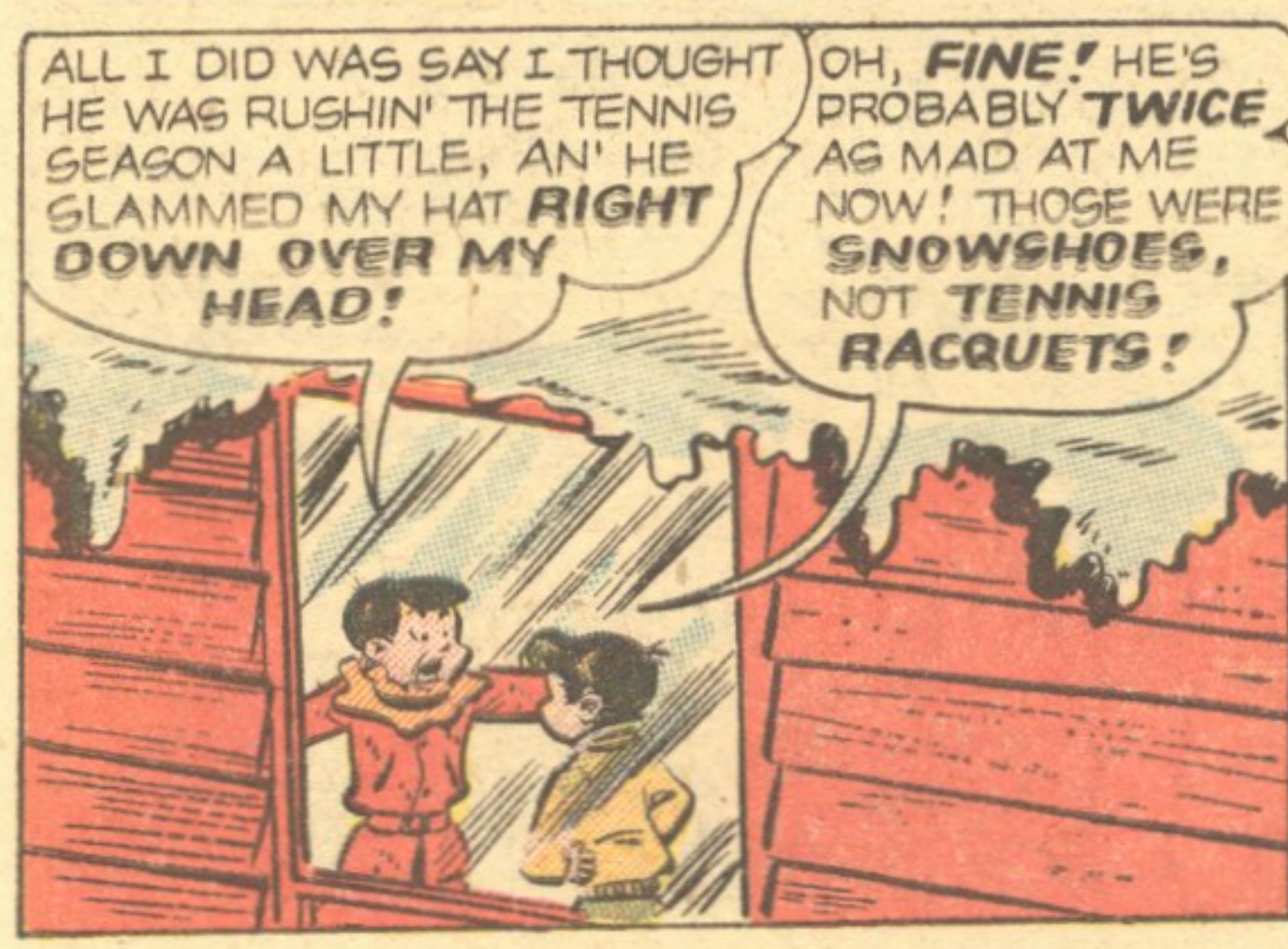
OH, **HI**, JIT!
COME ON---



HOLY COW!
WHAT'CHA DOIN'
WEARIN' YOUR
HAT AROUND
YOUR **NECK**?

IT'S NOT BY **CHOICE**,
PAL! YOUR **POP**
PUT IT THERE!

SLAM!



ALL I DID WAS SAY I THOUGHT
HE WAS RUSHIN' THE TENNIS
SEASON A LITTLE, AN' HE
GLAMMED MY HAT **RIGHT**
DOWN OVER MY
HEAD!

OH, **FINE!** HE'S
PROBABLY **TWICE**
AS MAD AT ME
NOW! THOSE WERE
SNOWSHOES,
NOT **TENNIS**
RACQUETS!



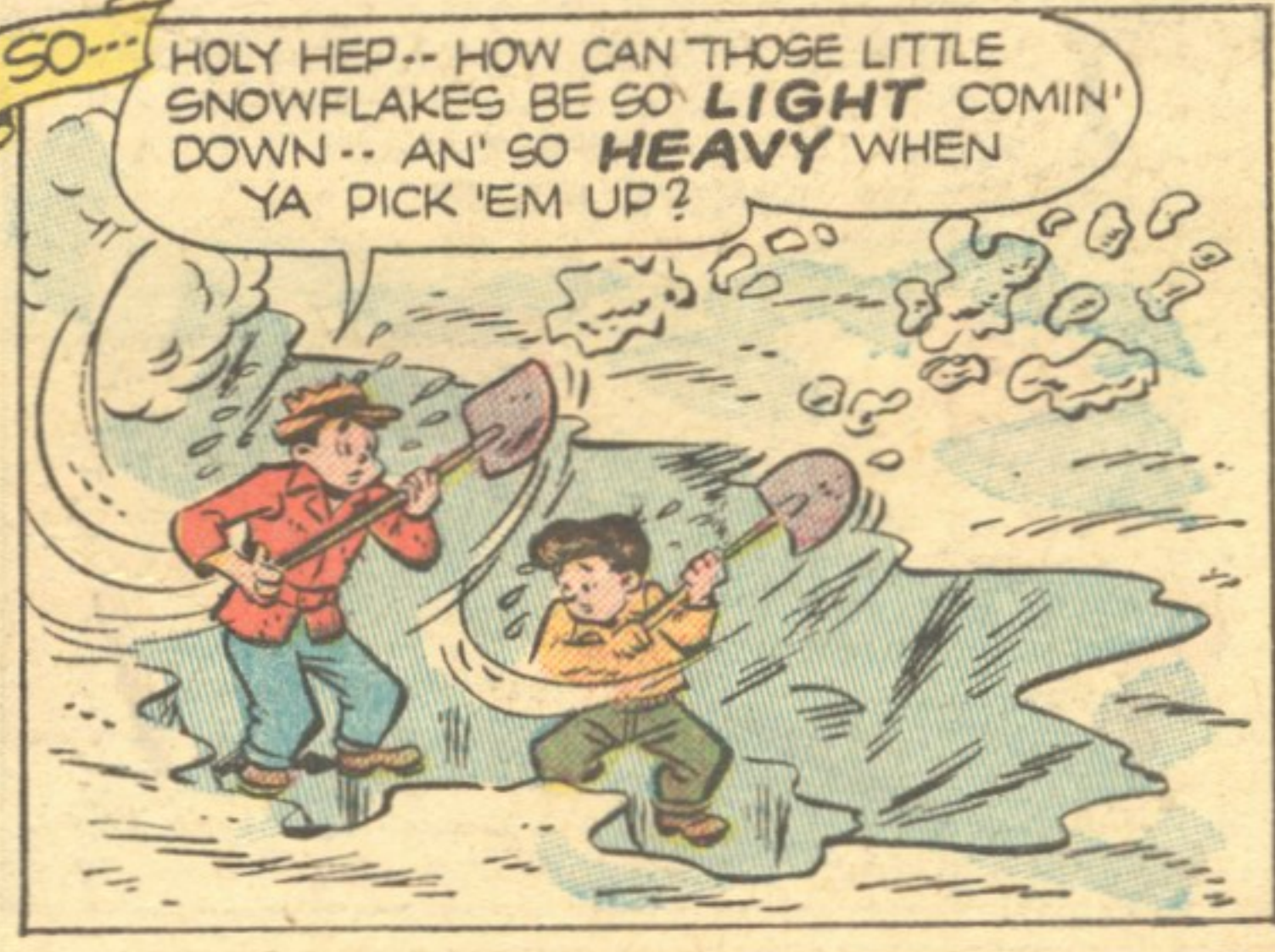
HE'S BEEN WEARIN' 'EM 'CAUSE I HAVEN'T
CLEANED THE WALKS, SO NOW HE'LL BLAME
ME FOR **YOUR** DUMB REMARK, TOO!

GOSH, COOKIE, I'M
SORRY!

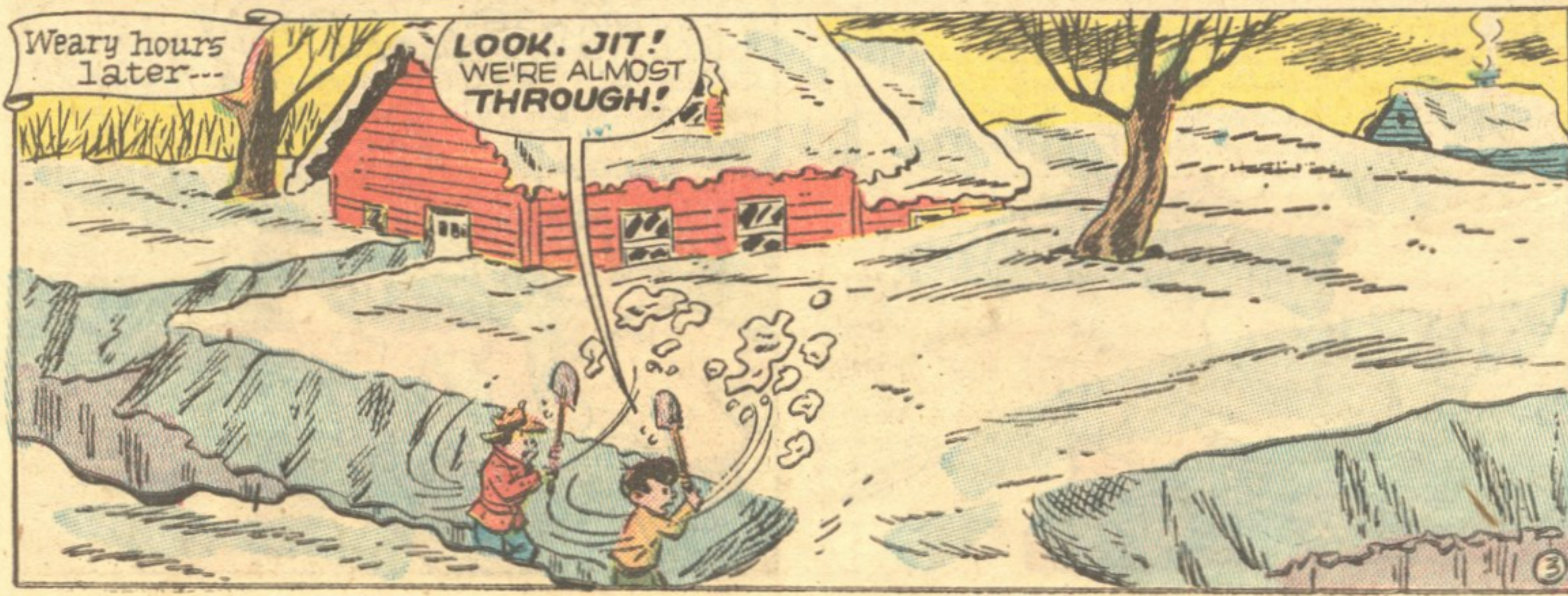


OKAY! IF YOU'RE SO SORRY, YOU CAN **HELP** ME
SHOVEL THOSE WALKS! IF IT'S NOT DONE BY
TONIGHT, I DON'T GET ANY LOOT FOR MY BIG
FAT DATE WITH ANGELPUSS!

OKAY! OKAY! DON'T
GET SO STEAMED UP!
I'LL HELP YA!

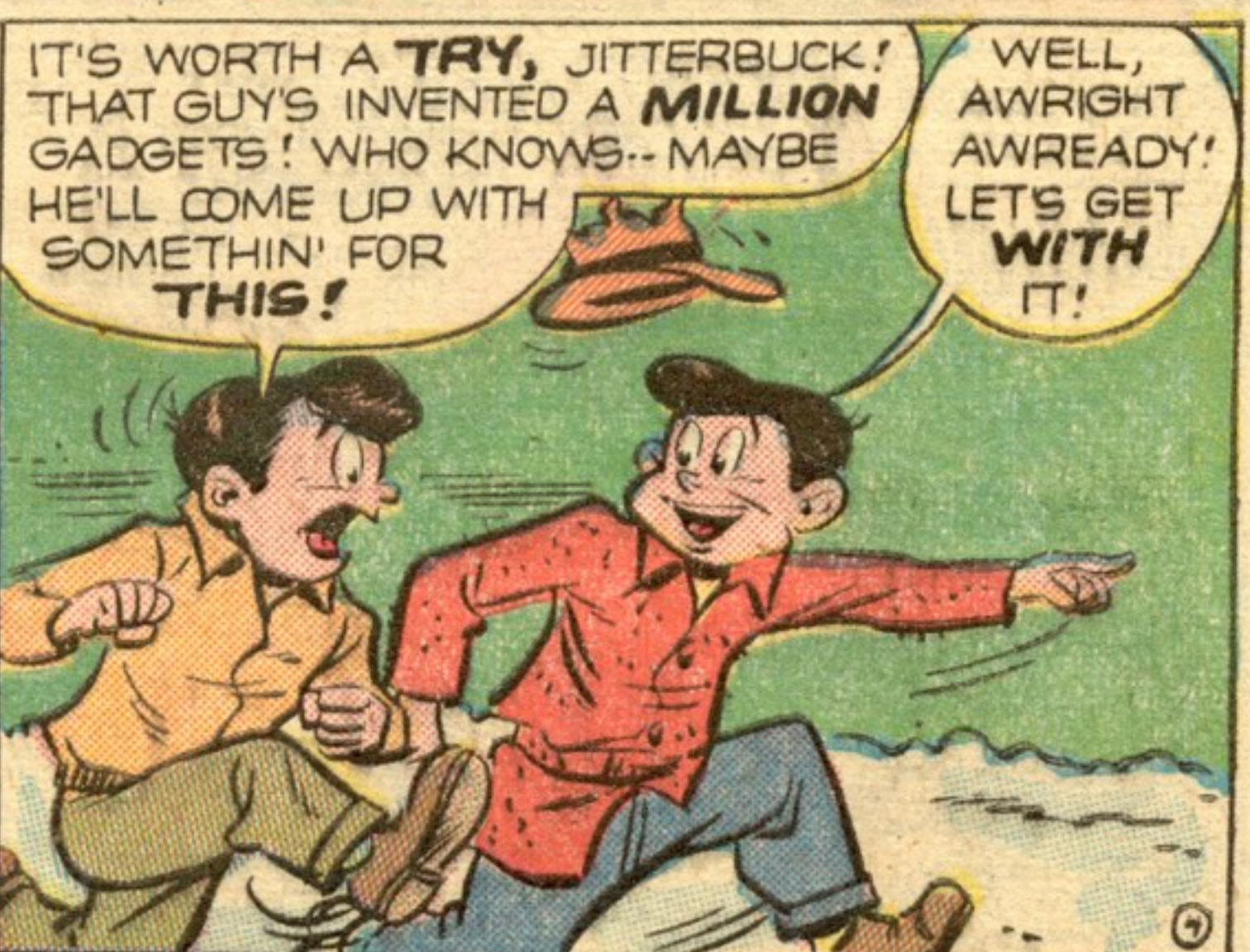
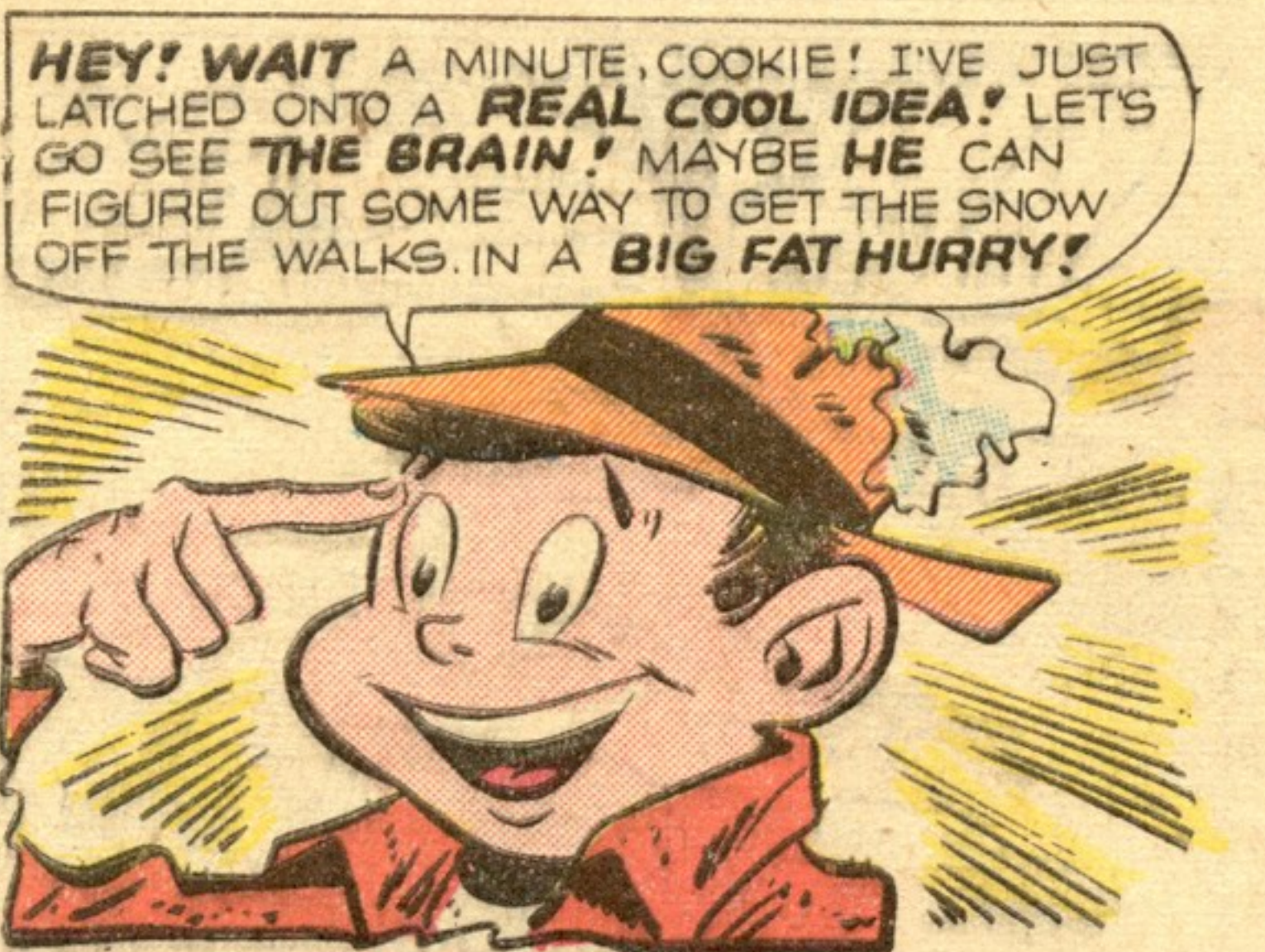
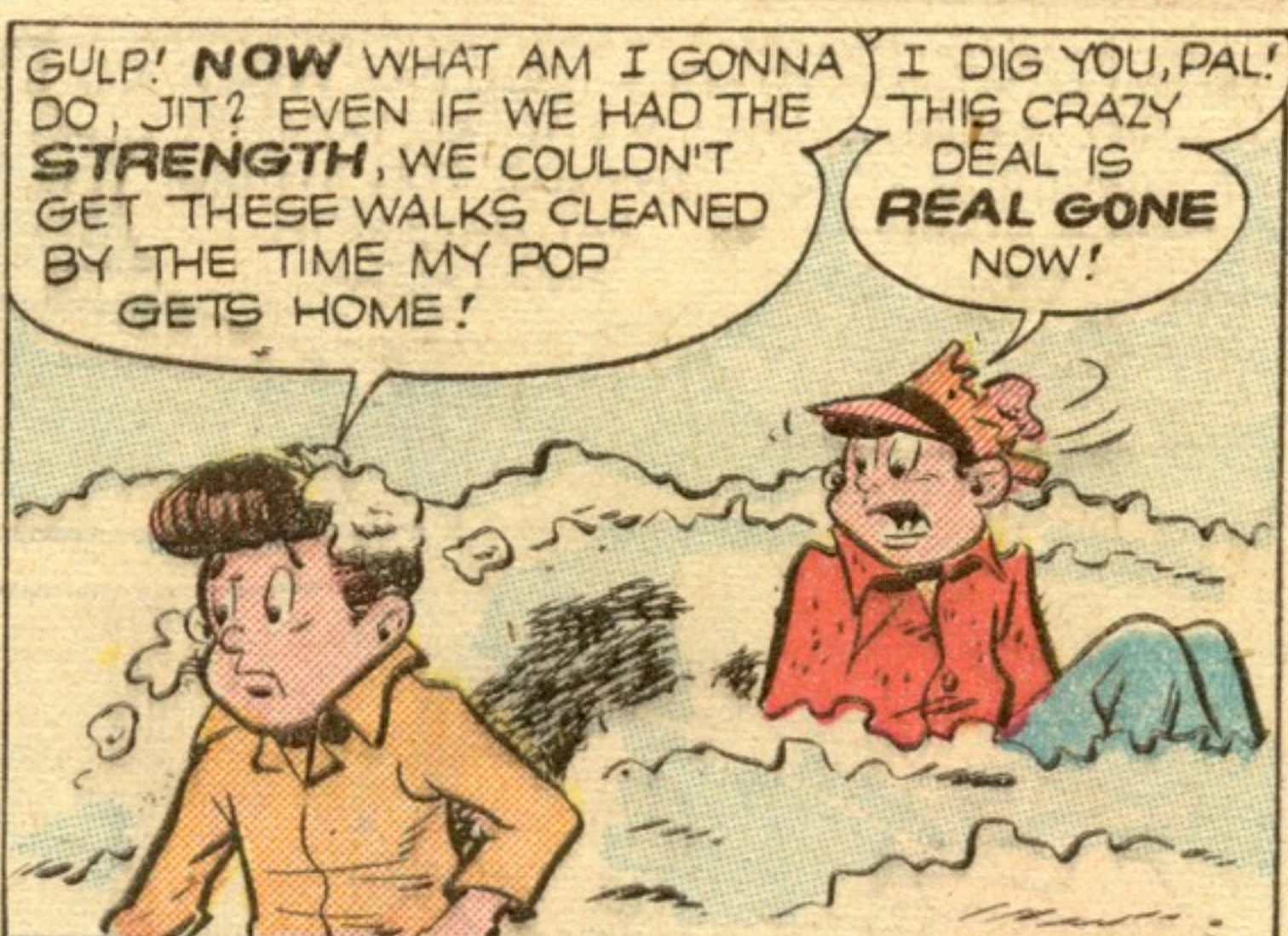
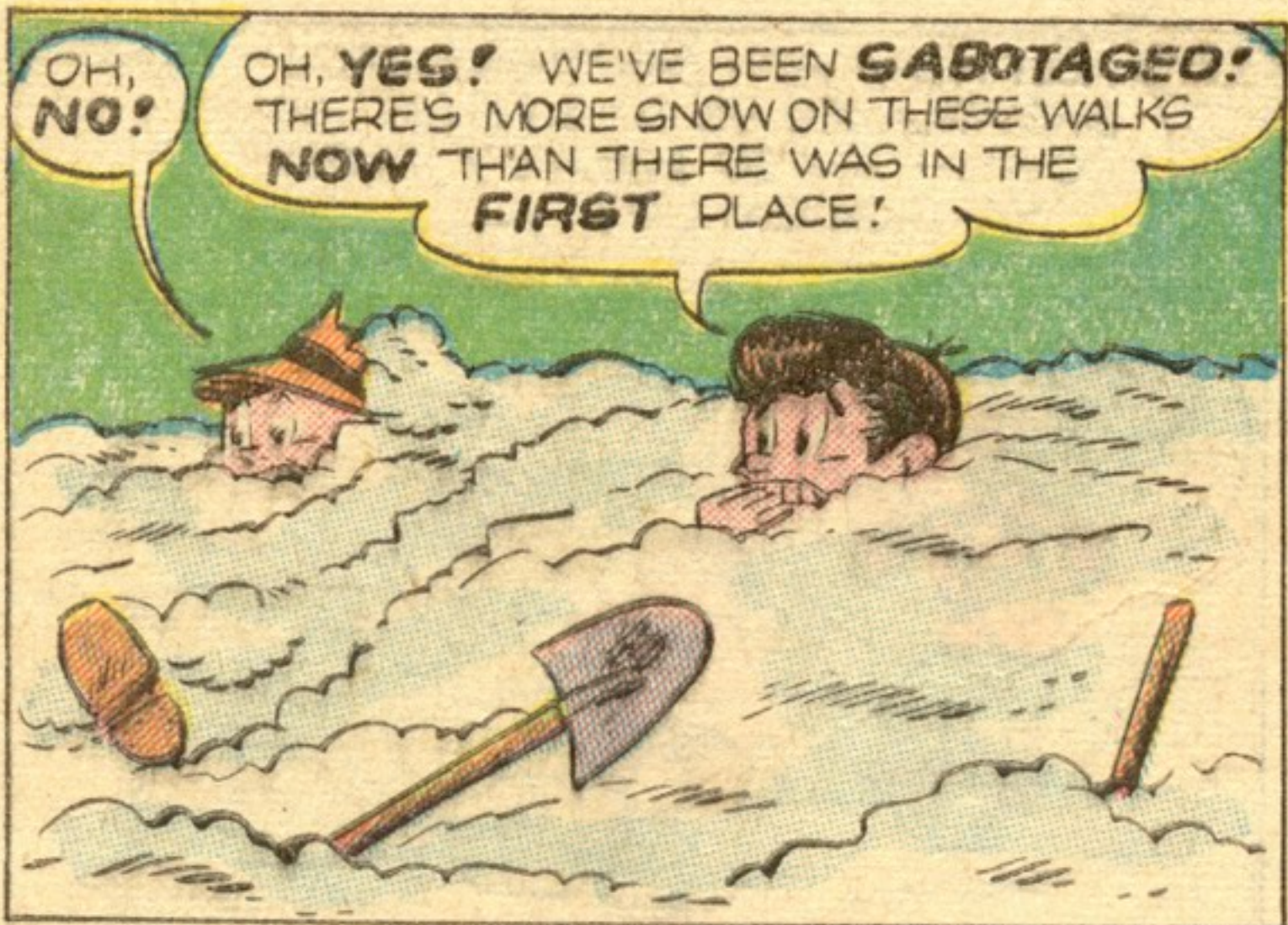
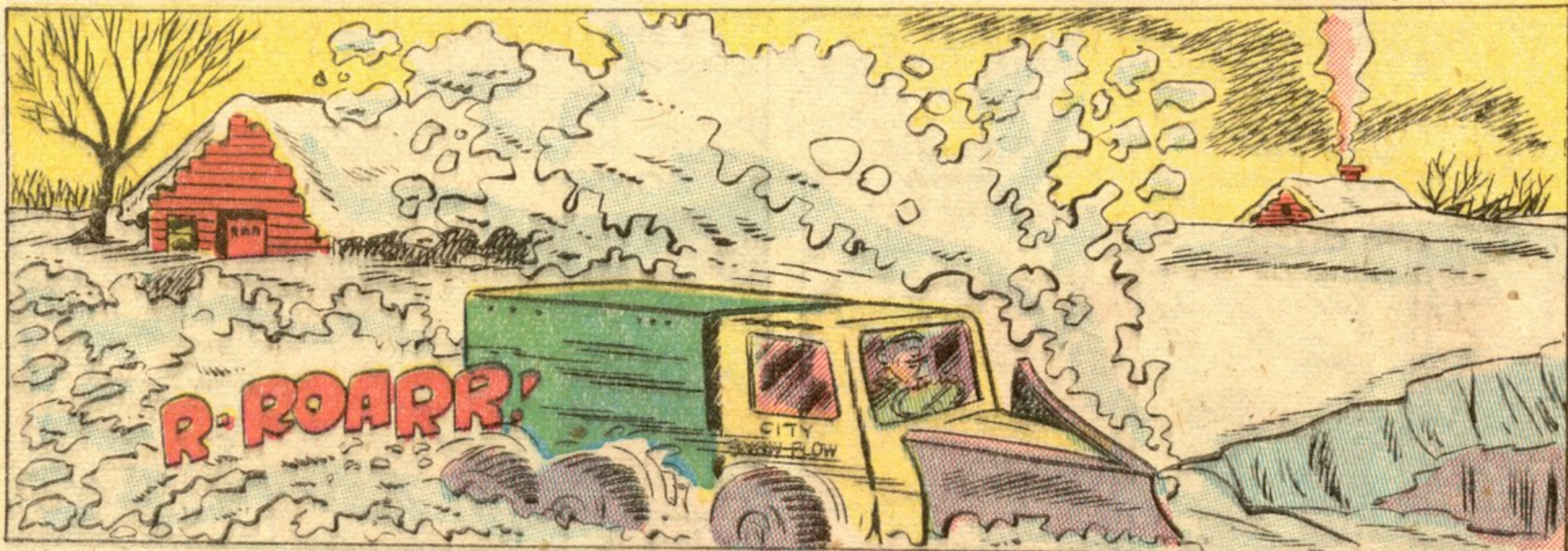
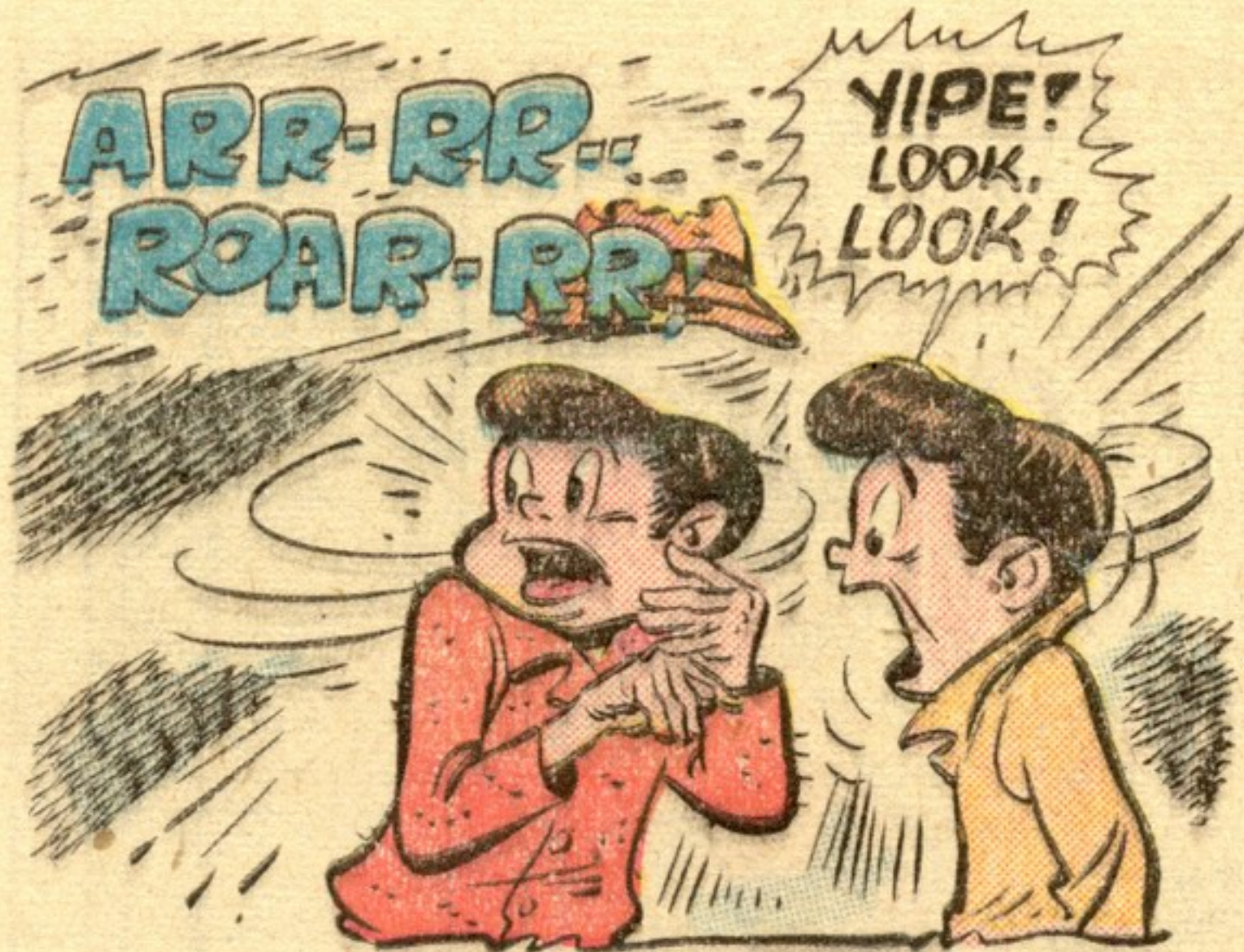


SO... HOLY HEP-- HOW CAN THOSE LITTLE
SNOWFLAKES BE SO **LIGHT** COMIN'
DOWN-- AN' SO **HEAVY** WHEN
YA PICK 'EM UP?



Weary hours
later---

LOOK, JIT!
WE'RE ALMOST
THROUGH!



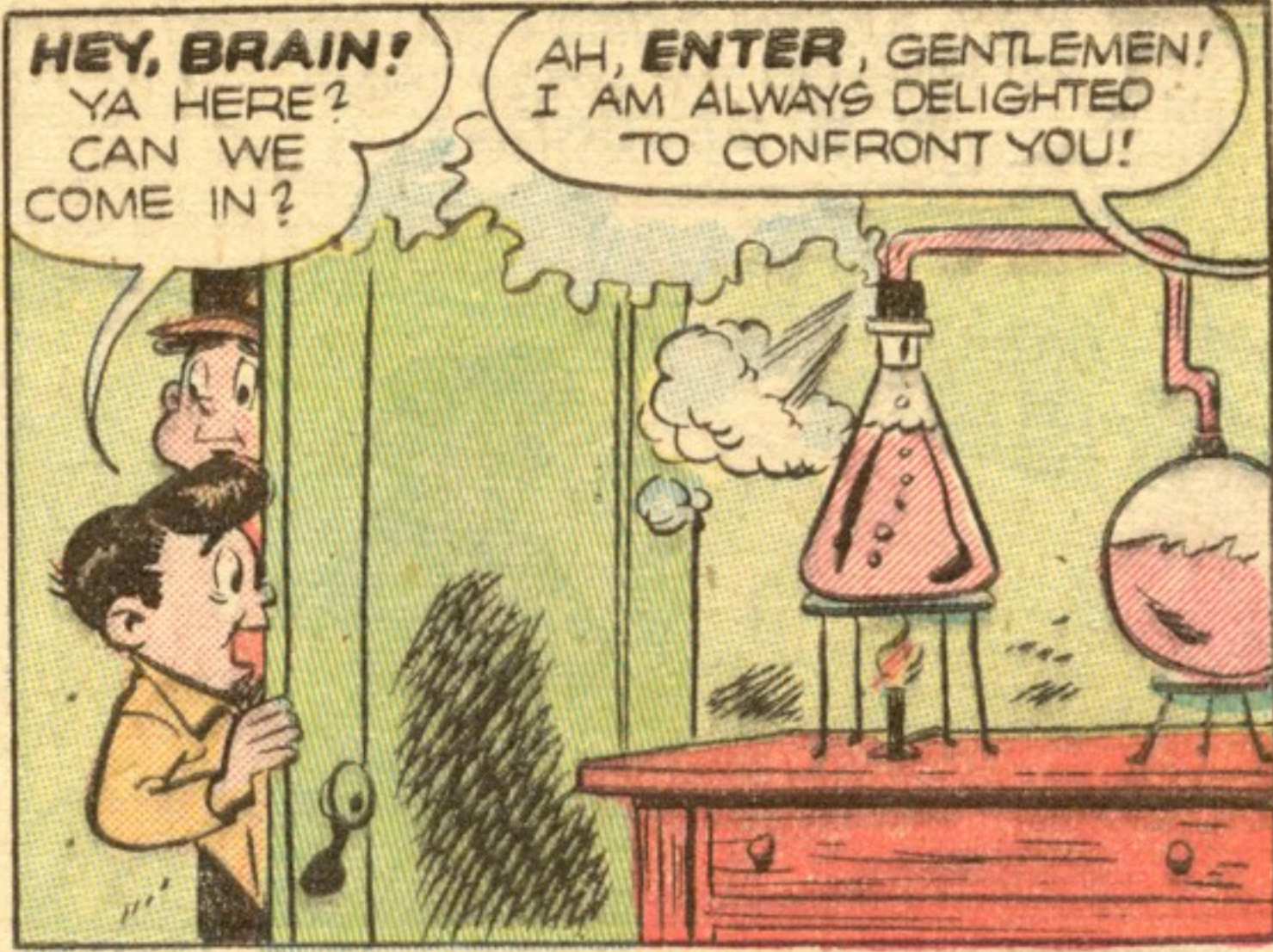


JEEPERS, I HOPE HE'S IN!

THAT GUY'S ALWAYS IN HIS LAB! IT'S THE ONLY WAY HE GETS HIS CRAZY KICKS!

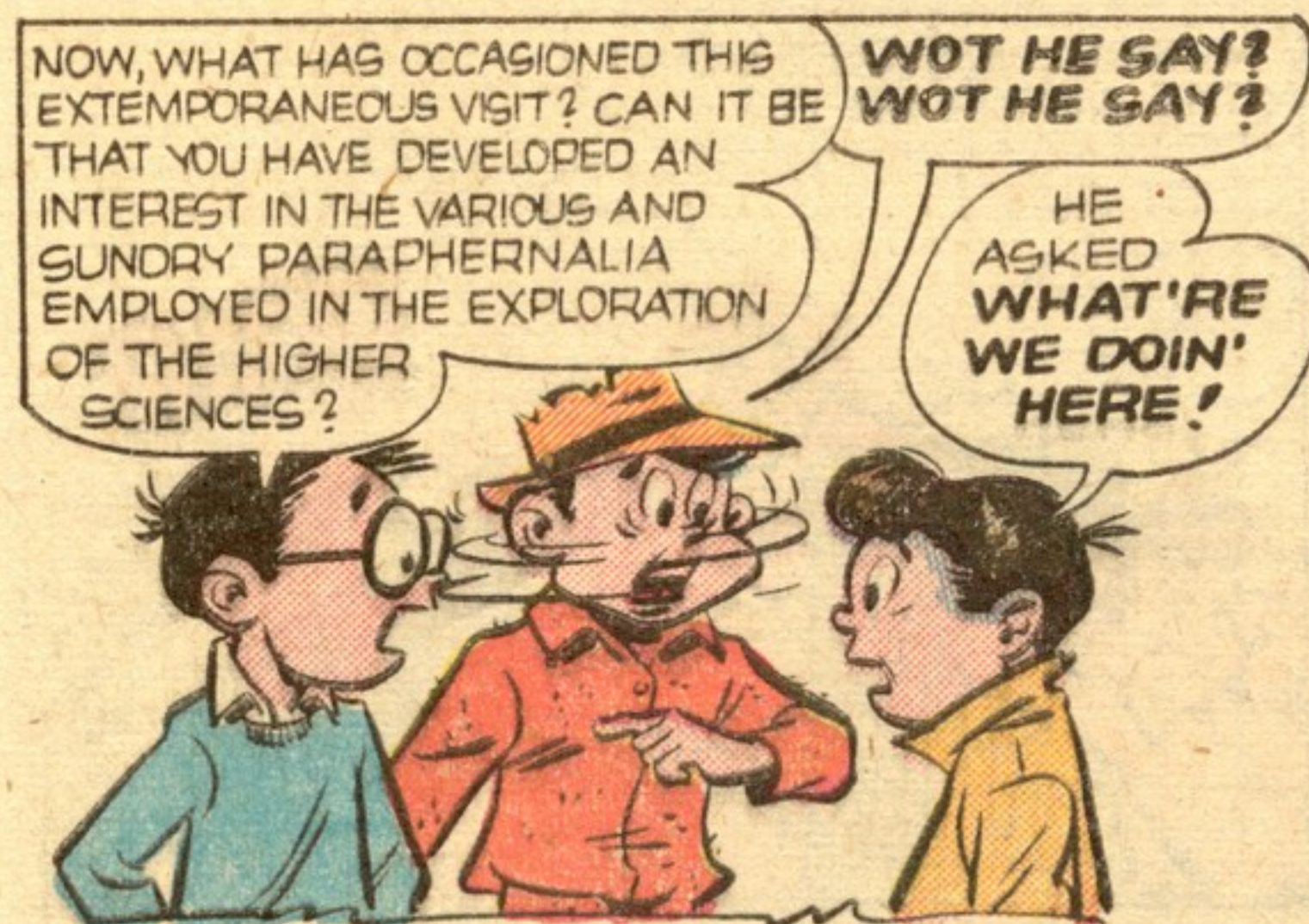
LABORATORY

THE BRAIN
PLEASE KNOCK!



HEY, BRAIN!
YA HERE?
CAN WE
COME IN?

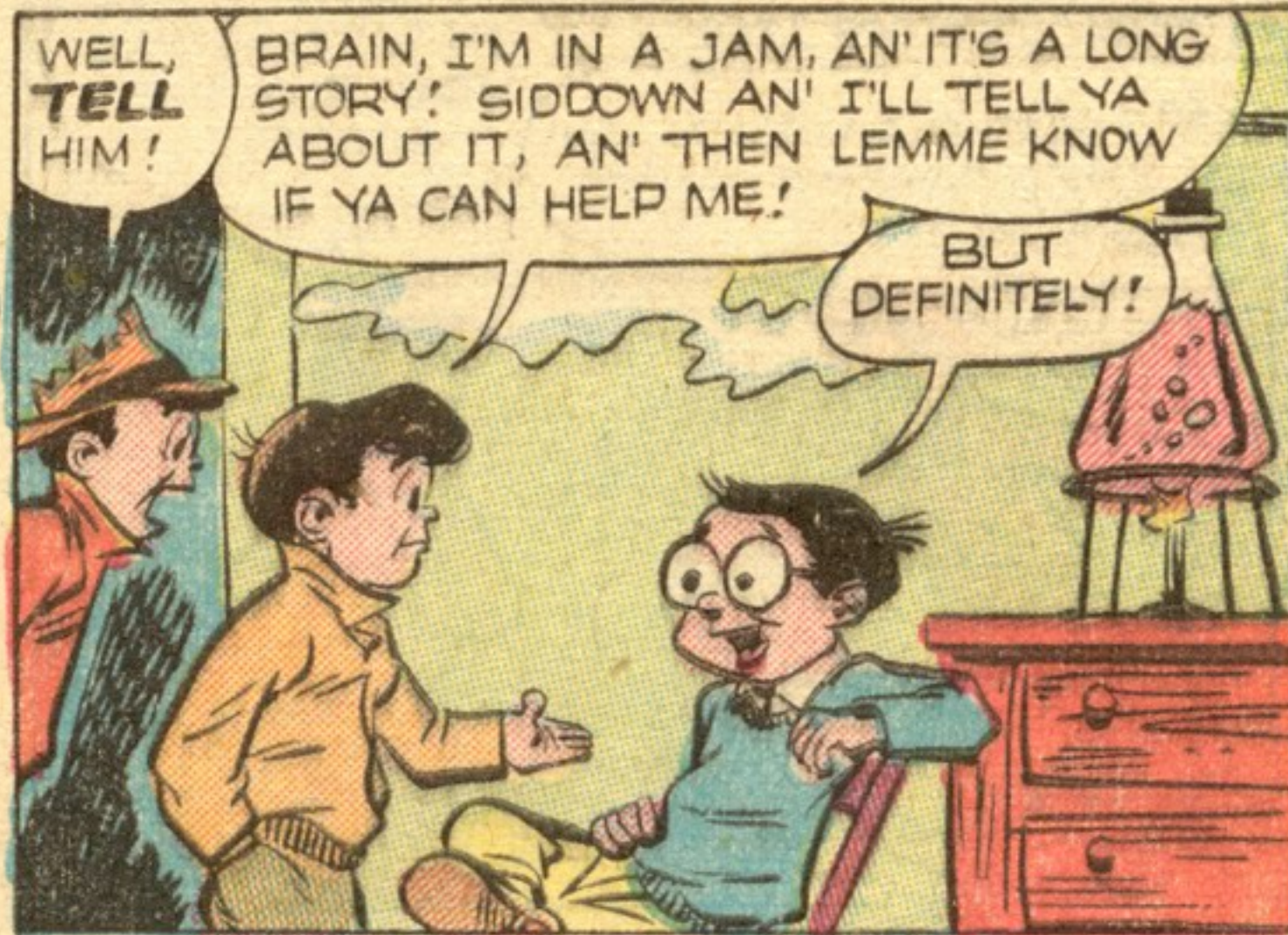
AH, ENTER, GENTLEMEN!
I AM ALWAYS DELIGHTED
TO CONFRONT YOU!



NOW, WHAT HAS OCCASIONED THIS EXTEMPORANEOUS VISIT? CAN IT BE THAT YOU HAVE DEVELOPED AN INTEREST IN THE VARIOUS AND SUNDRY PARAPHERNALIA EMPLOYED IN THE EXPLORATION OF THE HIGHER SCIENCES?

WOT HE SAY?
WOT HE SAY?

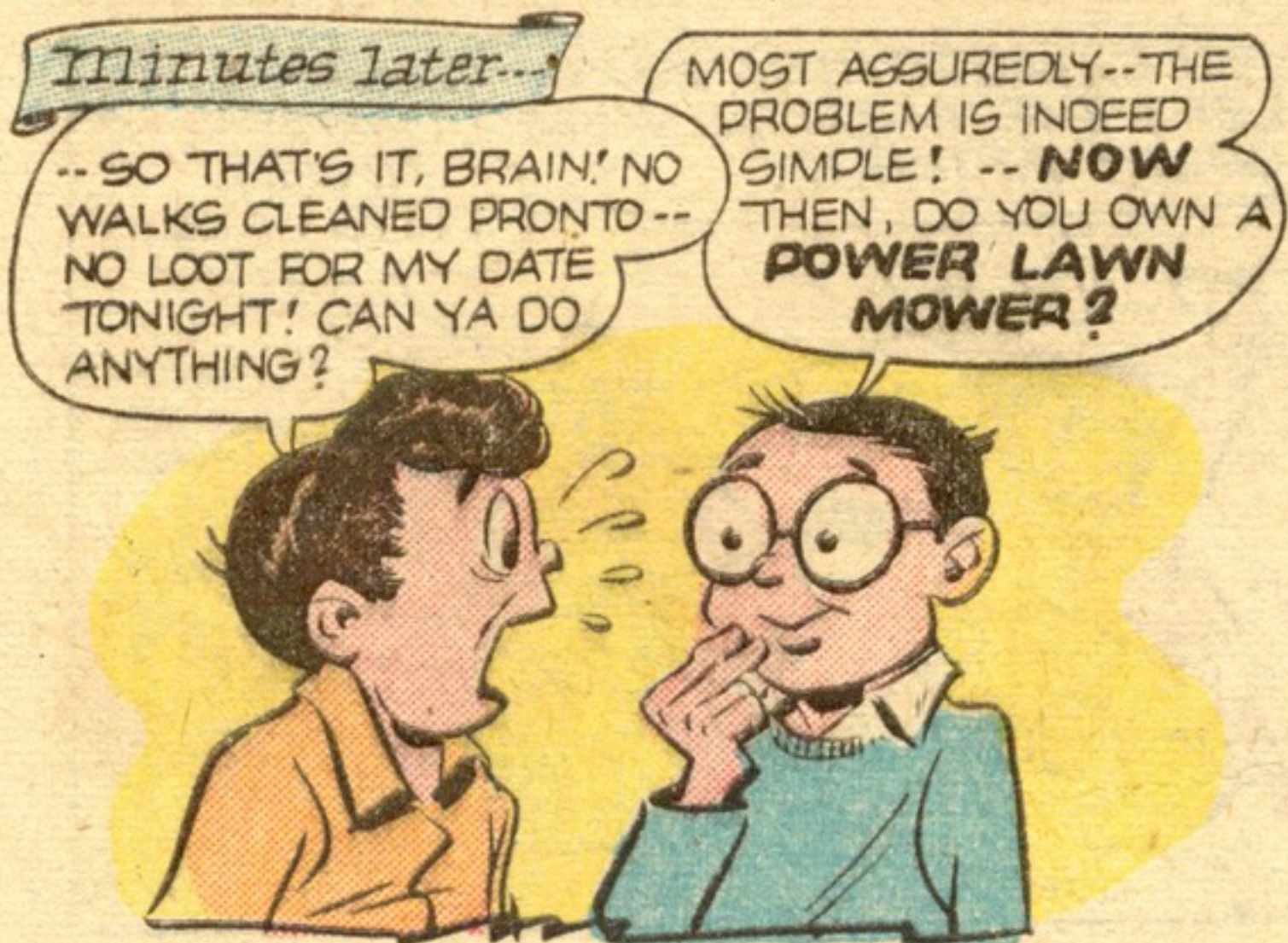
HE
ASKED
**WHAT'RE
WE DOIN'
HERE!**



WELL,
TELL
HIM!

BRAIN, I'M IN A JAM, AN' IT'S A LONG STORY! SIDDOWN AN' I'LL TELL YA ABOUT IT, AN' THEN LEMME KNOW IF YA CAN HELP ME!

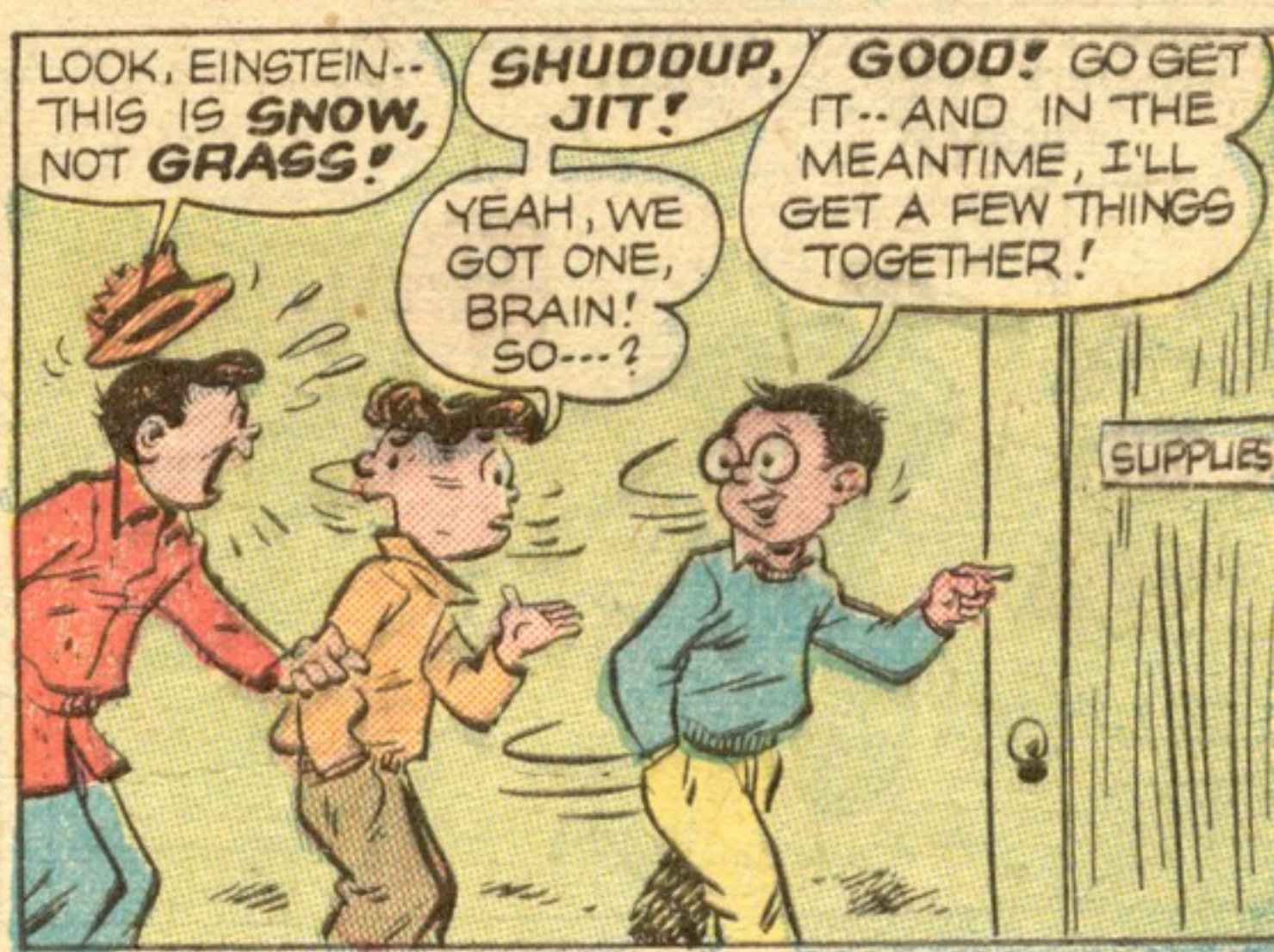
BUT
DEFINITELY!



Minutes later...

-- SO THAT'S IT, BRAIN! NO WALKS CLEANED PRONTO-- NO LOOT FOR MY DATE TONIGHT! CAN YA DO ANYTHING?

MOST ASSUREDLY--THE PROBLEM IS INDEED SIMPLE! -- **NOW** THEN, DO YOU OWN A **POWER LAWN MOWER?**

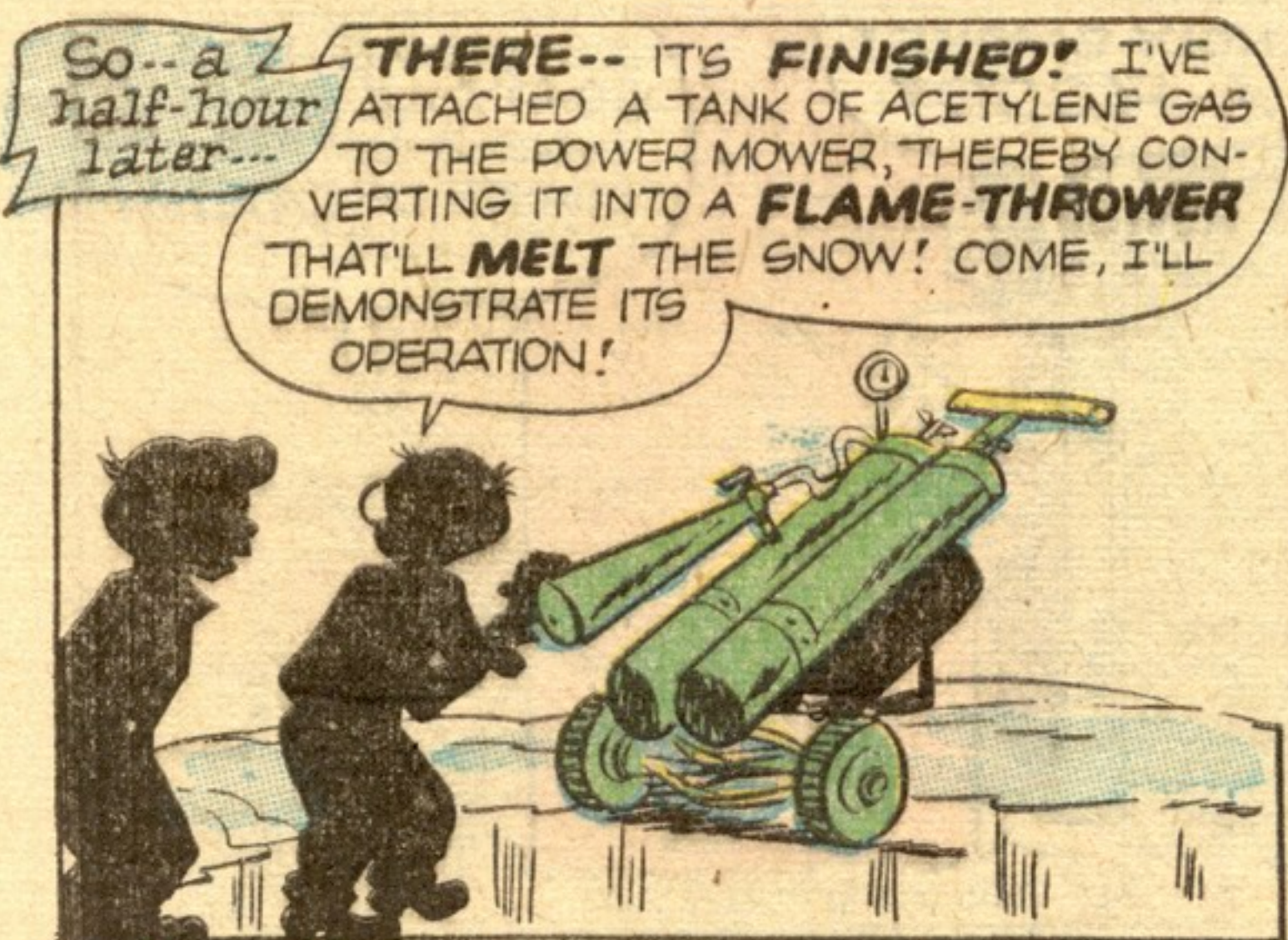


LOOK, EINSTEIN-- THIS IS **SNOW**, NOT **GRASS!**

SHUDDUP, JIT!

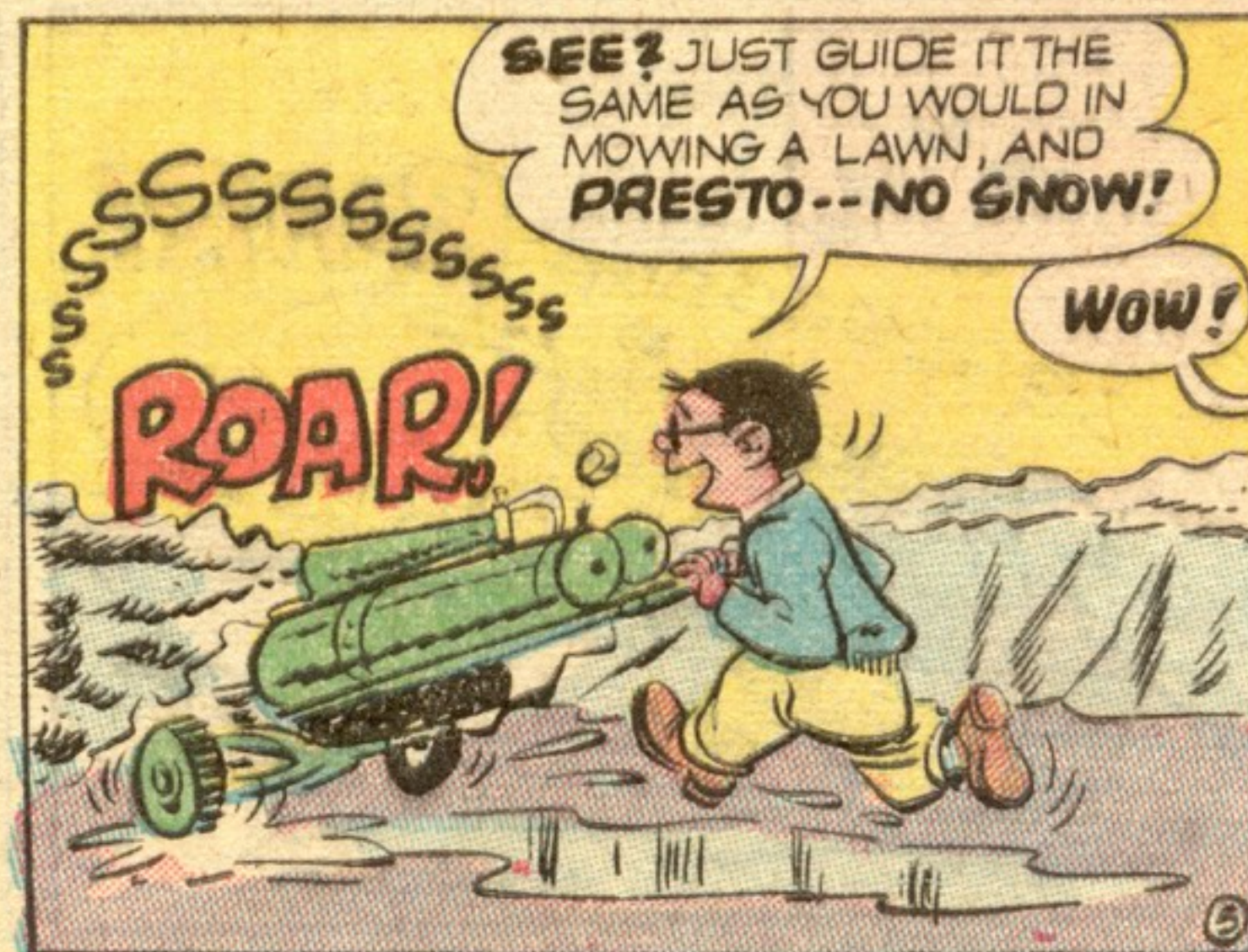
GOOD! GO GET IT-- AND IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL GET A FEW THINGS TOGETHER!

YEAH, WE GOT ONE, BRAIN! SO---?



So-- a half-hour later--

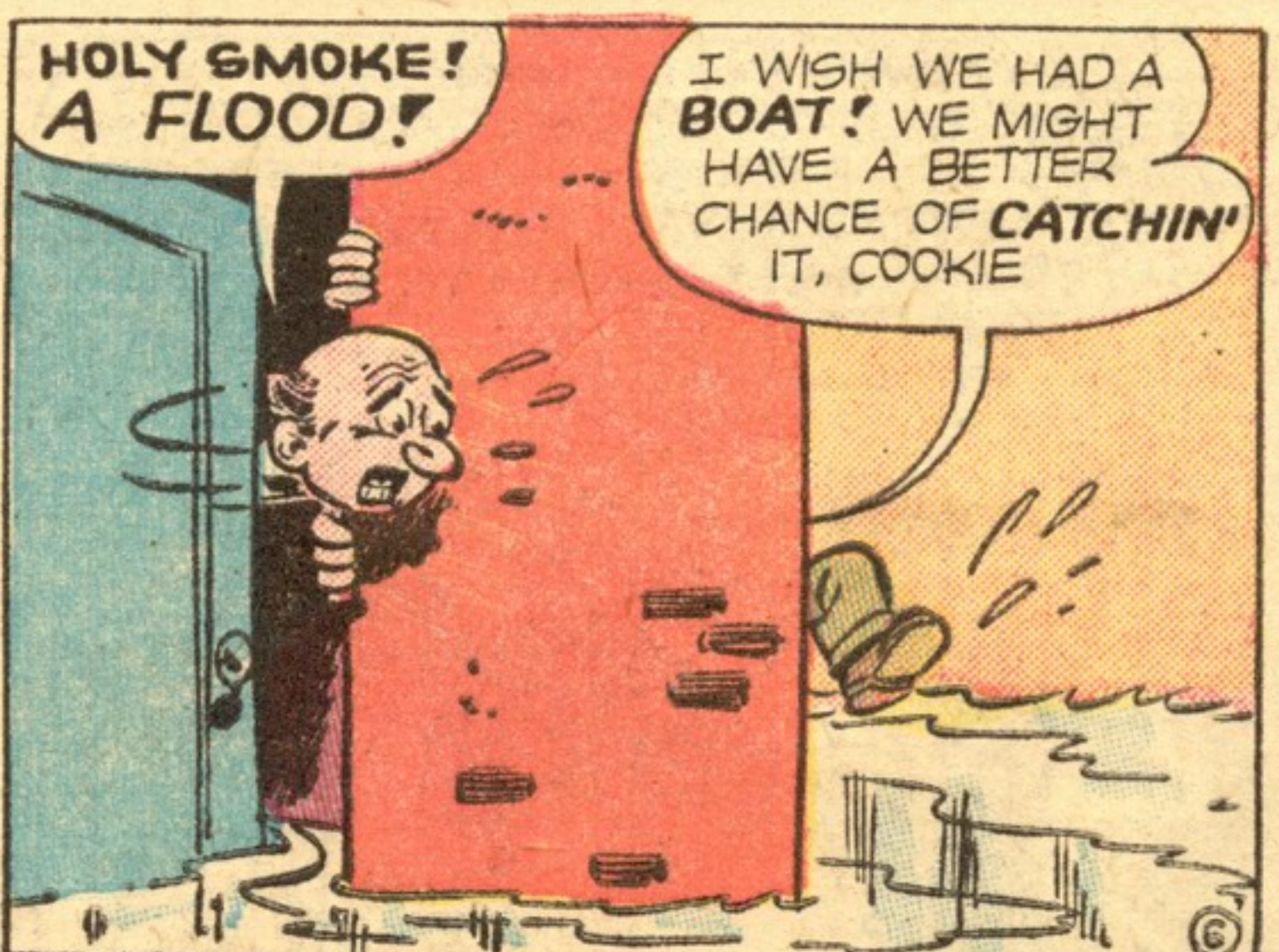
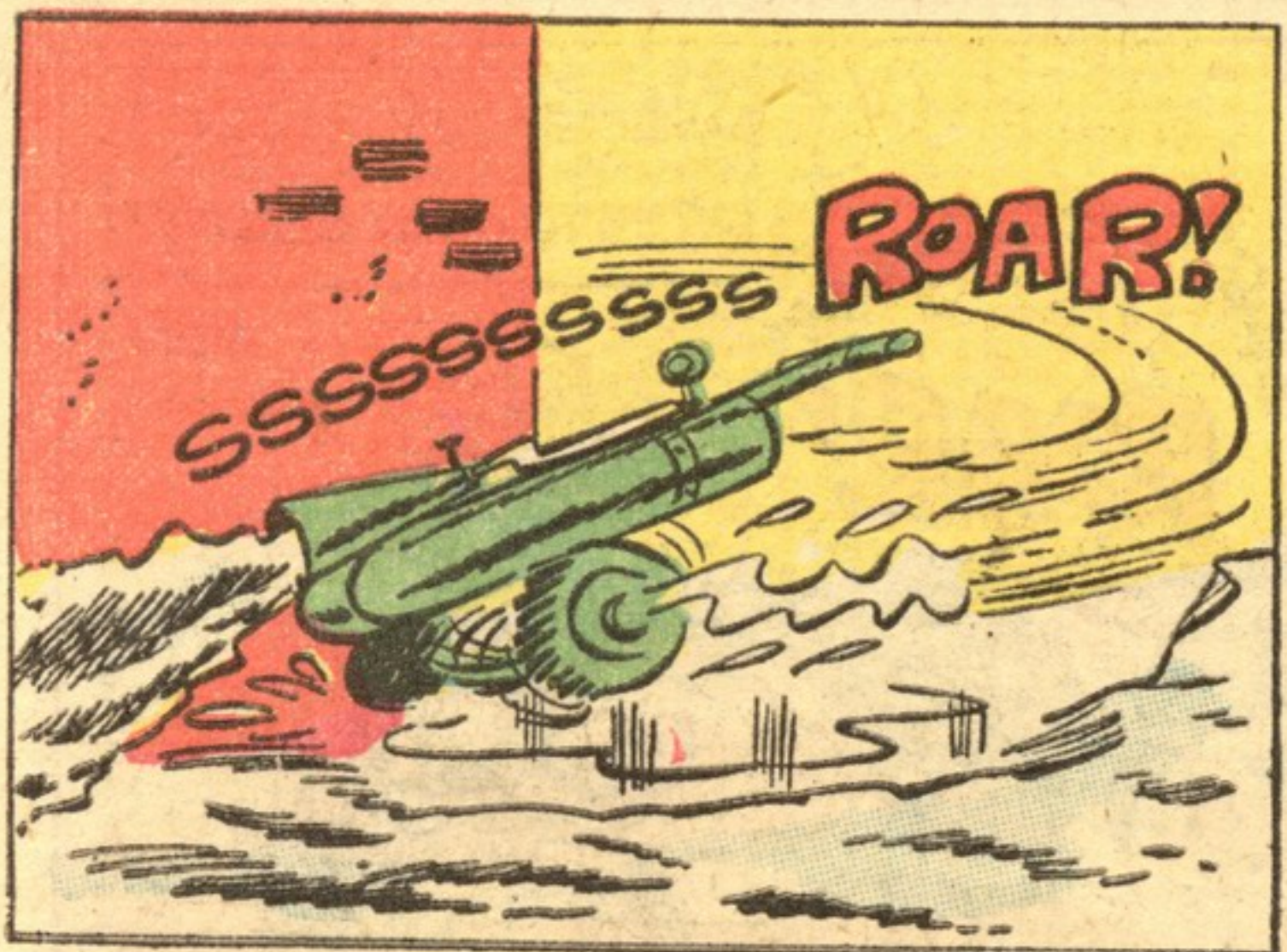
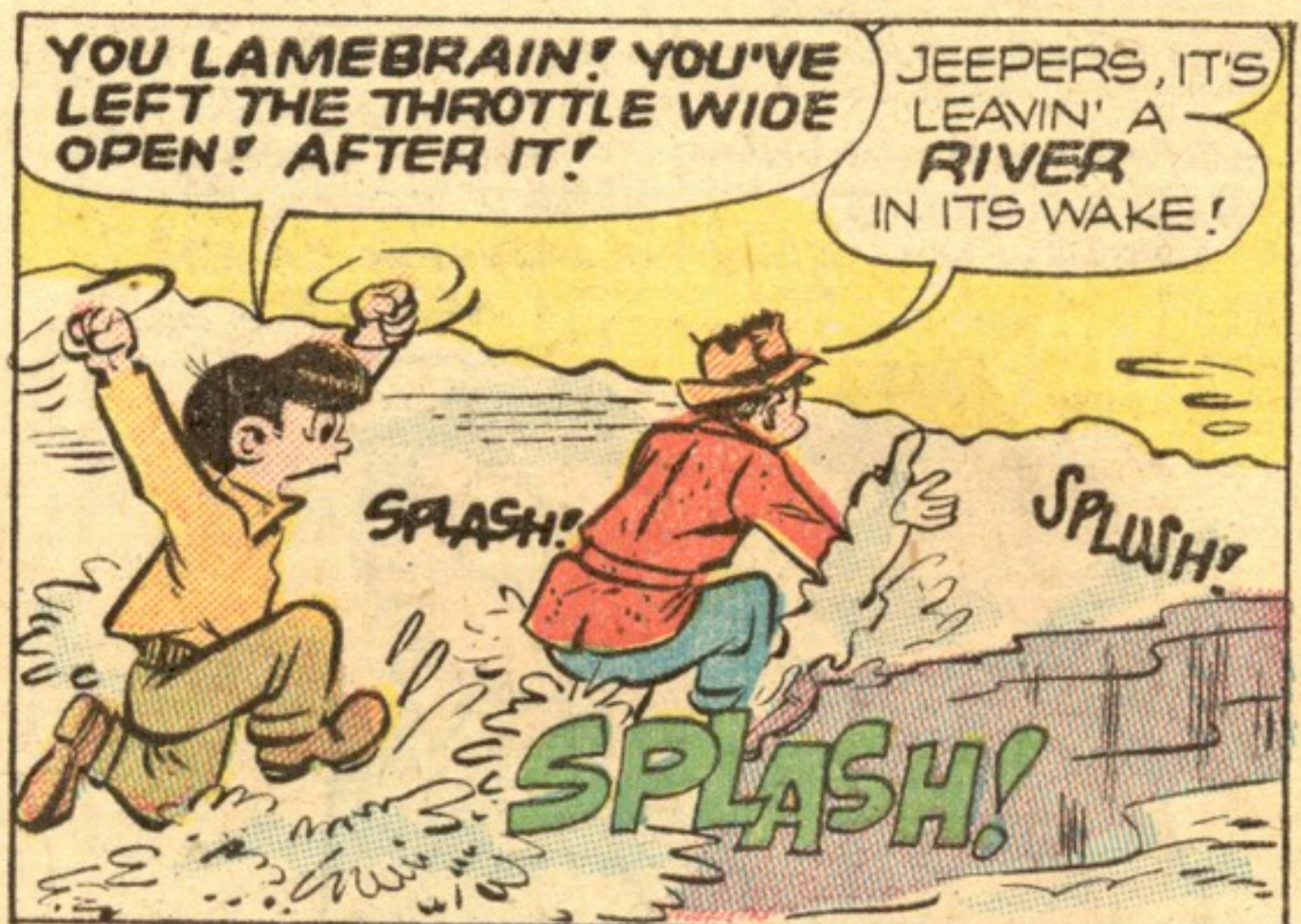
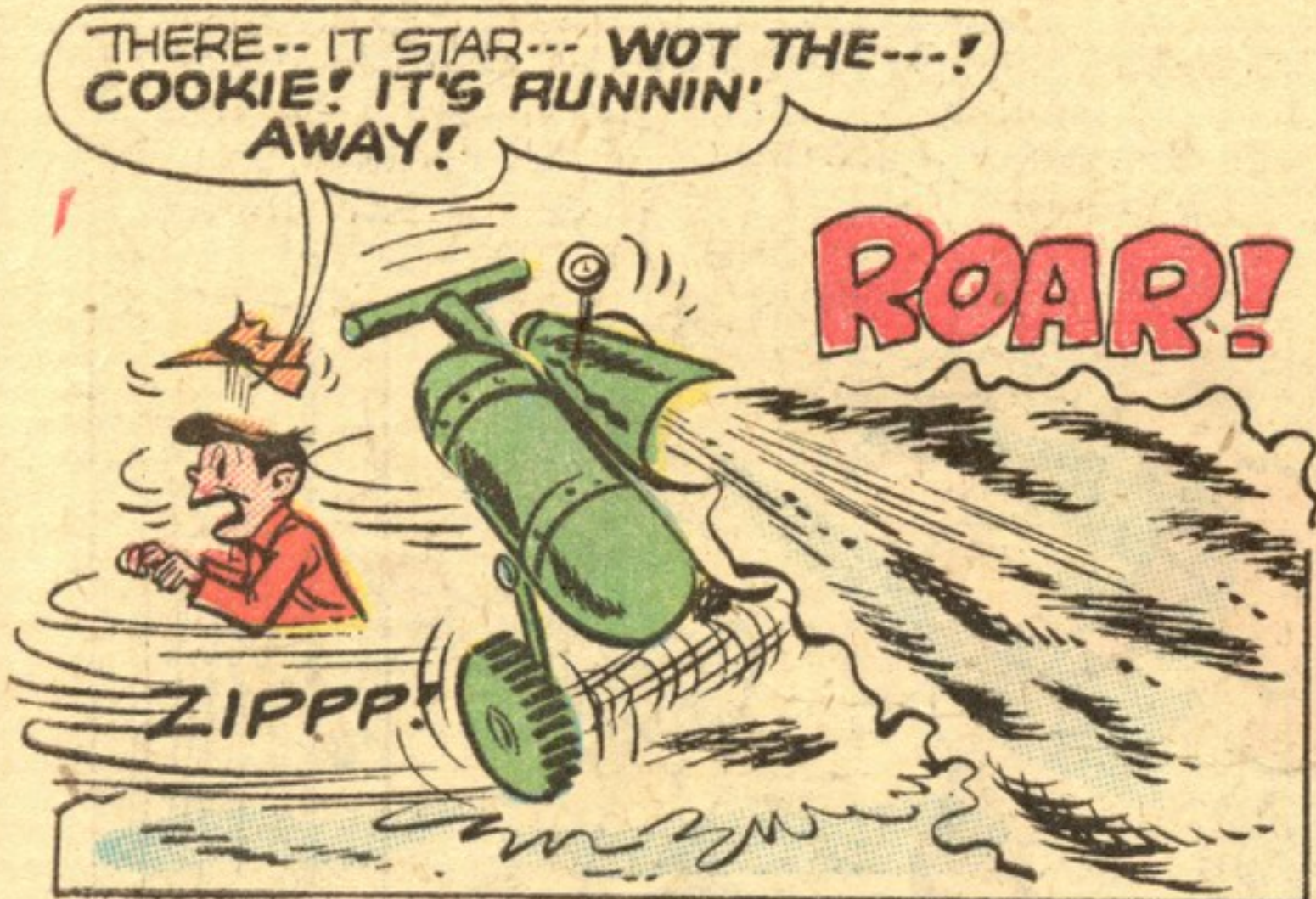
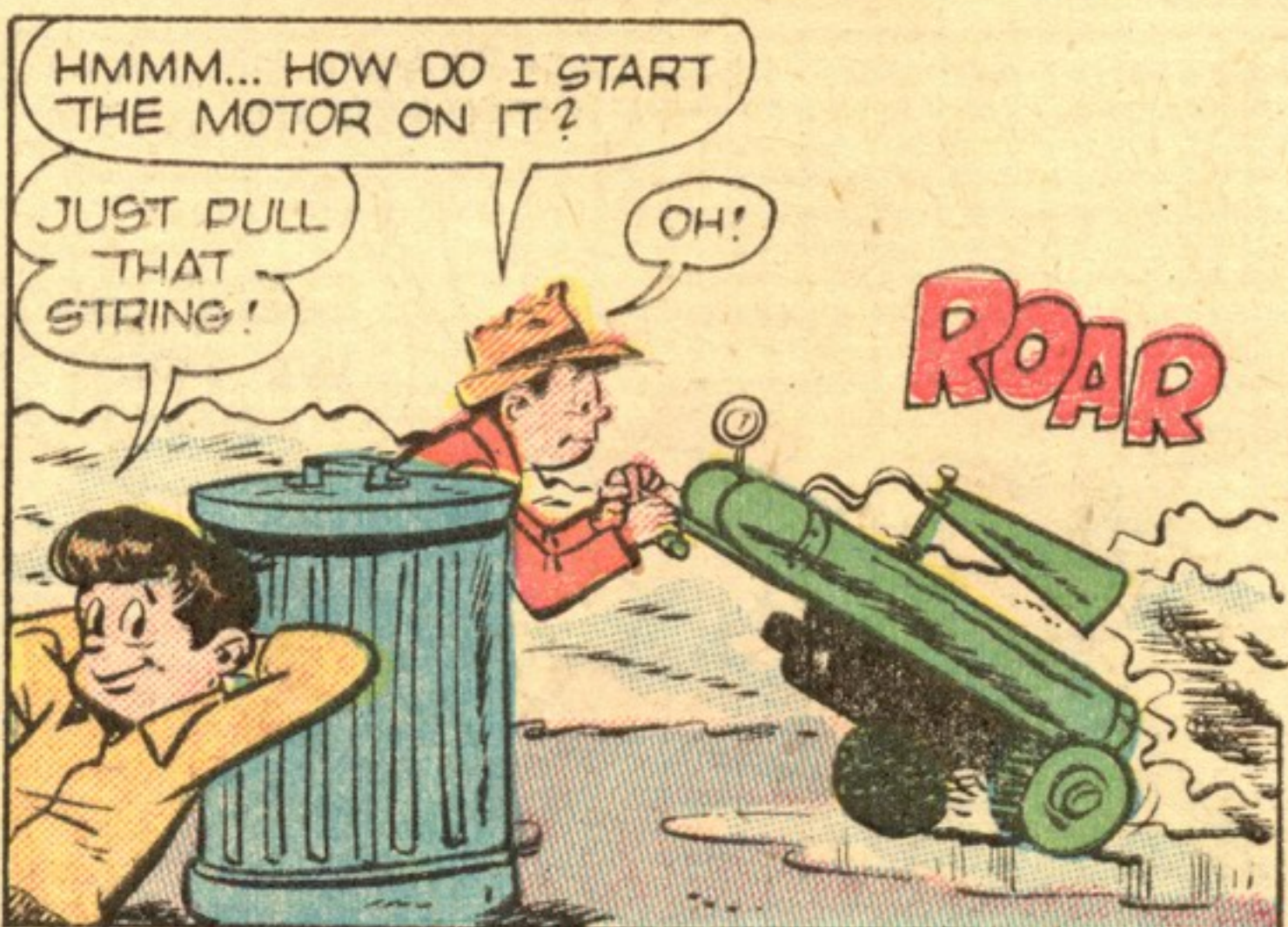
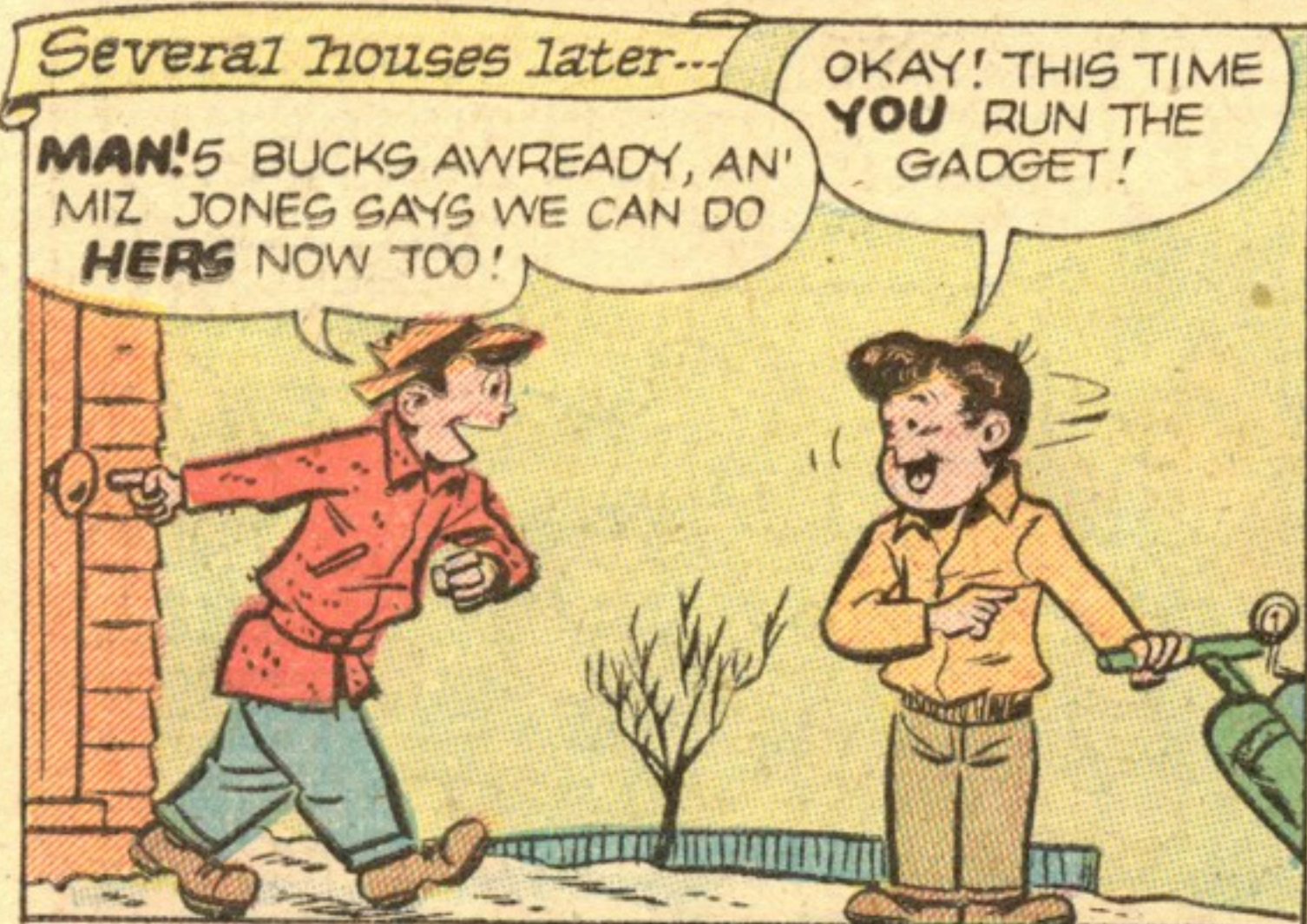
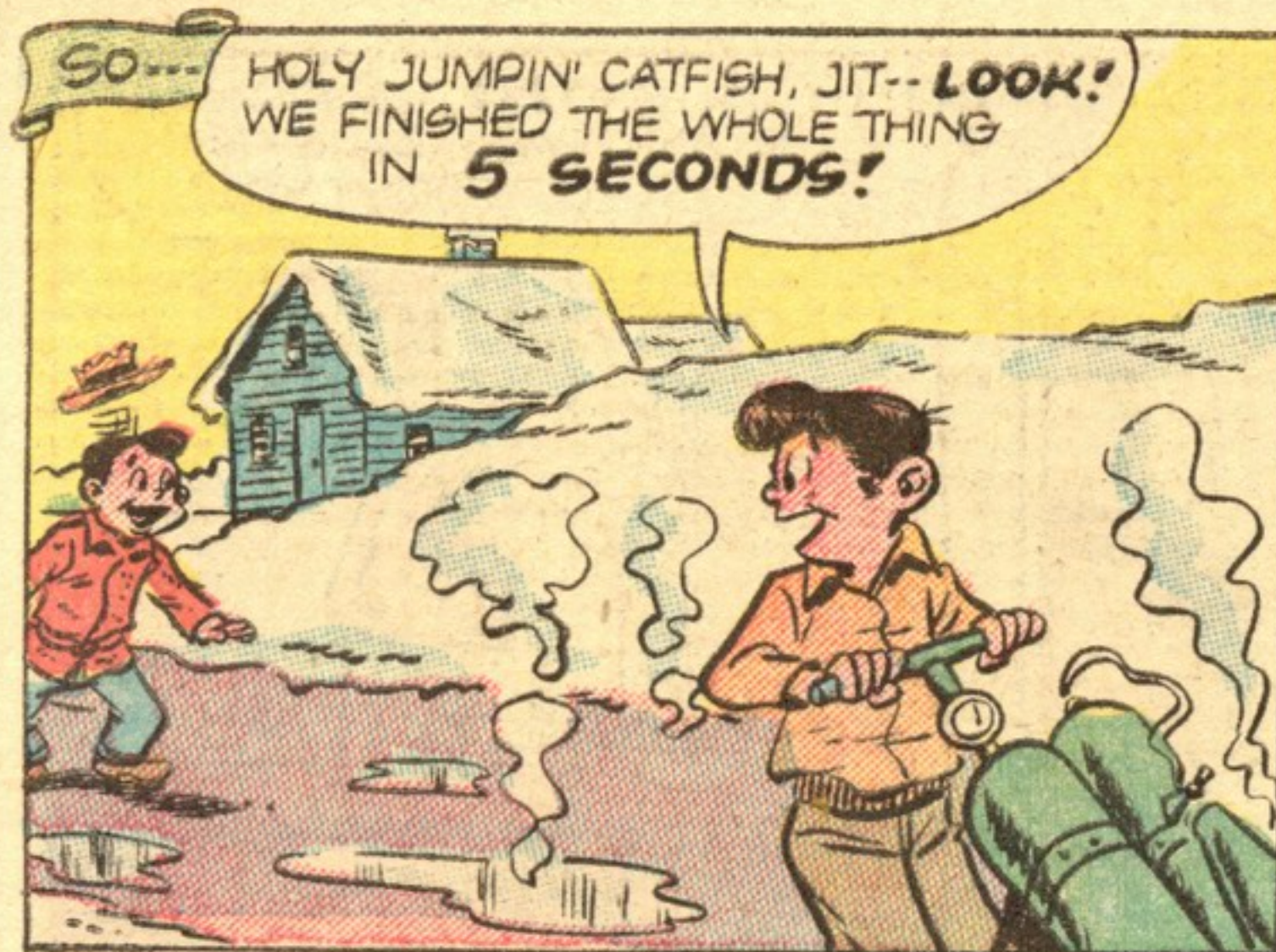
THERE-- IT'S FINISHED! I'VE ATTACHED A TANK OF ACETYLENE GAS TO THE POWER MOWER, THEREBY CONVERTING IT INTO A **FLAME-THROWER** THAT'LL **MELT** THE SNOW! COME, I'LL DEMONSTRATE ITS OPERATION!

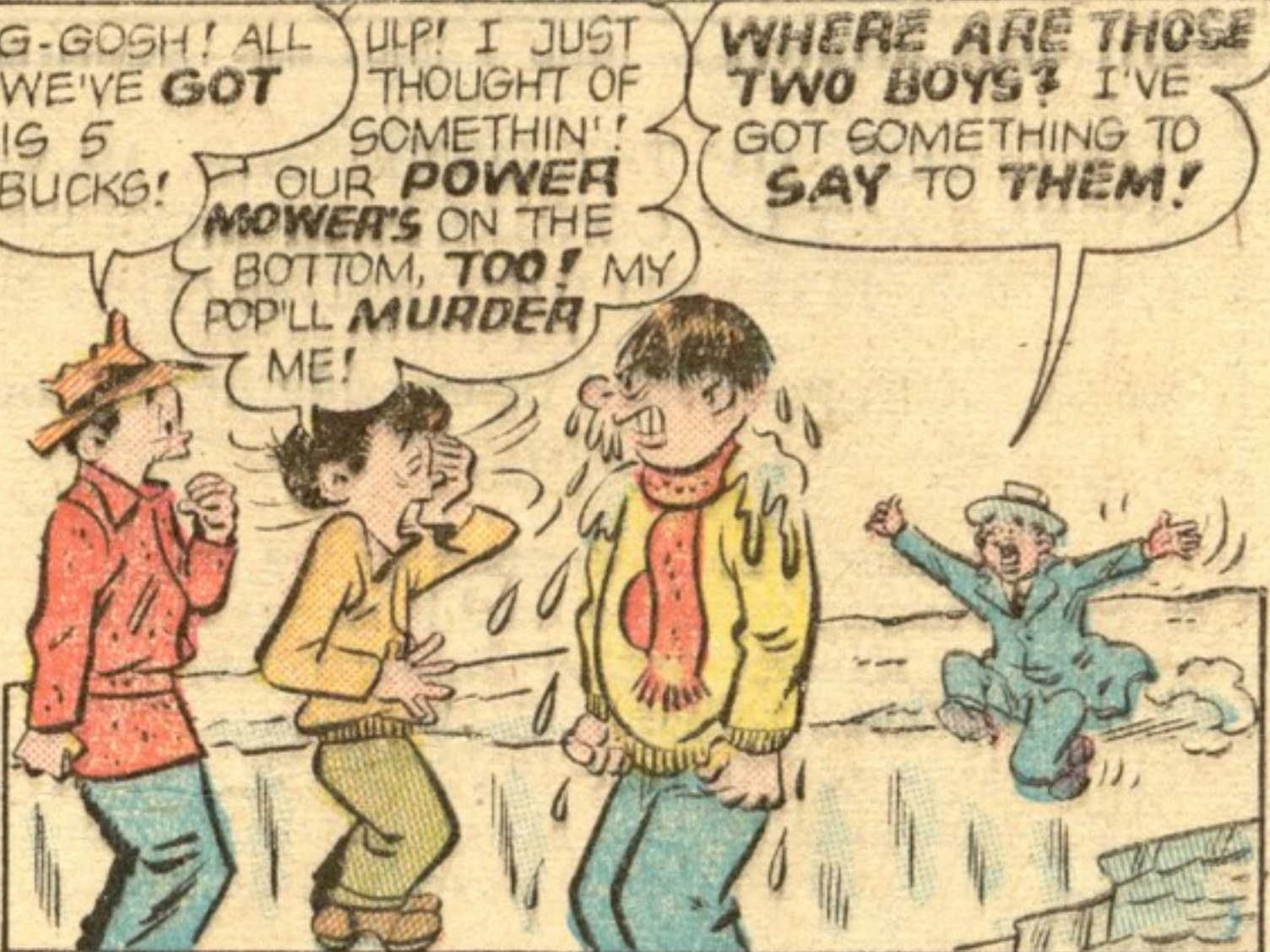
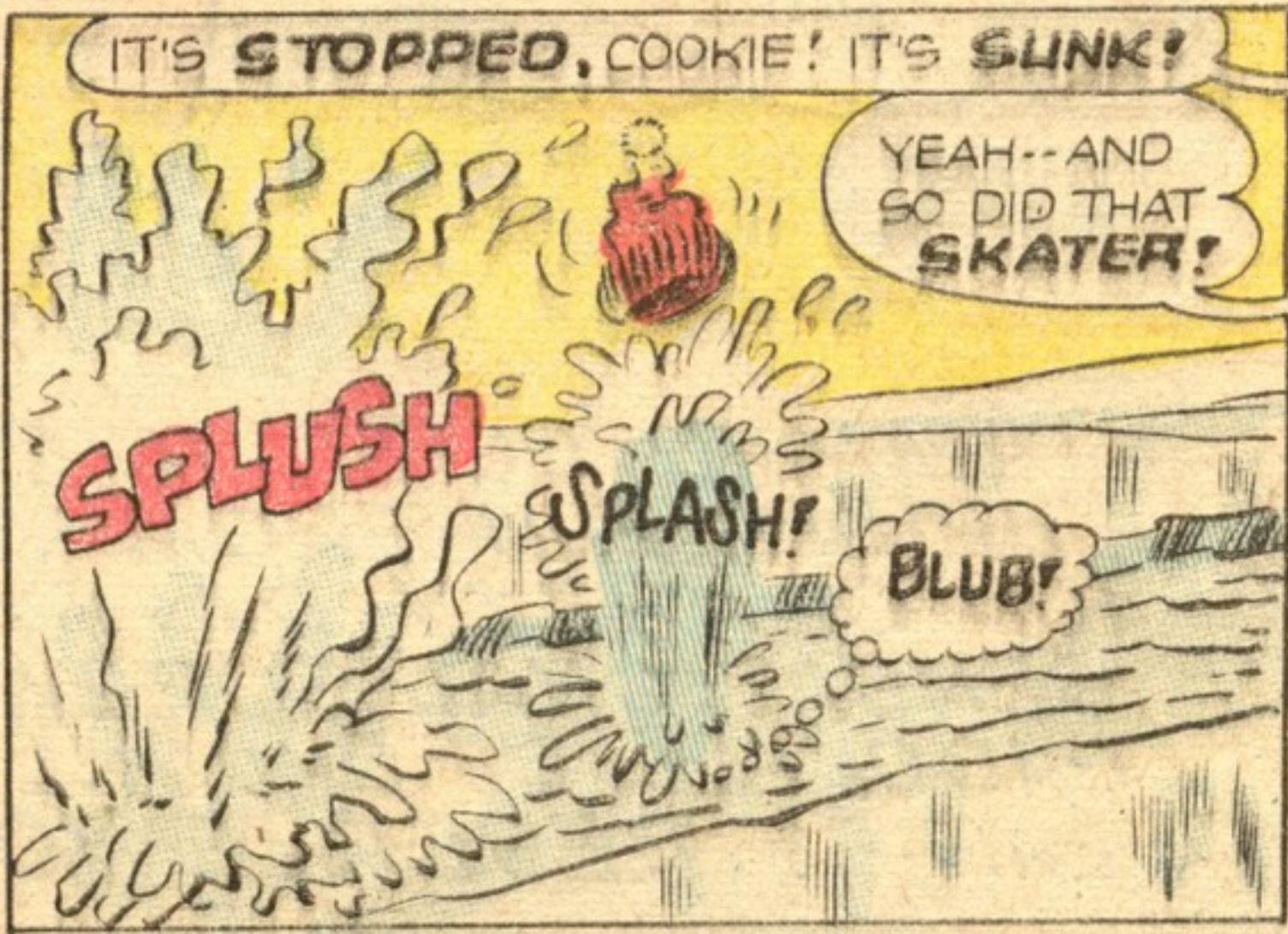
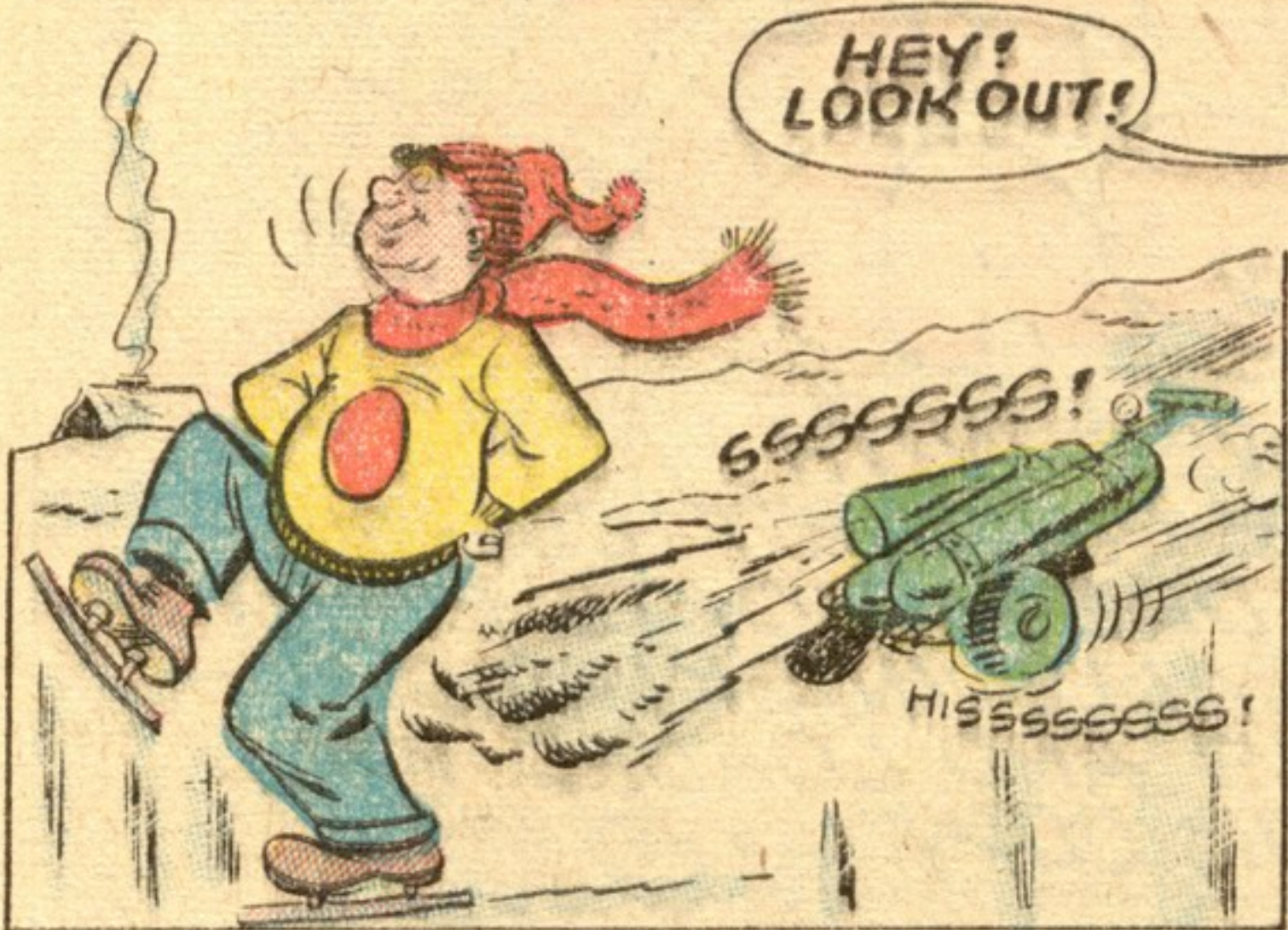


SEE? JUST GUIDE IT THE SAME AS YOU WOULD IN MOWING A LAWN, AND **PRESTO-- NO SNOW!**

WOW?

ROAR!







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Of COOKIE, published Bi-monthly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1st, 1952.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Michel Publications, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; Editor, Richard E. Hughes, 120 West 183rd St., New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

2. The owner is (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Michel Publications, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; B. W. Sangor, 7 West 81st Street, New York, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mort-

gages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1952.

Nat C. Sherman, Notary Public, State of New York. (My commission expires March 30, 1953)



"This photo proves I have gained unusual physical development through your methods."
—R. F., South Africa



"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded." —F. S., New York



"I am sending you this snapshot showing my wonderful progress."
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— "Dynamic Tension" Will Do The Rest**

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You have changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle from head to foot. Friends and doctors I have met have noticed a great change and some have even failed to recognize me!"

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"Worth 100 times what I paid. You not only made me a man but you added at least 20 years to my life. I feel now as if I had been born again! My weight was 130 lbs. and I got myself to 170 through your wonderful course."

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"Am in the pink of condition and on the school Track Team. As I was getting into my gym suit the other day I heard a couple of men say, 'Look at that fellow. He has a perfect build.'"

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Health 100% Better

Through Dynamic Tension "The benefits are wonderful! The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches, and my health is 100% better. Dynamic Tension is the best in the world."

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I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system, INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice new, beautiful suit of muscle! And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition — prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

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Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you NO gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your Strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid MUSCLE.

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